AS I REMEMBER

by

MARIAN GOUVERNEUR

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AS I REMEMBER

Recollections of American Society during the Nineteenth Century

BY

MARIAN GOUVERNEUR

ILLUSTRATED

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TO THE MEMORY OF

MY FATHER

Judge James Campbell

WHOSE BENIGN INFLUENCE I STILL FEEL

AND TO

MY HUSBAND

Samuel L. Gouverneur, Jr.

THE COMPANION AND PILLAR OF STRENGTH

OF MY LATER YEARS

THIS BOOK IS INSCRIBED

PREFACE

THE rambling personal notes threaded together in these pages were written at the urgent request of my family, and have provided a pleasant diversion during otherwise lonely hours. The idea of their publication was highly distasteful to me until the often repeated importunities of many of those whose judgment commands my respect persuaded me that some of the facts and incidents I have recalled would prove of interest to a large circle of readers. The narrative is concerned with persons and events that have interested me during the busy hours of a lengthy life. I have been deeply impressed by the changes wrought by time in the modes of education, which are now so much at variance with those of my childhood, and in the manners and customs of those with whom I have mingled.

I should be guilty of an act of grave injustice if I failed to express my grateful acknowledgments for the aid so unselfishly rendered, in a score of ways, by my daughter, Mrs. Roswell Randall Hoes, without which these pages would not, and could not, have been written.

M. GOUVERNEUR.

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AS I REMEMBER

CHAPTER I

EARLY LONG ISLAND DAYS

I DO not know of a spot where, had I been accorded the selection, I should have preferred first to see the light of day, nor one more in keeping with the promptings of sentiment, than the southern shore of Long Island, N. Y., where I was born. My home was in Queens County, on the old Rockaway Road, and often in childhood during storms at sea I have heard the waves dash upon the Rockaway beach. Two miles the other side of us was the village of Jamaica, and from our windows we caught glimpses of the bay that bore its name. My first home was a large old-fashioned house on a farm of many acres, ornamented by Lombardy poplars which stood on each side of the driveway, a fashion introduced into this country by Lafayette. My maternal grandfather, Captain John Hazard, who had commanded a privateersman during the Revolution, purchased the place from "Citizen" Edmond Charles Genet, the first Minister of France to the United States, and I have the old parchment deed of transfer still in my possession. During the War of the Revolution my Grandfather Hazard's ship was captured by Admiral George B. Rodney, and I have often heard my mother tell the story she received from his lips, to the effect that after he was "comfortably housed in irons" on Rodney's ship he overheard a conversation in which his name was frequently mentioned. The subject

under discussion was the form of punishment he deserved, and the cheerful remark reached his ear: "Hang the damned rebel." This incident made an indelible impression upon my mother's memory, which was emphasized by the fact that her father bore the scars of those irons to the day of his death.

I have no recollection of my Grandfather Hazard, as he died soon after my birth. Jonathan Hazard, his brother, espoused the English cause during the Revolution. This was possibly due to the influences of an English mother, whose maiden name was Sarah Owen, of Shropshire. I have heard my mother say that her grandmother was a descendant of Dr. John Owen, Chaplain of Oliver Cromwell. A piece of silver bearing the Owen coat of arms is still in the possession of a member of my family. He entered the British navy, changed his name to Carr, and soon rose to the rank of Post-Captain. He eventually drifted back to America and died unmarried at my grandfather's home on Long Island many years after the war. The trite saying that history repeats itself is here forcibly illustrated by brother fighting against brother. It brings to mind our own fraternal troubles during the Civil War, which can never be effaced from memory.

Much of the furniture of my first home was purchased from Citizen Genet when my grandfather took possession of the house and farm. We understood that the French minister brought it with him from France, and many of the pieces, some of which are mahogany, are still in my possession. A bedstead which I still occupy has been said to be the first of its design brought from France to this country. Hanging in my bedroom is a set of engravings entitled "Diligence and Dissipation," after Hogarth, and also a handsome old print of the Savior in the Pharisee's House, all of which were purchased at the same time. Two alabaster ornaments are memories of my

earliest childhood, one of which was a column casting a shadow that formed a likeness of Louis XVI.

My Grandfather Hazard had many slaves, and I remember hearing of one of them who ran away and took with him a carriage and pair of horses, and, who, when called to account for the act, threatened my grandfather's life. My mother, although suffering from a severe indisposition, ran out of the house for succor. The slave was taken into custody, and was eventually sent South and sold. Some of the other slaves I well remember. Among them was a very old couple with numerous progeny who lived not far from us in a hut in the woods on the Hazard estate. In subsequent years I heard my mother remark, upon the occasion of a marriage in the family connection, that when " Cuff " and " Sary " were married her father gave the clergyman five dollars for his services. Cuff was an old-fashioned, festive negro born in this country, and with the firm belief that existence was bestowed upon him solely for his own enjoyment. He possessed a genius for discovering holidays, and added many to the calendar that were new to most of us. For example, sometimes when he was given a task to accomplish, he would announce that he could not work upon that day as it was "Paas Monday," or "Paas Tuesday," and so on, continuing as the case required, through the week. He had supreme contempt for what he called "Guinea niggers," a term he applied to those of his race who came directly from Africa, in contradistinction to those who had been born in this country. One of Cuff's predecessors in the Hazard family was named Ben, and I have the original deed of his purchase from Hendrick Suydam, dated April 28th, 1807. The price paid was two hundred dollars.

In the village of Jamaica was a well known academy where my mother received the early part of her education. One of her preceptors there was the Hon. Luther Bradish, who, some years later became Lieutenant Gover-

nor of the State of New York, and who at the time of his death was president of the New York Historical Society. Her education was continued at Miss Sarah Pierce's school in Litchfield, Connecticut, one of the most fashionable educational institutions of that period. I have heard my mother say that, accompanied by her father, she made the journey to Litchfield in a chariot, the name applied to carriages in those days, this, of course, being before there was any rail communication with that place. In close proximity to Miss Pierce's establishment was the law school of Judge James Gould, whose pupils were a great social resource to Miss Pierce's scholars. This institution was patronized by many pupils from the South, and during my mother's time John C. Calhoun was one of its students. A few years ago a history of the school was published, and a copy of the book was loaned me by the late Mrs. Lucius Tuckerman of Washington, whose mother was educated there and whose grandfather was the celebrated Oliver Wolcott of Connecticut. After my mother's marriage, she and my father visited Miss Pierce in Litchfield. This was during the Jackson campaign, while political excitement ran so very high that a prominent physician of the place remarked to my father, in perfectly good faith, that Jackson could not possibly be elected President as he would receive no support from Litchfield.

In Jamaica was the last residence of the Honorable Rufus King, our minister to England under Washington and twenty years later a candidate for the presidency. His son, Charles King, was the beloved President of Columbia College in New York, and his few surviving students hold his memory in reverence. The house in which the King family resided was a stately structure with an *entourage* of fine old trees. It eventually passed into other hands, and a few years ago the entire property was generously donated by the Daughters of the American

Revolution to the town of Jamaica, and is now called "King's Manor."

My grandfather, Captain John Hazard, was about fifty years old at the time of his marriage to my grandmother, Miss Leupp, of New Jersey, who died soon after, leaving an only child, my mother. A few years later he married Lydia Blackwell at her home on Blackwell's Island, which her father, Jacob Blackwell, had inherited from his father, Jacob Blackwell, the son of Robert Blackwell, who was the progenitor of the family in this country and gave his name to the island upon which he resided. Several years later Captain Hazard was heard to remark that matrimony was a lottery, and that he had drawn two prizes. I have in my possession an old letter written by Miss Blackwell to my grandfather previous to their marriage, which is so quaint and formal that I am tempted to give it in full:

Miss Blackwell's compliments to Captain Hazard and desires to know how he does—and if well enough will be glad to see him the first leisure day—as she has something of consequence to communicate and is sorry to hear that he has been so much indisposed as to deprive his friends of the pleasure of his company for this last fortnight—May you enjoy every happiness this imperfect estate affords is the sincere wish of your friend,

L. B.

Let me see you on Sunday.
Burn this.

Captain Hazard brought his new bride to the old home on the Rockaway Road where I was subsequently born, and she immediately took under her protecting wing my mother, who was then but little more than an infant. The babe grew and thrived, and never knew until she was a good-sized girl that the woman who had so lovingly nurtured her was only a step-mother. She learned the fact

from a schoolmate who told her out of revenge for some fancied wrong; and I shall always remember my mother telling me how she hurried home feeling all the time that the cruel story was untrue, only to have it confirmed by the lips of the woman who had been as affectionate and unselfish as any mother could possibly have been to her own child. In subsequent years, when my mother gathered her own children around her, she held her step-mother up to us as the embodiment of all female virtue and excellence, all of which is confirmed by my own recollection of her remarkable character and exemplary life.

On the farm adjoining us lived a crusty old bachelor by the name of Martin, who in his earlier life had been professionally associated with Aaron Burr. No human being was allowed to cross his threshold, but I recall that years after his death I saw a large quantity of silver which he had inherited, and which bore a martin for a crest. He was a terror to all the children in our vicinity, and it was his habit to walk on the neighboring roads clad in a dressing gown. More than once as I passed him he accosted me with the interrogative, "Are you Nancy Hazard's brat?"—a query that invariably prompted me to quicken my pace. Mr. Martin kept a fine herd of cattle, among which was an obstreperous bull whose stentorian tones were familiar to all the residents of the adjoining places. When the children of our household were turbulent my mother would often exclaim, "Listen to Martin's bull roaring!" This invariably had a soothing effect upon the children, and strange to say this trivial incident has descended among my kindred to the fourth generation, for my mother's great-grandchildren are as familiar with "Martin's bull" as my sisters and brothers and I were in our own childhood.

Malcolm Campbell, my paternal grandfather, left Scotland subsequently to our Revolution, accompanied by his wife and son James (my father), and after a passage of

several weeks landed in New York. His wife was Miss Lucy McClellan. His father, Alexander Campbell, fought in the battle of Culloden, and I have heard my father say that his grandfather's regiment marched to the song of:

"Who wadna fight for Charlie?
Who wadna draw the sword?
Who wadna up and rally,
At their royal prince's word?
Think on Scotia's ancient heroes,
Think on foreign foes repell'd,
Think on glorious Bruce and Wallace,
Who the proud usurpers quell'd."

It is said he had previously been sent to Italy to collect arms and ammunition for the "Young Pretender," the grandson of James II. The battle of Culloden, which was fought on the 16th of April, 1746, and which has often been called the "Culloden Massacre," caused the whole civilized world to stand aghast. The order of the Duke of Comberland to grant no quarter to prisoners placed him foremost in the ranks of "British beasts" that have disgraced the pages of history, and earned for him the unenviable title of "The Butcher of Culloden." It has been suggested in extenuation of his fiendish conduct that His Grace was "deep in his cups" the night before the battle, and that the General to whom the order was given, realizing the condition of the Duke, insisted that his instructions should be reduced to writing. His Grace thereupon angrily seized a playing card from the table where he was engaged in gambling, and complied with the request. This card happened to be the nine of diamonds, and to this day is known as "the curse of Scotland." A long period elapsed before those who had sympathized with the Young Pretender's cause were restored to the good graces of the English throne, and it was Scotland that was compelled to bear the brunt of the royal dis-

pleasure. The sins of the fathers were visited upon their children, and it is not at all unlikely that the sympathies of Alexander Campbell's son, Malcolm (my grandfather), for the last of the House of Stuart developed a chain of circumstances that resulted, with other causes, in his embarkation for America.

During the early period of my childhood I became familiar with the Jacobite songs which my father used to sing, and which had been handed down in the Campbell family. I was so deeply imbued during my early life with the Jacobite spirit of my forefathers that when I read the account in my English history of George I, carrying with him his little dissolute Hanoverian Court and crossing the water to England to become King of Great Britain, I felt even at that late day that the act was a personal grievance. Through the passage of many years a fragment of one of these Jacobite songs still rings in my ears:

"There's nae luck aboot the hoose,
There's nae luck ava [at all];
There's little pleasure in the hoose
When our gude man's awa."

Even now some of those songs appeal to me possibly in the same manner as the "Marseillaise" to the French, or the "Ranz de Vaches" to the Swiss who have wandered from their mountain homes, or as the strains of our national hymn affect my own fellow countrymen in foreign lands, whose hearts are made to throb when with uncovered heads they listen, and are carried back in memory to the days of "auld lang syne."

My grandfather, Malcolm Campbell, received the degree of Master of Arts from the University of St. Andrews, the great school of Scottish Latinity, and his diploma conferring upon him that honor is still in the possession of his descendants. Before leaving Scotland he had formed an intimacy with Andrew Picken, and during the voyage to

America enjoyed the pleasing companionship of that gentleman together with his wife and their two children. Mrs. Picken was the only daughter of Sir Charles Burdette of London, whose wife was the daughter of the Earl of Wyndham. She and Andrew Picken, who was a native of Stewarton, in Ayrshire, a younger branch of a noble family, four years previously had made a clandestine marriage and, after vainly attempting to effect a reconciliation with her father, resolved upon emigrating to America. Their daughter, Mrs. Sara Jane Picken Cohen, widow of the Rev. Dr. Abraham H. Cohen of Richmond, Virginia, wrote the memoirs of her life, and in describing her parents' voyage to this country says: "It was one of those old-time voyages, of nine weeks and three days, from land to land, and a very boisterous one it was. There had been a terrific storm, which had raged violently for several days." This friendship formed in the mother country was naturally much strengthened during the long voyage, and when the two families finally reached New York, Mrs. Cohen writes: "Here we settled down our two families, strangers in a strange land. But the lamp of friendship burned brightly and lit us on the way; our children grew up together in early childhood, and as brothers and sisters were born in each family they were named in succession after each other." It is pleasant to state that this friendship formed so many generations ago is still continued in my family, as my daughters and I frequently enjoy in our Washington home the pleasing society of Mr. and Mrs. Roberdeau Buchanan, the latter of whom is the great granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Picken.

Soon after his arrival in New York Malcolm Campbell established a classical school at 85 Broadway nearly opposite Trinity Church. He edited the first American edition of Cicero's orations and of Cæsar's commentaries, and also revised and corrected and published in 1808 l'Abbé Tardy's French dictionary. His first edition of

Cicero is dedicated to the "Right Reverend Benjamin Moore, D. D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of New York, and President of Columbia College," and another edition with the same text and imprint is dedicated, in several pages of Latin, to the learned Samuel L. Mitchell, M. D. He and his wife were buried in the graveyard of the Wall Street Presbyterian Church. It may not be inappropriate in this connection to refer to another instructor of an even earlier period which has come within my notice, who taught reading, writing and arithmetic "with becoming accuracy." In *The New York Journal Or The General Advertiser* of the 30th of April, 1772, appears the following advertisement:

THE RESPECTABLE PUBLIC is hereby informed that, agreeable to a former advertisement, a Seminary of Learning was opened at New Brunswick, last November, by the name of *Queen's College*,[1] and also a Grammar School, in order to prepare Youth for the same. Any Parents or Guardians who may be inclined to send their Children to this Institution, may depend upon having them instructed with the greatest Care and Diligence in all the Arts and Sciences usually taught in public Schools; the strictest Regard will be paid to their moral Conduct, (and in a word) to every Thing which may tend to render them a Pleasure to their Friends, and an Ornament to their Species.

Also to obviate the Objection of some to sending their Children on Account of their small Proficiency in English, a proper Person has been provided, who attends at the Grammar School an Hour a Day, and teaches Reading, Writing and Arithmetic with becoming Accuracy— It is hoped that the above Considerations, together with the healthy and convenient Situation of the Place, on a Pleasant and navigable River, in the midst of a plentiful Country; the Reasonableness of the Inhabitants in the Price of Board, and the easy Access from all Places, either

[1] Now Rutgers College.

by Land or Water will be esteemed by the considerate Public, as a sufficient Recommendation of this infant College, which (as it is erected upon so Catholic a Plan) will undoubtedly prove *advantageous* to our new American World, by assisting its SISTER SEMMINARIES to cultivate Piety, Learning, and Liberty.

Per Order of the Trustees,

FREDERICK FRELINGHUYSEN, Tutor.

N. B. The Vacation of the College will be expired on Wednesday the 6th of May, any Students then offering themselves shall be admitted into such Class, as (upon Examination) they shall be found capable of entering.

The signer of this interesting advertisement was graduated from Princeton College in 1770, and subsequently became a lawyer. His distingushed son, Theodore, was widely known as a philanthropist and Christian statesman, and at various periods was United States Senator, Chancellor of the New York University, President of Rutgers College, a candidate for the Vice Presidency of the United States, and President of the American Bible Society. A grandson of the signer was the Hon. Frederick Theodore Frelinghuysen, the well remembered United States Senator and Secretary of State under President Arthur.

Speaking of the Frelinghuysen family, I recall an amusing story told at the expense of Newark, New Jersey. When the late Secretary Frelinghuysen presented himself at the gates of Heaven he was surprised not to be recognized by St. Peter, who asked him who he was. "I am the Hon. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen," was the response. "From where?" "Newark, New Jersey." "Newark?" quoth St. Peter, "I never heard of that place, but I will look on my list. No, it isn't there. I can not admit you, Mr. Frelinghuysen." So the old gentleman proceeded and knocked at another gate in the boundless immensity. The devil opened it and looked out. The same conversation occurred as with St. Peter. Newark wasn't "on the list." "My Heavens, Mr. Satan, am I

then doomed to return to Newark?" exclaimed the New Jersey statesman, and went back to the Newark graveyard.

My father, James Campbell, was born in Callander, Scotland, and, as I have before stated, came to this country with his parents as a very young child. Both he and his father were clad in their Highland dress upon their arrival in New York. His childhood was spent in the great metropolis, and he subsequently studied law in Albany, with the Hon. Samuel Miles Hopkins, the grandfather of Mrs. Arent Schuyler Crowninshield. He was admitted to the bar, and almost immediately became a Master in Chancery. In 1821 he was appointed Surrogate of New York, a position which he retained for twenty years. He was always a pronounced democrat, but notwithstanding this fact he was reappointed ten successive times. In 1840, however, the Whig party was in the ascendency in the New York Legislature, and through the instrumentality of William H. Seward, who introduced a system called "pipe laying," the whole political atmosphere was changed. "Pipe laying" was an organized scheme for controlling votes, and derived its name from certain political manipulations connected with the introduction of Croton water in New York City. I have learned in later years that more approved methods are frequently used for controlling votes. Modern ethics has discovered a more satisfactory method through means of powerful corporations with coffers wide open in the holy cause of electing candidates.

This unfortunate state of affairs resulted in the removal of my father from office, and he immediately resumed the practice of law. Some of his decisions as Surrogate are regarded as precedents to this day. Two of the most prominent of these are "Watts and LeRoy vs. Public Administrator" (a decision resulting in the establishment of the Leake and Watts Orphan House) and "In the matter of the last Will and Testament of Alice Lis-

penard, deceased." He is said to have owned about this time the largest private library in New York City, composed largely of foreign imprints, as he seemed to have but little regard for American editions. The classical portion of his library, especially the volumes published in Paris, was regarded as unusually choice and well selected. He had also a large collection of Greek Testaments which he read in preference to the translations. He owned a copy of Didot's Virgil and I have always understood that, with the exception of one owned in the Brevoort family of New York, it was at that time the only copy in America. He retained his scholarly tastes throughout his whole life, and in looking back I delight to picture him as seated in his library surrounded by his beloved books. In 1850, about two years after his death, his library was sold at auction, the catalogue of which covers 114 closely printed pages. Among the purchasers were William E. Burton, the actor, Chief Justice Charles P. Daly and Henry W. Longfellow.

Professor Charles Anthon of Columbia College dedicated his Horace to my father in the following choice words:

To
My old & valued friend
James Campbell, Esq.,
who, amid the graver duties of a judicial station,
can still find leisure to gratify a pure and
cultivated taste, by reviving the
studies of earlier years.

The following letter from Professor Anthon, the original of which is still retained by the family, was addressed to my mother shortly after my father's death.

Col[umbia] Coll[ege], Sep. 3d 1849.

Dear Madam,

I dedicated the accompanying work to your lamented husband in happier years, while he was still in the full

career of honourable usefulness; and, now that death has taken him from us, I deem it but right that the volume which bore his name while living, should still continue to be a memento of him. May I request you to accept this humble but sincere tribute to the memory of a most valued friend?

I remain, very respectfully and truly,

CHAS. ANTHON.

Mrs. Campbell,
Houston Street.

When Professor Anthon was about forty-eight years of age Edgar Allan Poe described him as "about five feet, eight inches in height; rather stout; fair complexion; hair light and inclined to curl; forehead remarkably broad and high; eye gray, clear, and penetrating; mouth well-formed, with excellent teeth—the lips having great flexibility, and consequent power of expression; the smile particularly pleasing. His address in general is bold, frank, cordial, full of *bonhomie*. His whole air is *distingué* in the best understanding of the term—that is to say, he would impress anyone at first sight with the idea of his being no ordinary man. He has qualities, indeed, which would have assured him eminent success in almost any pursuit; and there are times in which his friends are half disposed to regret his exclusive devotion to classical literature."

My father was a trustee of the venerable New York Society Library and one of the directors of the old United States Bank in Philadelphia; and I have in my possession a number of interesting letters from Nicholas Biddle, its president, addressed to him and asking his advice and counsel. For eighteen years he was a trustee of Columbia College in New York, and enjoyed the close friendship of President William A. Duer, Reverend and Professor John McVickar, James Renwick, Professor of Chemistry, whose mother, Jennie Jeffery, was Burns's "Blue-e'ed Lassie,"

and Professor Charles Anthon, all of whom filled chairs in that institution with unquestioned ability. My father was also a member of the St. Andrews Society of New York. After his death, President Duer in an impressive address alluded to him in the following manner:

"Two of our associates with whom I have been similarly connected and have known from boyhood have also departed, leaving sweet memories behind them, James Campbell and David S. Jones, the former a scholar and a ripe and good one, once honoring the choice of his fellow citizens and winning golden opinions as Surrogate of this city and county."

President Duer had a most interesting family of children. His eldest married daughter, Frances Maria, was the wife of Henry Shaeffe Hoyt of Park Place, and died recently in Newport at a very advanced age. Eleanor Jones Duer, another daughter, married George T. Wilson, an Englishman. She was a great beauty, bearing a striking resemblance to Fanny Kemble, and was remarkable for her strong intellect. Her marriage was clandestine, and the cause, as far as I know, was never explained. Still another daughter, Elizabeth, married Archibald Gracie King of Weehawken, and was a Colonial Dame of much prominence in her later years. She was the mother of the authoress, Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer. President Duer's wife was Hannah Maria Denning of Fishkill, New York. I knew her only as an elderly woman possessing a fine presence and social tastes.

In my early life the students of Columbia College enjoyed playing practical jokes upon its dignified professors. As an illustration, I remember once seeing the death of Professor Renwick fictitiously published in one of the daily journals, much to the sorrow and subsequently the indignation of a large circle of friends. Professor Anthon, too, although a confirmed bachelor, had to face his turn, and his marriage to some unknown bride bearing an

assumed name was an occasional announcement. But the most amusing feature of the joke would appear in the morning, when an emphatic denial would be seen in the columns of the same newspaper, accompanied by a quotation in spurious Latin. Professor Anthon lived with his two spinster sisters in one of the college buildings, and their home was a rendezvous for an appreciative younger generation. In connection with his duties at the college, he was the head of the Columbia College Grammar School, and I have always understood that he strictly followed the scriptural injunction not "to spare the rod." His victims were repeatedly heard to remark that these flagellations partially counterbalanced the lack of exercise which he felt very keenly in his sedentary life. But with all his austerity his pupils would occasionally be astonished over the amount of humor that he was capable of displaying. His handwriting was exquisitely minute in character, and I have in my possession two valentines composed by him and sent to me which are quaintly beautiful in language and, although sixty years old, are still in a perfect state of preservation.

To Miss Marian Campbell.

The Campbell is coming! Ye Gentles beware,
For Don Cupid lies hid in her dark flowing hair,
And her eyes, bright as stars that in mid-heaven roll,
Pierce through frock-coat and dickey right into the soul!
And ye lips which the coral might envy, I ween,
And ye pearl rows that peep from the red lips between,
And that soft-dimpled cheek, with the hue of the rose,
And that smile which bears conquest wherever it goes,
Oh, could I but think that you soon would be mine,
I'd send Marian each morning a sweet valentine.
Feb'y 14, 1844.

(Written a few years later.)

Sweet girl! within whose laughing eye
A thousand little Cupids lie,
While every curl, that floats above
Thy noble brow, seems fraught with love.

Oh, list to me, my loved one, list!
Thy Tellkampf's suit no more resist,
But give to him, to call his own,
A heart where Kings might make their throne.

John Louis Tellkampf, to whom Anthon so facetiously alludes in the second valentine, was a young German who frequently came to our house, and who, through my father's aid and influence, in subsequent years became professor of German in Columbia College. When we first knew him he spoke English with much difficulty, and it was a standing joke in our household that once when he desired to say that a certain person had been born he expressed the fact as "getting alive."

Malcolm Campbell, a younger brother of mine, was graduated in 1850 from Columbia College near the head of his class. Among his classmates were Charles Seymour, subsequently Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Illinois, and the distinguished lawyer Frederick R. Coudert, whose father kept a boys' French school in Bleecker Street. My brother subsequently studied law in the office of Judge Henry Hilton, and for many years practiced at the New York bar. Upon a certain occasion he and Samuel F. Kneeland were opposing counsel in an important suit during which Mr. Kneeland kept quoting from his own work upon "Mechanics' Liens." My brother endured this as long as his patience permitted and then, slowly rising to his feet, said: "I have cited decisions on the point in controversy, but my learned opponent cites nothing except his own opinions printed in his own book. With such persistency has he done this that I have been tempted to write these lines:

"Oh, Kneeland! dear Kneeland, pray what do you mean
By such a fat book on the subject of Lien?
Was it for glory or was it for pelf,
Or just for the pleasure of quoting yourself?"

It seems almost needless to add that this doggerel was followed by a round of applause, and that Chief Justice Charles P. Daly and Judge Joseph F. Daly, as well as Judge George M. Van Hoesen, who were on the bench at this time, joined in the merriment.

The commencement exercises of Columbia College, as I remember them, took place every summer in St. John's Church opposite St. John's Park, and I often attended them in my early days. Columbia College at this period was in the lower part of the city between College and Park Places, and was the original King's College of colonial days. All of the professors lived in the college buildings in a most unostentatious manner, and I readily recall frequent instances during my early childhood when, in company with my father, I walked to the college and took a simple six o'clock supper with Professor Anthon and his sisters.

My mother met my father while visiting in New York, and the acquaintance eventually resulted in a run-away marriage. They were married on the 10th of June, 1818, and nine days later the following notice appeared in *The National Advocate:*

Married.

At Flushing, L. I., by the Rev. Mr. [Barzilla] Buckley, James Campbell esq. of this city, to Miss Mary Ann Hazard, daughter of John Hazard, esq. of Jamaica, Long Island.

The objection of my Grandfather Hazard to my mother's marriage was not unnatural, as she was his only child, and being at this time well advanced in years he dreaded the separation. But the happy bride immediately brought her husband to live in the old home where she had been born, where the young couple began their married life under pleasing auspices, and my father continued his practice of law in New York. I had the misfortune of

being a second daughter. Traditionally, I know that my grandfather most earnestly desired a grandson at that time, and when the nurse announced my birth, she was not sufficiently courageous to tell the truth, and said: "A boy, sir!" Her faltering manner possibly betrayed her, as the sarcastic retort was: "I dare say, an Irish boy."

My ambitious parents sent me with my oldest sister, Fanny, at the early age of four, to a school in the village of Jamaica conducted by Miss Delia Bacon. My recollection of events occurring at this early period is not very vivid, but I still recall the vision of three beautiful women, Delia, Alice and Julia Bacon, who presided over our school. This interesting trio were nieces of the distinguished author and divine, the Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, who for fifty-seven years was pastor of the First Congregational Church of New Haven. Many years subsequent to my school days, Delia Bacon became, as is well known, an enthusiastic advocate of the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare's plays. I have understood that she made a pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon hoping to secure the proper authority to re-open Shakespeare's grave, a desire, however, that remained ungratified. She was a woman of remarkable ability, and I have in my possession the book, written by her nephew, which tells the story of her life. I was Miss Bacon's youngest pupil, and attended school regularly in company with my sister, whither we were driven each morning in the family carriage. My studies were not difficult, and my principal recollection is my playing out of doors with a dog named Sancho, while the older children were busy inside with their studies.

During my Long Island life, as a very young child, I was visiting my aunts in Jay Street, New York, when I was taken to Grant Thorburn's seed shop in Maiden Lane, which I think was called "The Arcade." There was much there to delight the childish fancy—canaries, parrots, and other birds of varied plumage. Thorburn's career was de-

cidedly unusual. He was born in Scotland, where he worked in his father's shop as a nailmaker. He came to New York in 1794 and for a time continued at his old trade. He then kept a seed store and, after making quite a fortune, launched into a literary career and wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Laurie Todd."

CHAPTER II

NEW YORK AND SOME NEW YORKERS

ABOUT 1828 my parents moved to New York, and immediately occupied the house, No. 6 Hubert Street, purchased by my father, and pleasantly located a short distance from St. John's Park, then the fashionable section of the city. This park was always kept locked, but it was the common play-ground of the children of the neighborhood, whose families were furnished with keys, as is the case with Gramercy Park to-day. St. John's Church overlooked this park, and the houses on the other three sides of the square were among the finest residences in the city. Many of them were occupied by families of prominence, among which were those of Watts, Gibbes, Kemble, Hamilton and Smedberg. Next door to us on Hubert Street lived Commander, subsequently Rear Admiral, Charles Wilkes, U. S. N., and his young family. His first wife was Miss Jane Jeffrey Renwick, who was a sister of Professor James Renwick of Columbia College, and after her death he married Mary Lynch, a daughter of Henry Lynch of New York and the widow of Captain William Compton Bolton of the Navy. This, of course, was previous to his naval achievements, which are such well known events in American history. In after life Admiral and Mrs. Wilkes moved to Washington, D. C., where I renewed my friendship of early days and where members of his family still reside, beloved and respected by the whole community.

Mr. Thomas S. Gibbes of South Carolina, whose wife was Miss Susan Annette Vanden Heuvel, daughter of

John C. Vanden Heuvel, a wealthy land owner, lived on Hudson Street, facing St. John's Park. Their elder daughter Charlotte Augusta, who married John Jacob Astor, son of William B. Astor, was an early playmate of mine, and many pleasant memories of her as a little girl cluster around St. John's Park, where we romped together. When I first knew the Gibbes family it had recently returned from a long residence in Paris, an unusual experience in these days, and both Charlotte Augusta and her younger sister, Annette Gibbes, sang in a very pleasing manner French songs, which were a decided novelty to our juvenile ears. Mrs. Gibbes's sisters were Mrs. Gouverneur S. Bibby and Mrs. John C. Hamilton.

Directly opposite St. John's Park, on the corner of Varick and Beach streets, was Miss Maria Forbes's school for young girls, which was the fashionable school of the day. I attended it in company with my sister Fanny and my brother James who was my junior. Miss Forbes occasionally admitted boys to her school when accompanied by older sisters. Our life there was regulated in accordance with the strictest principles of learning and etiquette, and a child would have been deficient indeed who failed to acquire knowledge under the tuition of such an able teacher. School commenced promptly at eight o'clock and continued without intermission until three.

The principal of the school was the daughter of John Forbes, who for thirty years was the librarian of the New York Society Library. He was a native of Aberdeen in Scotland, and was brought to this country in extreme youth by a widowed mother of marked determination and piety, with the intention of launching him successfully in life. He early displayed a fondness for books, and must have shown an uncommon maturity of mind and much executive ability, as he was only nineteen when he was appointed to the position just named. It is an interesting fact that he accepted the librarianship in 1798 with a

salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a year in addition to the fines and two and a half per cent. upon all moneys collected, besides the use or rental of the lower front room of the library building. After many years of labor his salary was raised to five hundred dollars. Upon his death in October, 1824, the trustees, out of respect to his memory, voted to attend his funeral in a body and ordered the library closed for the remaining four days of the week. He married Miss Martha Skidmore, daughter of Lemuel Skidmore, a prominent iron and steel merchant of New York, and I have no doubt that Maria Forbes, their daughter and my early teacher, inherited her scholarly tastes from her father, of whom Dr. John W. Francis in his "Old New York" justly speaks as a "learned man."

Miss Forbes was a pronounced disciplinarian, and administered one form of punishment which left a lasting impression upon my memory. For certain trivial offenses a child was placed in a darkened room and clothed in a tow apron. One day I was subjected to this punishment for many hours, an incident which naturally I have never yet been able to forget. On the occasion referred to Miss Forbes was obliged to leave the schoolroom for a few minutes and, unfortunately for my happiness, appointed my young brother James to act as monitor during her absence. His first experience in the exercise of a little authority evidently turned his head, for upon the return of our teacher I was reported for misbehavior. The charge against me was that I had smiled. It is too long ago to remember whether or not it was a smile of derision, but upon mature reflection I think it must have been. I knew, however, in my childish heart that I had committed no serious offense and, as can readily be imagined, my indignation was boundless. It was the first act of injustice I had ever experienced. Feeling that the punishment was undeserved, and smarting under it, with abundance of leisure upon my hands, I bit the tough tow

apron into many pieces. When Miss Forbes after a few hours, which seemed to me an eternity, came to relieve me from my irksome position and noticed the condition of the apron, she regaled me with a homily upon the evils of bad temper, and gave as practical illustrations the lives of some of our most noted criminals, all of whom had expiated their crimes upon the gallows.

In recalling these early school days it seems to me that the rudiments of education received far more attention then than now. Spelling was regarded as of chief importance and due consideration was given to grammar. There were no "frills" then, such as physical culture, manual training and the like, and vacation lasted but thirty days, usually during the month of August. Some of my earliest friendships were formed at Miss Forbes's school, many of which I have retained through a long life. Among my companions and classmates were the Tillotsons, Lynches, Astors, Kembles, Hamiltons, Duers, and Livingstons.

But in spite of the severe discipline of Miss Forbes's school, her pupils occasionally engaged in current gossip. It was in her schoolroom I first made the discovery that this earth boasted of such valuable adjuncts to the human family as title-bearing gentlemen, and in this particular case it was a live Count that was brought to my notice. Count Louis Fitzgerald Tasistro had recently arrived in New York, and his engagement to Adelaide Lynch, a daughter of Judge James Lynch, of an old New York family, was soon announced. On the voyage to America he had made the acquaintance of a son of Lord Henry Gage of England, whose principal object in visiting this country was to make the acquaintance of his kinsman, Mr. Gouverneur Kemble. Through his instrumentality Tasistro was introduced into New York's most exclusive set, and soon became the lion of the hour. We girls discussed the engagement and subsequent marriage of the distinguished

foreigner (*sub rosa,* of course), and to our childish vision pictured a wonderful career for this New York girl. The marriage, however, soon terminated unfortunately, and to the day of his death Tasistro's origin remained a mystery. He was an intellectual man of fine presence and skilled in a number of foreign languages. He claimed he was a graduate of Dublin College. Many years later, after I had become more familiar with title-bearing foreigners, Tasistro again crossed my path in Washington, where he was acting as a translator in the State Department; but after a few years, owing to an affection of the eyes, he was obliged to give up this position, and his condition was one of destitution. Through the instrumentality of my husband he obtained an annuity from his son, whom, by the way, he never knew; and for some years, in a spirit of gratitude, taught my children French. His last literary effort was the translation of the first two volumes of the Comte de Paris's "History of the Civil War in America." His devotion to my husband was pathetic, and I have frequently heard the Count say during the last years of his life that he never met him without some good fortune immediately following.

After Mr. Gouverneur's death I received the following letter from Tasistro, which is so beautiful in diction that I take pleasure in inserting it:

WASHINGTON, April 26, 1880.

My dear Mrs. Gouverneur,

Had I obeyed implicitly the impulses of my heart, or been less deeply affected by the great loss which will ever render the 5th of April a day of sad & bitter memories to me, I should perhaps have been more expeditious in rendering to you the poor tribute of my condolence for the terrible bereavement which it has pleased the Supreme Ruler of all things to afflict you with.

My own particular grief in thus losing the best & most valued friend I ever had on earth, receives additional

poignancy from the fact that, although duly impressed with an abiding sense of the imperishable obligation, conferred upon me by my lamented friend, I have been debarred, by my own physical infirmities, from proffering those services which it would have afforded me so much consolation to perform.

I should be loath, however, to start on my own journey for that shadowy land whose dim outlines are becoming daily more & more visible to my mental eye, without leaving some kind of record attesting to the depth of my appreciation of all the noble attributes which clustered around your husband's character—of my intense & lasting gratitude for his generous exertions in my behalf, & my profound sympathy for you personally in this hour of sorrow & affliction.

Hoping that you may find strength adequate to the emergency, I remain, with great respect,

Your devoted servant,

L. F. Tasistro.

A valued friend of my father's was Dr. John W. Francis, the "Doctor Sangrado" of this period, who, with other practitioners of the day, believed in curing all maladies by copious bleeding and a dose of calomel. He was the fashionable physician of that time and especially prided himself upon his physical resemblance to Benjamin Franklin. He had much dramatic ability of a comic sort, and I have often heard the opinion expressed that if he had adopted the stage as a profession he would have rivalled the comedian William E. Burton, who at this time was delighting his audiences at Burton's Theater on Chambers Street. In my early life when Dr. Francis was called to our house professionally the favorite dose he invariably prescribed for nearly every ailment was "calomel and jalap."

One day during school hours at Miss Forbes's I was suddenly summoned to return to my home. I soon discovered after my arrival that I was in the presence of a tribunal composed of my parents and Dr. Francis. I was

completely at a loss to understand why I was recalled with, what seemed to me, such undue haste, as I was entirely unconscious of any misdemeanor. I soon discovered, however, that I was in great trouble. It seems that a young girl from Santa Cruz, a boarding pupil at our school, had died of a malady known at this period as "iliac passion," but now as appendicitis. Her attending physician was Dr. Ralph I. Bush, a former surgeon in the British Navy, and I soon learned to my dismay that I was accused of having made an indiscreet remark in regard to his management of my schoolmate's case, although to this day I have never known exactly how Dr. Francis, as our family physician, was involved in the affair. I stood up as bravely as I could under a rigid cross-examination, but, alas! I had no remembrance whatever of making any remark that could possibly offend. At any rate, Dr. Bush had given Dr. Francis to understand that he was ready to settle the affair according to the approved method of the day; but Dr. Francis was a man of peace, and had no relish for the code. Possibly, with the reputed activity of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Dr. Bush had already selected his seconds, as I have seldom seen a man more unnerved than Dr. Francis by what proved after all to be only a trifling episode. Soon after my trying interview, however, explanations followed, and the two physicians amicably adjusted the affair.

It seems that this unfortunate entanglement arose from a misunderstanding. There were two cases of illness at Miss Forbes's school at the same time, the patient of Dr. Bush already mentioned and another child suffering from a broken arm whom Dr. Francis attended. He set the limb but, as he was not proficient as a surgeon, the act was criticized by the schoolgirls within my hearing. My sense of loyalty to my family doctor caused me to utter some childish remark in his defense which was possibly to the effect that he was a great deal better doctor than Dr.

Bush, who had failed to save the life of our late schoolmate. In recalling this childish episode which caused me so much anxiety I am surprised that such unnecessary attention was paid to the passing remark of a mere child.

Dr. Francis was as proficient in quoting wise maxims as Benjamin Franklin, whom he was said to resemble. One of them which I recall is the epitome of wisdom: "If thy hand be in a lion's mouth, get it out as fast as thou canst."

I may here state, by the way, that in close proximity to Dr. Francis's residence on Bond Street lived Dr. Eleazer Parmly, the fashionable dentist of New York. He stood high in public esteem and a few still living may remember his pleasing address. He accumulated a large fortune and I believe left many descendants.

The girls at Miss Forbes's school were taught needle work and embroidery, for in my early days no young woman's education was regarded as complete without these accomplishments. I quote from memory an elaborate sampler which bore the following poetical effusion:

> What is the blooming tincture of the skin,
> To peace of mind and harmony within?
> What the bright sparkling of the finest eye
> To the soft soothing of a kind reply?
>
> Can comeliness of form or face so fair
> With kindliness of word or deed compare?
> No. Those at first the unwary heart may gain,
> But these, these only, can the heart retain.

It seems remarkable that after spending months in working such effusive lines, or others similar to them, Miss Forbes's pupils did not become luminaries of virtue and propriety. If they did not their failure certainly could not be laid at the door of their preceptress.

Miss Forbes personally taught the rudiments but Mr.

Luther Jackson, the writing master, visited the school each day and instructed his scholars in the Italian style of chirography. Mr. Michael A. Gauvain taught French so successfully that in a short time many of us were able to place on the amateur boards a number of French plays. Our audiences were composed chiefly of admiring parents, who naturally viewed the performances with paternal partiality and no doubt regarded us as incipient Rachels. I remember as if it were only yesterday a play in which I took one of the principal parts—"Athalie," one of Jean Racine's plays.

This mode of education was adopted in Paris by Madame Campan, the instructor of the French nobility as well as of royalty during the First Empire. In her manuscript memoirs, addressed to the children of her brother, "Citizen" Edmond Charles Genet, who was then living in America, and of which I have an exact copy, she dwells upon the histrionic performances by her pupils, among whom were Queen Hortense and my husband's aunt, Eliza Monroe, daughter of President James Monroe and subsequently the wife of Judge George Hay of Virginia. She gives a graphic account of the Emperor attending one of these plays, when "Esther," one of Racine's masterpieces, was performed.

The dancing master, who, of course, was an essential adjunct of every well regulated school, was John J. Charraud. He was a refugee from Hayti after the revolution in that island, and opened his dancing-school in New York on Murray Street, but afterwards gave his "publics" in the City Hall. He taught only the cotillion and the three-step waltz and came to our school three times a week for this purpose. Much attention was given to poetry, and I still recall the first piece I committed to memory, "Pity the Sorrows of a Poor Old Man." My father thoroughly believed in memorizing verse, and he always liberally rewarded me for every piece I was able to recite. I may

state, by the way, that Blair's Rhetoric was a textbook of our school and the one which I most enjoyed.

Miss Forbes had a number of medals which the girls were allowed to wear at stated periods for proficiency in their studies as well as for exemplary deportment. There was one of these which was known as the "excellence medal," and the exultant pupil upon whom it was bestowed was allowed the privilege of wearing it for two weeks. Upon it was inscribed the well known proverb of Solomon, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

Among the pleasant memories of my early life are the dinners given by my father, when the distinguished men of the day gathered around his hospitable board. In New York at this time all the professional cooks and waiters in their employ were colored men. Butlers were then unknown. It was also before the days of *à la Russe* service, and I remember seeing upon some of these occasions a saddle of venison, while at the opposite end of the table there was always a Westphalia ham. Fresh salmon was considered a *pièce de résistance.* Many different wines were always served, and long years later in a conversation with Gov. William L. Marcy, who was a warm friend of my father, he told me he was present on one of these occasions when seven different varieties of wine were served. I especially remember a dinner given by him in honor of Martin Van Buren. He was Vice-President of the United States at the time and was accompanied to New York by John Forsyth of Georgia, a member of Jackson's cabinet. Some of the guests invited to meet him were Gulian C. Verplanck, Thomas Morris, John C. Hamilton, Philip Hone and Walter Bowne. The day previous to this dinner my father received the following note from Mr. Van Buren:

My dear Sir,

Our friend Mr. Forsyth, is with me and you must send him an invitation to dine with you to-morrow if, as I suppose is the case, I am to have that honor.

Yours truly,

M. VAN BUREN.

J. Campbell, Esq. Sunday, June 9, '33.

Martin Van Buren was a political friend of my father's from almost his earliest manhood. Two years after he was appointed Surrogate he received the following confidential letter from Mr. Van Buren. As will be seen, it was before the days when he wrote in full the prefix "Van" to his name:

Private.

My dear Sir,

Mr. Hoyt wishes me to quiet your apprehensions on the subject of the Elector.[1] I will state to you truly how the matter stands. My sincere belief is that we shall succeed; at the same time I am bound to admit that the subject is full of difficulties. If the members were now, and without extraneous influence, to settle the matter, the result would be certain. But I know that uncommon exertions have been, and are making, by the out-door friends of Adams & Clay to effect a co-operation of their forces in favor of a divided ticket. Look at the "National Journal" of the 23d, and you will find an article, prepared with care, to make influence there. A few months ago Mr. Adams would have revolted at such a publication. It is the desperate situation of his affairs that has brought him to it. The friends of Clay (allowing Adams more strength than he may have), have no hopes of getting him (Clay) into the house, unless they get a part of this State. The certain decline of Adams in other parts & the uncertainty of his strength in the east alarm his friends on the same point. Thus both parties are led to the adoption of desperate measures. Out of N. England Adams has now no reason to expect more

[1] Possibly this word is "Election."

than his three or four votes in Maryland. A partial discomfiture in the east may therefore bring him below Mr. Clay's western votes, & if it should appear that he (Adams) cannot get into the house, the western votes would go to Crawford. If nothing takes place materially to change the present state of things, we hope to defeat their plans here. But if you lose your Assembly ticket, there is no telling the effect it may produce, & my chief object in being thus particular with you is to conjure your utmost attention to that subject. About the Governor's election there is no sort of doubt. I am not apt to be confident, & *I aver that the matter is so.* But it is to the Assembly that interested men look, and the difference of ten members will (with the information the members can have when they come to act) be decisive in the opinion of the present members as to the complexion of the next house. There are *other points of view* which I cannot now state to you, in which the result I speak of may seriously affect the main question. Let me therefore entreat your serious attention to this matter. *Be careful of this.* Your city is a gossiping place, & what you tell to one man in confidence is soon in the mouths of hundreds. You can impress our friends on this subject without connecting me with it. Do so.

Your sincere friend,

M. V. Buren.

James Campbell, Esq. Albany, Octob. 28, 1824.

The Mr. Hoyt referred to in the opening sentence of this letter was Jesse Hoyt, another political friend of my father's who, under Van Buren's administration, was Collector of the Port of New York. During my child life on Long Island he made my father occasional visits, and in subsequent years lived opposite us on Hubert Street. He was the first one to furnish me with a practical illustration of man's perfidy. As a very young child I consented to have my ears pierced, when Mr. Hoyt volunteered to send me a pair of coral ear-rings, but he failed to carry out his promise. I remember reading some years ago sev-

eral letters addressed to Hoyt by "Prince" John Van Buren which he begins with "Dear Jessica."

Table appointments at this time were most simple and unostentatious. Wine coolers were found in every well regulated house, but floral decorations were seldom seen. At my father's dinners, given upon special occasions, the handsome old silver was always used, much of which formerly belonged to my mother's family. The forks and spoons were of heavy beaten silver, and the knives were made of steel and had ivory handles. Ice cream was always the dessert, served in tall pyramids, and the universal flavor was vanilla taken directly from the bean, as prepared extracts were then unknown. I have no recollection of seeing ice water served upon any well-appointed table, as modern facilities for keeping it had yet to appear, and cold water could always be procured from pumps on the premises. The castors, now almost obsolete, containing the usual condiments, were *de rigueur;* while the linen used in our home was imported from Ireland, and in some cases bore the coat of arms of the United States with its motto, *"E Pluribus Unum."* My father's table accommodated twenty persons and the dinner hour was three o'clock. These social functions frequently lasted a number of hours, and when it became necessary the table was lighted by lamps containing sperm oil and candles in candelabra. These were the days when men wore ruffled shirt fronts and high boots.

I still have in my possession an acceptance from William B. Astor, son of John Jacob Astor, to a dinner given by my father, written upon very small note paper and folded in the usual style of the day:

Mr. W. Astor will do himself the honor to dine with Mr. Campbell to-day agreeable to his polite invitation.
May 28th.
James Campbell Esq.
Hubert Street.

I well remember a stag dinner given by my father when I was a child at which one of the guests was Philip Hone, one of the most efficient and energetic Mayors the City of New York has ever had. He is best known to-day by his remarkable diary, edited by Bayard Tuckerman, which is a veritable storehouse of events relating to the contemporary history of the city. Mr. Hone had a fine presence with much elegance of manner, and was truly one of nature's noblemen. Many years ago Arent Schuyler de Peyster, to whom I am indebted for many traditions of early New York society, told me that upon one occasion a conversation occurred between Philip Hone and his brother John, a successful auctioneer, in which the latter advocated their adoption of a coat of arms. Philip's response was characteristic of the man: "I will have no arms except those Almighty God has given me."

In this connection, and *àpropos* of heraldic designs and their accompaniments, I have been informed that the Hon. Daniel Manning, Cleveland's Secretary of the Treasury, used upon certain of his cards of invitation a crest with the motto, "Aquila non capit muscas" ("The eagle does not catch flies"). This brings to my mind the following anecdote from a dictionary of quotations translated into English in 1826 by D. N. McDonnel: "Casti, an Italian poet who fled from Russia on account of having written a scurrilous poem in which he made severe animadversions on the Czarina and some of her favorites, took refuge in Austria. Joseph II. upon coming in contact with him asked him whether he was not afraid of being punished there, as well as in Russia, for having insulted his high friend and ally. The bard's steady reply was 'Aquila non capit muscas.'" Sir Francis Bacon, however, was the first in the race, as long before either Manning or Casti were born he made use of these exact words in his "Jurisdiction of the Marshes."

In my early days John H. Contoit kept an ice cream

garden on Broadway near White Street, and it was the first establishment of this kind, as far as I know, in New York. During the summer months it was a favorite resort for many who sought a cool place and pleasant society, where they might eat ice cream under shady vines and ornamental lattice work. The ice cream was served in high glasses, and the price paid for it was twelve and one-half cents. Nickles and dimes were of course unknown, but the Mexican shilling, equivalent to twelve and one-half cents, and the quarter of a dollar, also Mexican, were in circulation.

There were no such places as lunchrooms and tearooms in my early days, and the only restaurant of respectability was George W. Browne's "eating house," which was largely frequented by New Yorkers. The proprietor had a very pretty daughter, Mrs. Coles, who was brought prominently before the public in the summer of 1841 as the heroine of an altercation between August Belmont and Edward Heyward, a prominent South Carolinian, followed by a duel in Maryland in which Belmont is said to have been so seriously wounded as to retain the scars until his death.

Alexander T. Stewart's store, corner of Broadway and Chambers Street, was the fashionable dry goods emporium, and for many years was without a conspicuous rival. William I. Tenney, Horace Hinsdale, Henry Gelston, and Frederick and Henry G. Marquand were jewelers. Tenney's store was on Broadway near Murray Street; Gelston's was under the Astor House on the corner of Barclay Street and Broadway; Hinsdale's was on the east side of Broadway and Cortlandt Street; and the Marquands were on the west side of Broadway between Cortlandt and Dey Streets.

James Leary bore the palm in New York as the fashionable hatter, and his shop was on Broadway under the Astor House. As was usual then with his craft, he kept

individual blocks for those of his customers who had heads of unusual dimensions. In his show window he sometimes exhibited a block of remarkable size which was adapted to fit the heads of a distinguished trio, Daniel Webster, General James Watson Webb, and Charles Augustus Davis. Miss Anna Leary of Newport, his daughter and a devout Roman Catholic, received the title of Countess from the Pope.

The most prominent hostelry in New York before the days of the Astor House was the City Hotel on lower Broadway. I have been informed that the site upon which it stood still belongs to representatives of the Boreel family, descendants of the first John Jacob Astor. Another, but of a later period, was the American Hotel on Broadway near the Astor House. It was originally the town house of John C. Vanden Heuvel, a member of one of New York's most exclusive families. Upon Mr. Vanden Heuvel's death this house passed into the possession of his son-in-law, John C. Hamilton, who changed it into a hotel. Its proprietor was William B. Cozzens, who was so long and favorably known as a hotel proprietor. At this same time he had charge of the only hotel at West Point, and it was named after him. If any army officers survive who were cadets during Cozzens's *régime* they will recall with pleasure his kindly bearing and attractive manner. Mr. Vanden Heuvel's country residence was in the vicinity of Ninetieth Street overlooking the Hudson River. His other daughters were Susan Annette, who married Mr. Thomas S. Gibbes of South Carolina, and Justine, who became the wife of Gouverneur S. Bibby, a cousin of my husband.

As I first remember Union Square it was in the outskirts of the city. Several handsome houses had a few years previously been erected there by James F. Penniman, the son-in-law of Mr. Samuel Judd, the latter of whom amassed a large fortune by the manufacture and

sale of oil and candles. Miss Lydia Kane, a sister of the elder De Lancey Kane and a noted wit of the day, upon a certain occasion was showing some strangers the sights of New York, and in passing these houses was asked by whom they were occupied. "That one," she responded, indicating the one in which the Pennimans themselves lived, "is occupied by one of the *illuminati* of the city."

Robert L. Stuart and his brother Alexander were proprietors of a large candy store on the corner of Chambers and Greenwich Streets, under the firm name of R. L. & A. Stuart. Their establishment was a favorite resort of the children of the day, who were as much addicted to sweets as are their more recent successors. "Broken candy" was a specialty of this firm, and was sold at a very low price. Alexander Stuart frequently waited upon customers, and as a child I have often chattered with him over the counter. He never married.

The principal markets were Washington on the North River, and Fulton on the east side. The marketing was always done by the mistress of each house accompanied by a servant bearing a large basket. During the season small girls carried strawberries from door to door, calling out as they went along; and during the summer months hot corn, carried in closed receptacles made for the purpose, was sold by colored men, whose cries could be heard in every part of the city.

Mrs. Isaac Sayre's bakery was an important shop for all housewives, and her homemade jumbles and pound cake were in great demand. Her plum cake, too, was exceptionally good, and it is an interesting fact that it was she who introduced cake in boxes for weddings. Her shop survived for an extraordinary number of years and, as far as I know, may still exist and be kept by some of her descendants.

I must not omit to speak of a peculiar custom which in this day of grace, when there are no longer any old women,

seems rather odd. A woman immediately after her marriage wore a cap made of some light material, which she invariably tied with strings under her chin. Most older women were horrified at the thought of gray hairs, and immediately following their appearance false fronts were purchased, over which caps were worn. I well recall that some of the most prominent women of the day concealed fine heads of hair in this grotesque fashion. Baldheaded men were not tolerated, and "scratches" or wigs provided the remedy. Marriage announcements were decidedly informal. When the proper time arrived for the world to be taken into the confidence of a young couple, they walked upon Broadway arm in arm, thus announcing that their marriage was imminent.

A dinner given in my young days by my parents to Mr. and Mrs. William C. Rives still lingers in my memory. Mr. Rives had just been appointed to his second mission to France, and with his wife was upon the eve of sailing for his new post of duty. I remember that it was a large entertainment, but the only guests whom I recall in addition to the guests of honor were Mr. and Mrs. James A. Hamilton. He was a son of Alexander Hamilton, and was at the time United States District Attorney in New York. It seems strange, indeed, that the other guests should have escaped my memory, but a head-dress worn by Mrs. Hamilton struck my young fancy and I have never forgotten it. As I recall that occasion I can see her handsome face surmounted by a huge fluffy pink cap. This Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton were the parents of Alexander Hamilton, the third, who married Angelica, daughter of Maturin Livingston, and who, by the way, as I remember, was one of the most graceful dancers and noted belles of her day.

Thomas Morris, son of Robert Morris the great financier of the Revolution, was my father's life-long friend. He was an able *raconteur,* and I recall many conversa-

tions relating to his early life, a portion of which had been spent in Paris at its celebrated Polytechnic School. One incident connected with his career is especially interesting. When the sordid Louis Philippe, then the Duke of Orleans, was wandering in this country, teaching in his native tongue "the young idea how to shoot," he was the guest for a time of Mr. Morris. Several years later when John Greig, a Scotchman and prominent citizen of Canandaigua, New York, was about to sail for France, Mr. Morris gave him a letter of introduction to the Duke. Upon his arrival in Havre after a lengthy voyage he found much to his surprise that Louis Philippe was comfortably seated upon the throne of France. Under these altered conditions he hesitated to present his letter, but after mature consideration sought an audience with the new King; and it is a pleasing commentary upon human nature to add that he was welcomed with open arms. The King had by no means forgotten the hospitality he had received in America, and especially the many favors extended by the Morris family. Mr. Morris's wife was Miss Sarah Kane, daughter of Colonel John Kane, and she was beautiful even in her declining years. She also possessed the wit so characteristic of the Kanes, who, by the way, were of Celtic origin, being descended from John Kane who came from Ireland in 1752. She was the aunt of the first De Lancey Kane, who married the pretty Louisa Langdon, the granddaughter of John Jacob Astor. Their daughter, Emily Morris, made frequent visits to our house. She was renowned for both beauty and wit. I remember seeing several verses addressed to her, the only lines of which I recall are as follows:

> That calm collected look,
> As though her pulses beat by book.

Another intimate friend of my father was Frederick de Peyster, who at a later day became President of the

New York Historical Society. He habitually took Sunday tea with us, and always received a warm welcome from the juvenile members of the family with whom he was a great favorite. He was devoted to children, and delighted our young hearts by occasional presents of game-chickens which at once became family pets.

In 1823 and 1824 my father's sympathies were deeply enlisted in behalf of the Greeks in their struggles for independence from the Turkish rule. It will be remembered that this was the cause to which Byron devoted his last energies. The public sentiment of the whole country was aroused to a high pitch of excitement, and meetings were held not only for the purpose of lending moral support and encouragement to the Greeks, but also for raising funds for their assistance. Among those to whom my father appealed was his friend, Rudolph Bunner, a highly prominent citizen of Oswego, N. Y. Although a lawyer he did not practice his profession, but devoted himself chiefly to his extensive landed estates in Oswego county. He was wealthy and generous, a good liver and an eloquent political speaker. He served one term in Congress where, as elsewhere, he was regarded as a man of decided ability. He died about 1833 at the age of nearly seventy. The distinguished New York lawyer, John Duer, married his daughter Anne, by whom he had thirteen children, one of whom, Anna Henrietta, married the late Pierre Paris Irving, a nephew of Washington Irving and at one time rector of the Episcopal church at New Brighton, Staten Island. Mr. Bunner's letter in response to my father's appeal is not devoid of interest, and is as follows:

OSWEGO, 12 Jan'y 1824.

My dear Sir,

Though I have not written to you yet you were not so soon forgotten. Nor can you so easily be erased from my memory as my negligence might seem to imply. In truth

few persons have impressed my mind with a deeper sentiment of respect than yourself; you have that of open and frank in your character which if not in my own, is yet so congenial to my feelings that I shall much regret if my habitual indolence can lose me such a friend. Your request in favor of the Greeks will be hard to comply with. If I can be a contributor in a humble way to their success by my exertions here they shall not want them, but I fear the *angusta res domi* may press too heavily upon us to permit of an effectual benevolence. If you wanted five hundred men six feet high with sinewy arms and case hardened constitutions, bold spirits and daring adventurers who would travel upon a bushel of corn and a gallon of whiskey per man from the extreme point of the world to Constantinople we could furnish you with them, but I doubt whether they could raise the money to pay their passage from the gut of Gibraltar upwards. The effort however shall be made and if we can not shew ourselves rich we will at least manifest our good will. Though Greece touches few Yankee settlers thro the medium of classical associations yet a people struggling to free themselves from foreign bondage is sure to find warm hearts in every native of the wilderness. We admire your noble efforts and if we do not imitate you it is because our purses are as empty as a Boetian's skull is thick. We know so little of what is *really* projecting in the cabinets of Europe that we are obliged to believe implicitly in newspaper reports, and we are perhaps foolish in hoping that the Holy Alliance intends to take the Spanish part of the New World under their protection. In such an event our backwoodsmen would spring with the activity of squirrels to the assistance of the regenerated Spaniards and perhaps *there* we might fight more effectually the battle for universal Freedom than either at Thermopylæ or Marathon. There indeed we might strike a blow that would break up the deep foundations of despotic power so as that neither art or force could again collect and cement the scattered elements. We are too distant from Greece to make the Turks feel our physical

strength and what we can do thro money and sympathy is little in comparison with what we could if they were so near as that we might in addition pour out the tide of an armed northern population to sweep their shores and overcome the tyrants like one of their pestilential winds. Nevertheless, sympathy is a wonderful power and the sympathy of a free nation like our own will not lose its moral effect. I calculate strongly on this. It is a more refined and rational kind of chivalry—this interest and activity in the fate of nations struggling to break the oppressor's rod, and it should be encouraged even where it is not directed so as to give it all adequate force. They who would chill it, who would reason about the why and the wherefore ought to recollect that such things can not be called forth by the art of man—they must burst spontaneously from his nature and be directed by his wisdom for the benefit of his kind. . . . We are all here real Radical Democrats and though some of us came in at the eleventh hour we will not go back, but on—on—on though certain of missing the penny fee. In truth this is the difference between real conviction and the calculating policy which takes sides according to what it conceives the vantage ground. A converted politician is as obstinate in his belief as one born in the faith. The man of craft changes his position according to the varying aspect of the political heavens. The one plays a game—the other sees as much of reality (or thinks he sees) in politicks as he does in his domestic affairs and is as earnest in the one as the other.

Salve—*Καὶ Χαῖρε*

R. BUNNER.

8 o'clock.

I have had a full meeting for your Greeks—and found my men of more mettle than I hoped for. We will do something thro the *Country*—We have set the Parsons to work and one shilling a head will make a good donation. We think we can give you 4 or 5 hundred dollars.

Mr. Bunner was over sixty years old when he went to live in Oswego, but he soon became identified with the interests of the place and added much by his activities to its local renown. In an undated letter to my father, he thus expatiates upon his situation in his adopted home, and paints its advantages in no uncertain colors:—

I am here unquestionably an exile but I will never dispond at my fate nor whimper because my own folly, want of tact or the very malice of the times have placed me in Patmos when I desire a more splendid theatre. I can here be useful to my family—to my district. I can live cheaply, increase my fortune, be upon a par with the best of my neighbors, which I prefer to the feasts of your ostentatious mayor or the more real luxury of Phil Brasher's Table. Our population is small, our society contracted, but we are growing rapidly in numbers; and the society we have is in my opinion and to my taste fully equal to anything in your home. We possess men of intelligence without pretention, active men as Jacob Barker without his roguery—men whom nature intended to flourish at St. James, but whose fate fortune in some fit of prolifick humor fixed and nailed to this Sinope. We have however to mitigate the cold spring breezes of the lake a fall unrivalled in mildness and in beauty even in Italy, the land of poetry and passion. We have a whole lake in front, whose clear blue waters are without a parallel in Europe. We have a beautiful river brawling at our feet, the banks of which gently slope and when our village is filled I will venture to say that in point of beauty, health and variety of prospect it has *nil simile aut secundum.*

Our house was the rendezvous of many of the learned and literary men of the day, who would sit for hours in the library discussing congenial topics. Among others I well recall the celebrated jurist, Ogden Hoffman. He had an exceptionally melodious voice, and I have often heard

him called "the silver-tongued orator." It has been asserted that in criminal cases a jury was rarely known to withstand his appeal. He married for his second wife Virginia E. Southard, a daughter of Judge Samuel L. Southard of New Jersey, who throughout Monroe's two administrations was Secretary of War. In the "Wealthy Citizens of New York," edited in 1845 by Moses Y. Beach, an early owner in part of *The New York Sun,* the Hoffman family is thus described: "Few families, for so few a number of persons as compose it, have cut 'a larger swath' or 'bigger figure' in the way of posts and preferment. Talent, and also public service rendered, martial gallantry, poetry, judicial acumen, oratory, all have their lustre mingled with this name." I regard this statement as just and truthful.

Still another valued associate of my father was Hugh Maxwell, a prominent member of the New York bar. In his earlier life he was District Attorney and later Collector of the Port of New York. The Maxwells owned a pleasant summer residence at Nyack-on-the-Hudson, where we as children made occasional visits. Many years later one of my daughters formed an intimate friendship with Hugh Maxwell's granddaughter, Virginia De Lancey Kearny, subsequently Mrs. Ridgely Hunt, which terminated only with the latter's death in 1897.

From my earliest childhood Gulian C. Verplanck was a frequent guest at our house. He and my father formed an intimacy in early manhood which lasted throughout life. Mr. Verplanck was graduated from Columbia College in 1801, the youngest Bachelor of Arts who, up to that time, had received a diploma from that institution of learning. Both he and my father found in politics an all-absorbing topic of conversation, especially as both of them took an active part in state affairs. I have many letters, one of them written as early as 1822, from Mr. Verplanck to my father bearing upon political matters in

New York. For four terms he represented his district in Congress, while later he served in the State Senate and for many years was Vice Chancellor of the University of the State of New York. He was an ardent Episcopalian and a vestryman in old Trinity Parish. He was a brilliant conversationalist, and his tastes, like my father's, were decidedly literary. In connection with William Cullen Bryant and Robert C. Sands, he edited *The Talisman*, an annual which continued through the year 1827. Mr. Verplanck lived to an old age and survived my father for a long time, but he did not forget his old friend. Almost a score of years after my father's death, on the 4th of July, 1867, Mr. Verplanck delivered a scholarly oration before the Tammany Society of New York, in which he paid the following glowing tribute to his memory:

In those days James Campbell, for many years the Surrogate of this city, was a powerful leader at Tammany Hall, and from character and mind alone, without any effort or any act of popularity. He was not college-bred, but he was the son of a learned father, old Malcolm Campbell, who had been trained at Aberdeen, the great school of Scotch Latinity. James Campbell was, like his father, a good classical scholar, and he was a sound lawyer. He was not only an assiduous, a kind, sound and just magistrate, but one of unquestioned ability. In his days of Surrogateship, the days of universal reporting, either in the multitudinous volumes in white law bindings on the shelves of lawyers, or in the crowded columns of the daily papers, had not quite arrived though they were just at hand. Had he lived and held office a few years later, I do not doubt that he would have ranked with the great luminaries of legal science. As it is, I fear that James Campbell's reputation must share the fate of the reputations of many able and eminent men in all professions who can not

Look to Time's award,
Feeble tradition is their memory's guard.

The most prominent newspaper in New York in my early days was the *Courier and Enquirer,* edited by General James Watson Webb, a man of distinguished ability. He began his literary career by editing the *Morning Courier,* but as this was not a very successful venture he purchased the *New York Enquirer* from Mordecai Manasseh Noah, and in 1829 merged the two papers. Several leading journalists began their active careers in his office, among others James Gordon Bennett, subsequently editor of *The New York Herald,* Henry J. Raymond, the founder of *The New York Times,* and Charles King, father of Madam Kate King Waddington and Mrs. Eugene Schuyler, who at one time edited *The American* and subsequently became the honored president of Columbia College. James Reed Spaulding, a New Englander by birth, was also connected with the *Courier and Enquirer* for about ten years. In 1860 he became a member of the staff of the New York *World,* which, by the way, was originally intended to be a semi-religious sheet. During President Lincoln's administration General Webb sold the *Courier and Enquirer* to the *World,* and the two papers were consolidated. William Seward Webb of New York was a son of this General Webb, and the latter's daughter, Mrs. Catharine Louisa Benton, the widow of Colonel James G. Benton of the army, lived until recently in Washington, and is one of the pleasant reminders left me of the old days of my New York life.

The New York Herald was established some years after the *Courier and Enquirer* and was from the first a flourishing sheet. It was exceptionally spicy, and it dealt so much in personalities that my father, who was a gentleman of the old school with very conservative views, was not, to say the least, one of its strongest admirers. Several years before the Civil War, at a time when the anti-slavery cauldron was at its boiling point, its editor, the

elder James Gordon Bennett, dubbed its three journalistic contemporaries in New York, the World, the Flesh, and the Devil—the *World,* representing human life with all its pomps and vanities; the *Times,* as a sheet as vacillating as the flesh; and the *Tribune,* as the virulent champion of abolition, the counterpart of the Devil himself.

During the winter of 1842 James Gordon Bennett took his bride, who was Miss Henrietta Agnes Crean of New York, to Washington on their wedding journey. As this season had been unusually severe, great distress prevailed, and a number of society women organized a charity ball for the relief of the destitute. It was given under the patronage of Mrs. Madison (the ex-President's widow), Mrs. Samuel L. Gouverneur (my husband's mother), Mrs. Benjamin Ogle Tayloe (Julia Maria Dickinson of Troy, New York), and other society matrons, and, as can readily be understood, was a financial as well as a social success. Tickets were eagerly sought, and Mr. Bennett applied for them for his wife and himself. At first he was refused, but after further consideration Mrs. Madison and Mrs. Gouverneur of the committee upon invitations granted his request on condition that no mention of the ball should appear in the columns of the *Herald.* Mr. Bennett and his wife accordingly attended the entertainment, where the latter was much admired and danced to her heart's content. Two days later, however, much to the chagrin and indignation of the managers, an extended account of the ball appeared in the *Herald.* This incident will be better appreciated when I state that at this time the personal mention of a woman in a newspaper was an unheard-of liberty. It was the old-fashioned idea that a woman's name should occur but twice in print, first upon the occasion of her marriage and subsequently upon the announcement of her death. My husband once remarked to me, upon reading a description of a dress worn by one of my

daughters at a ball, that if such a notice had appeared in a newspaper in connection with his sister he or his father would have thrashed the editor.

John L. O'Sullivan, a prominent literary man and in subsequent years minister to Portugal, edited a periodical called the *Democratic Review,* which was published in magazine form. I well recall the first appearance of *Harper's Magazine* in June, 1850, and that for some time it had but few illustrations. *The Evening* Post was established in 1801, many years prior to the *Courier and Enquirer.* It was always widely read, was democratic in its tone, and its editorials were highly regarded. While I lived in New York, and also much later, it was edited by William Cullen Bryant, who was as gifted as an editor as he was as a poet. I have before me now a reprint of the first issue of this paper, dated Monday, November 16, 1801. I copy some of the advertisements, as many old New York names are represented:

FOR SALE BY HOFFMAN & SETON

Twelve hhds. assorted Glass Ware.
2 boxes Listadoes,
1 trunk white Kid Gloves,
200 boxes Soap & Candles,
60 bales Cinnamon, entitled to drawback.
Nov. 16.

FREIGHT

For Copenhagen or Hamburgh,
The bark BERKKESKOW, Capt.
Gubriel Tothammer, is ready to receive freight for either of the above places, if application is made to the Captain on board, at Gouverneur's Wharf.

GOUVERNEUR & KEMBLE.

FOR SALE

Gin in pipes; large and small green Bottle Cases, complete; Glass Ware, consisting of Tumblers, Decanters, &c; Hair Brushes, long and short; black and blue Dutch Cloth; Flour, by

FREDERICK DE PEYSTER.

A STORE HOUSE in Broad-street to let, apply as above. Nov. 16.

THE SUBSCRIBER has for sale, remaining from the cargo of the ship Sarson, from Calcutta, an assortment of WHITE PIECE GOODS. Also

50 tierces Rice,
15 bales Sea-Island Cotton,
29 tierces and 34 bls. Jamaica Coffee,
60 hhds. Jamaica Rum,
10,000 Pieces White Nankeens,
A quantity of Large Bottles in cases,
And as usual, Old Madeira Wine, fit for immediate use.

ROBERT LENOX.

CHAPTER III

SCHOOL-DAYS AND EARLY FRIENDS

I MUST return to my school days. After several years spent at Miss Forbes's my parents decided to afford me greater advantages for study, and especially for becoming more proficient in the French language, and I was accordingly sent to Madame Eloise Chegaray's institution, which for many years was regarded as the most prominent girls' school in the country. It was a large establishment located on the corner of Houston and Mulberry Streets, where she accommodated boarding pupils as well as day scholars. Many years later this building was sold to the religious order of the *Sacre Coeur*. The school hours were from nine until three, with an intermission at twelve o'clock. The vacation, as at Miss Forbes's, was limited to the month of August. The discipline was not so rigid as at Miss Forbes's, as Madame Chegaray, who, by the way, taught her pupils to address her as *Tante*, governed almost entirely by affection. She possessed unusual grace of manner and great kindness of heart, and her few surviving pupils hold her name and memory in the highest esteem. Her early history is of exceptional interest. She was a daughter of Pierre Prosper Désabaye, and came with her father and the other members of his family from Paris to New York on account of his straitened circumstances, caused by an insurrection in San Domingo, where his family owned large estates. Madame Chegaray commenced as a mere girl to teach French in a school in New Brunswick, New Jersey, kept by Miss Sophie Hay, and was retained on account of the extreme purity of her accent.

I chance to have in my possession Madame Chegaray's

own account of her early struggles after leaving Miss Hay, from which I take great pleasure in quoting:

Among the royal *émigrés* to this country was the Countess de St. Memin who kept a school. As my brother Marc had removed to New York we joined him and I was employed as French governess in the school of Mademoiselle de St. Memin. But I still knew nothing but to speak my own native tongue. One day I was bewailing my ignorance in the presence of M. Felix de Beaujour, Consul General of France to this country.

"Mlle. Eloise," he said, "quand on sait lire on peut toujours s'istruire."

This gave me a new thought. I set seriously about studying. I took classes. What I was to teach on the morrow I studied the night before. I worked early and late. With the return of Louis Philippe the St. Memins returned to France and I became a teacher in the school of Madame Nau. Here I studied and taught. On me fell all the burden of the school while Madame Nau amused herself with harp and piano. For this I had only $150 a year. To further assist my family I knit woolen jackets. They were a great deal of trouble to me and I was very grateful to Madame Isaac Iselin, the mother of Mr. Adrain Iselin, who always found purchasers to give me excellent prices. Ah, I was young then. I thought that I earned that money. Now I know that it was only her delicate manner of doing me a service. Madame Iselin bought my jackets and then gave them away.

Feeling that I was worth much to Madame Nau, and that I must do more to relieve my brother Marc, my brother Gustave having gone to sea with Captain de Peyster, I begged Madame Nau to give me $250. This she refused. Her reply, "Me navra le coeur," overwhelmed me. It was Saturday. I started home in great distress and met on the way the dear admirable Miss Sophy Hay to whom I told my sorrow.

"Miss Hay," I exclaimed, "I will open a school for myself." She tapped me on the forehead. "Do, dear Eloise, and God will help you."

How all difficulties were smoothed away! The dear Madame Iselin took charge of all my purchases, advancing the money. They were very simple, those splint chairs and carpets and tables, for we were simpler-minded then. On the 1st of May 1814 I opened my school on Greenwich Street with sixteen pupils. Good M. Roulet gave me his two wards. I received several scholars from a convent just closed and I had my nieces Améline and Laura Berault de St. Maurice and Clara the daughter of Marc [Désabaye], who afterward married Ponty Lemoine, the lawyer in whose office Charles O'Conor studied. Thus was my school started, and I take this occasion to express my gratitude to those who confided in so young an instructress—for I was only twenty-two—the education of their daughters, and I pray God to bless them and their country. . . .

Many well-known women were educated at this school, and one of the first pupils was Miss Sarah Morris, the granddaughter of Lewis Morris, the Signer, and the mother of the senior Mrs. Hamilton Fish. A younger sister of Mrs. Fish, Christine, who many years later was a pupil of Madame Chegaray, and who is now Mrs. William Preston Griffin of New York, ministered to Madame Chegaray in her last illness, and told me that her parting words to her were, *"Adieu, chère Christine, fidèle amie."* In spite of her extreme youth Madame Chegaray took an exceptionally serious view of life, even refusing to wear flowers in her bonnets or to sing, although she had a very sweet voice. She dearly loved France, but she was a broad-minded woman and her knowledge of American affairs was as great as that of her own country. She rounded out nearly a century of life, the greater part of which was devoted to others, and I pay her the highest tribute in my power when I say that she faced the many vicissitudes of life with an undaunted spirit, and bequeathed to her numerous pupils the inestimable boon of a wonderful example.

All the teachers in Madame Chegaray's school were men, with the single exception of Mrs. Joseph McKee, the wife of a Presbyterian clergyman. Among those who taught were John Bigelow, who is still living in New York at an advanced age, and who in subsequent years was Secretary of State of New York and our Minister to France; Thatcher T. Payne; Edward G. Andrew, who became in the course of years a Bishop in the Methodist Church; Professor Robert Adrain, who taught mathematics, and who at the same time was one of the faculty of Columbia College; and Lorenzo L. da Ponte. The latter was a man of unusual versatility, and was especially distinguished as a linguist. He taught us English literature in such a successful manner that we regarded that study merely as a recreation. Mr. da Ponte was a son of Lorenzo da Ponte, a Venitian of great learning, who after coming to this country rendered such conspicuous services in connection with Dominick Lynch in establishing Italian opera in New York. He was also a professor of Italian for many years in Columbia College, the author of a book of sonnets, several works relating to the Italian language and of his own life, which was published in three volumes. Mr. Samuel Ward, a noted character of the day, the brother of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and who married Emily Astor, daughter of William B. Astor, wrote an interesting memoir of him. Madame Chegaray taught the highest classes in French. "If I had to give up all books but two," she was fond of saying, "I would choose the Gospels and La Fontaine's Fables. In one you have everything necessary for your spiritual life; in the other you have the epitome of all worldly wisdom."

When I entered Madame Chegaray's school she had about a hundred pupils, a large number of whom were from the Southern States. How well I remember the extreme loyalty of the Southern girls to their native soil! I can close my eyes and read the opening sentence of a

composition written by one of my comrades, Elodie Toutant, a sister of General Pierre G. T. Beauregard of the Confederate Army—"The South, the South, the beautiful South, the garden spot of the United States." This chivalric devotion to the soil whence they sprang apparently was literally breathed into my Southern school companions from the very beginning of their lives. Their loyalty possessed a fascination for me, and although I was born, reared and educated in a Northern State, I had a tender feeling for the South, which still lingers with me, for most of the friendships I formed at Madame Chegaray's were with Southern girls.

My first day at Madame Chegaray's, like many other beginnings, was something of an ordeal, but it was my good fortune to meet almost immediately Henrietta Croom, a daughter of Henry B. Croom, a celebrated botanist of North Carolina, but who, with his family, had spent much of his life in Tallahassee. Many are the pleasant hours we spent together, but to my sorrow she graduated at an early age, and a few months later embarked, in company with her parents, a younger brother and sister and an aunt, Mrs. Cammack, upon a vessel called the *Home* for Charleston, South Carolina, where they had planned to make their future residence. When they had been several days at sea their vessel encountered a severe storm off Cape Hatteras, and after a brave struggle with the terrific elements every member of the family sank with the ship within a few miles of the spot where the Crooms had formerly lived. This occurred on the 9th of October, 1836. They had as fellow voyagers a brother of Madame Chegaray, who, with his wife and three children, had only just left the school to make the voyage to Charleston. They, too, lost their lives. Over Madame Chegaray's school as well as her household at once hung a pall, and gloom and mourning prevailed on every side; indeed, the whole city of New York shared in our sorrow.

The newspapers of the day were filled with accounts of this direful disaster, but there were few survivors to tell the tale. My late playmate, Henrietta Croom, was one of the most popular girls at school, possessing great attractions of both mind and person, and, although at the time she was merely a child in years, the New Year's address of a prominent daily newspaper of the day contained an extended reference to her which strongly appealed to my grief-stricken fancy. Though more than sixty years have passed I have always preserved it with great care in memory of the "sweet damsel" of long ago. The following are the lines to which I have just referred:

Dear Home! what magic trembles in the word;
Each bosom's fountain at its sound is stirred,
Disgusted worldlings dream of early love
And weary Christians turn their eyes above—
Well was't thou nam'd, fair bark, whose recent doom
Has many a household wrapt in deepest gloom!
On earth no more those voyagers' steps shall roam
That cast their anchor at an Heavenly "Home"!
High beat their hearts, when first their fated prow
Cut through the surge that boils above them now,
They saw in vision rapt their fatherland
And felt once more its odorous breezes bland—
The frozen North receded from their sight
And fancy's dream entranced them with delight—
Oh! who can tell what pangs their soul assail'd
When every hope of life and rescue fail'd,
When wild despair their throbbing bosoms wrung
And winds and waves a doleful requiem sung?
There stood the husband whose protecting arm
'Till now had kept his lov'd ones safe from harm.
Remorseless grown, the demon of the storm
Swept from his grasp her trembling, fragile form.
Vague fear o'er children's lineaments convuls'd,
But selfish hands their frenzied cling repuls'd.
When death's grim aspect meets the startl'd view
To grovelling souls fair mercy bids adieu!
And thou, sweet damsel! who in girlhood's bloom
Descended then to fill an ocean tomb—

What were *thy* thoughts, when roaring for their prey
The foaming billows choked the watery way!
'Tis said that souls have giv'n in parting hour
A vast and fearful and mysterious power.
A chart pictorial of the past is made,
In which minute events are all portray'd—
One painful glance the scroll entire surveys
And then in death the blasted eye-balls glaze—
Perchance at that dark moment when the maid
On life's dim verge her coming doom survey'd,
Such vision flash'd across her spirit pure,
And help'd the youthful beauty to endure.
Her infant sports beneath the spreading lime,
Her recent school-days, in a northern clime—
Her gentle deeds—her treasur'd thoughts of love—
All plum'd her pinions for a flight above!

The Croom family owned large plantations in the South together with many slaves. A short time after it was definitely known that not a member of the family had survived, there was a legal contest over the estate by the representatives of both sides of the household, the Crooms and the Armisteads. Eminent members of the Southern bar were employed, among whom were Judge John McPherson Berrien of Savannah and Joseph M. White of Florida, often called "Florida White." After about twenty years of litigation the suit was decided in favor of the Armisteads. It seems that as young Croom, a lad of twelve, nearly reached the shore he was regarded as the survivor, and his grandmother, Mrs. Henrietta Smith of Newbern, North Carolina, his nearest living relative, became his heir. I have always understood that this hotly contested case has since been regarded as a judicial precedent.

A few days after receiving the news of the shipwreck of the *Home,* I found by accident in my father's library an *édition de luxe,* just published in London, of "Les Dames de Byron." In it was an illustration entitled "Leila," which bore a wonderful resemblance to my best

friend, Henrietta Croom. Beneath were the following lines, which seemed to suggest her history, and the coincidence was so apparent that I immediately committed them to memory, and it is from memory that I now give them:

She sleeps beneath the wandering wave;
Ah! had she but an earthly grave
This aching heart and throbbing breast
Would seek and share her narrow rest.
She was a form of life and light
That soon became a part of sight,
And rose where'er I turned mine eye—
The morning-star of memory.

Another schoolmate and friend of mine at Madame Chegaray's was Josephine Habersham of Savannah, a daughter of Joseph Habersham and a great-granddaughter of General Joseph Habersham, who succeeded Timothy Pickering as Postmaster General during Washington's second term and retained the position under Adams and Jefferson until the latter part of 1801. She was one of Madame Chegaray's star pupils in music. She frequently made visits to my home, remaining over Saturday and Sunday, and delighted the family by playing in a most masterly manner the Italian music then in vogue. A few years after her return to her Southern home she married her cousin, William Neyle Habersham, an accomplished musician. For many years they lived in Savannah in the greatest elegance, until the Civil War came to disturb their tranquil dreams. Two young sons, both under twenty-one, laid down their lives for the Southern cause during that conflict. After their great sorrow music was their chief solace, and they delighted their friends by playing together on various musical instruments.

New Orleans was represented at our school by a famous beauty, Catharine Alexander Chew, a daughter of Beverly Chew, the Collector of the Port of New Orleans,

and whose wife, Miss Maria Theodosia Duer, was a sister of President William Alexander Duer of Columbia College. He and Richard Relf, cashier of the Louisiana State Bank, were the business partners and subsequently the executors of the will of Daniel Clark of the same city, and it was against them that the latter's daughter, Myra Clark Gaines, the widow of General Edmund Pendleton Gaines, U. S. A., fought her famous legal battles for over half a century. Miss Chew married Judge Thomas H. Kennedy of New Orleans and left many descendants. The sister of General Pierre G. T. Beauregard, Elodie Toutant, whom I have already mentioned, was also from Louisiana. She was a studious girl, and a most attractive companion. The original family name was Toutant, but towards the close of the sixteenth century the last male descendant of the family died, and an only surviving daughter having married Sieur Paix de Beauregard, the name became Toutant de Beauregard, the prefix *de* having subsequently been dropped.

Still another friendship I formed at Madame Chegaray's school was with Elizabeth Clarkson Jay, which through life was a source of intense pleasure to me and lasted until her pure and gentle spirit returned to its Maker. She was the daughter of Peter Augustus Jay, a highly respected lawyer, and a granddaughter of the distinguished statesman, John Jay. She was a deeply religious woman, and died a few years ago in New York after a life consecrated to good works.

One of the brightest girls in my class was Sarah Jones, a daughter of one of New York's most distinguished jurists, Chancellor Samuel Jones. She and another schoolmate of mine, Maria Brandegee, who lived in LeRoy Place, were intimate and inseparable companions. The mother of the latter belonged to a Creole family from New Orleans, named Déslonde, and was the aunt of the wife of John Slidell of Confederate fame. The Brande-

gees were devout Roman Catholics, while the members of the Jones family were equally ardent Episcopalians. Archbishop Hughes of New York was a welcome and frequent visitor at the Brandegee house, where, in my younger days, I frequently had the pleasure of meeting him and listening to his attractive conversation. In this manner Sarah Jones also came into contact with him. Deeply impressed by his teachings, she followed him to the Cathedral, where she soon became a regular attendant. In the course of time she became a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and a few years later entered the order of the *Sacre Coeur,* at Manhattanville, where she eventually became Mother Superior and remained as such for many years.

Quite a number of years ago I was the guest of the family of Charles O'Conor, the distinguished jurist and leader of the New York bar, at his handsome home at Fort Washington, a suburb of New York. He was the son of the venerable Thomas O'Conor, editor of *The Shamrock,* the first paper published in New York for Irish and Catholic readers, and also the author of a history of the second war with Great Britain. One afternoon Mr. O'Conor suggested that I should accompany him upon a drive to the Convent of the *Sacre Coeur* a few miles distant. He was anxious to confer with Madame Mary Aloysia Hardey, who was then Mother Superior. I was delighted to accept this invitation, as Mr. O'Conor was an exceptionally agreeable companion and his spare moments were but few and far between. Before reaching our destination, I remarked that Madame Jones, an old schoolmate of mine, was an inmate of this Convent, and that I should be very glad to see her again. Upon our arrival, Sarah Jones greeted me in the parlor and seemed glad to see me after the lapse of so many years. Leading as she was the life of a *religieuse,* our topics of conversation were few, but I noticed that she seemed interested in discussing her own

family, about whom evidently she was not well informed. After a brief visit and while homeward bound, Mr. O'Conor inquired whether Madame Jones knew that her father, the Chancellor, was rapidly approaching death. I replied that apparently she had no knowledge of his serious condition, and several days later I saw his death announced in a daily newspaper. Many years after my interview with Sarah Jones I met at the residence of Mrs. Henry R. Winthrop of New York an older sister of hers, Mary Anna Schuyler Jones, who at the time was the widow of the Reverend Dr. Samuel Seabury of the Episcopal Church. We lunched together, and the conversation naturally drifted back to other days and to my old schoolmate, her sister, Sarah Jones. She told me that she had seen but little of her in recent years, but related a curious episode in regard to meeting her under unusual circumstances. It seems that Mrs. Seabury, accompanied by a young daughter, was returning from a visit to Europe, when she noticed that the occupants of the adjoining state-room were unusually quiet. In time she made the discovery that they were nuns returning from a business trip abroad. Upon examination of the passenger list, she discovered to her astonishment that her sister, Madame Jones, was occupying the adjoining room. They met daily thereafter throughout the voyage, and afterwards returned to their respective homes.

I especially remember an incident of my school-life which was decidedly sensational. Sally Otis, a young and pretty girl and a daughter of James W. Otis, then of New York but formerly of Boston, was in the same class with me. One morning we missed her from her accustomed seat, but during the day we learned the cause of her absence. The whole Otis family had been taken ill by drinking poisoned coffee. Upon investigation the cook reported that a package of coffee had been sent to the house, and, taking it for granted that it had been ordered by some

member of the household, she had used it for breakfast. The whole matter was shrouded in mystery, and gossip was rife. One story was that a vindictive woman concentrated all of her malice upon a single member of the family against whom she had a grievance and thus endangered the lives of the whole Otis family. Fortunately, none of the cases proved fatal, but several inmates of the house became seriously ill.

A few years before I entered Madame Chegaray's school, Virginia Scott, the oldest daughter of Major General Winfield Scott, enjoyed *Tante's* tutelage for a number of years. She was a rare combination of genius and beauty, and, apart from her remarkable personality, was a skilled linguist and an accomplished vocal and instrumental musician. This unusual combination of gifts suggests the Spanish saying: "Mira favorecida de Dios" ("Behold one favored of God!"). Her life, however, was brief, though deeply interesting. In the first blush of womanhood she accompanied her mother and sisters to Europe, and, after several years spent in Paris, made a visit to Rome, where she immediately became imbued with profound religious convictions. Through the instrumentality of Father Pierce Connelly, a convert to Catholicism, she was received into the Roman Catholic Church while in the Holy City, and made her profession of faith in the Chapel of St. Ignatius, where the ceremony took place by the special permission of the Most Rev. John Roothan, General of the Jesuits. General Scott meanwhile had returned to the United States, having been promoted to the rank of Commander-in-Chief of the Army with headquarters in Washington. Accompanied by her mother, Virginia Scott returned to America and, after a short time spent with her parents in Washington, drove to Georgetown and, without their knowledge or consent, was received there as an inmate of the "Convent of the Visitation." Her family was bitterly opposed to the step, more

especially her mother, whose indignation was so pronounced that she never to the day of her death forgave the Church for depriving her of her daughter's companionship. General Scott, however, frequently visited her in her cloistered home, and always manifested much consideration for the Convent as well as for the nuns, the daily companions of his daughter. Although she possessed a proud and imperious nature, combined with great personal beauty and much natural *hauteur,* she soon became as gentle as a lamb. She died about a year after entering the Convent, but she retained her deep religious convictions to the last. She is buried beneath the sanctuary in the chapel of the Georgetown Convent. In connection with her a few lines often come to my mind which seem so appropriate that I can not deny myself the pleasure of quoting them:

> She was so fair that in the Angelic choir,
> She will not need put on another shape
> Than that she bore on earth.

I have heard it stated that during Virginia Scott's residence in Paris there existed a deep attachment between herself and a young gentleman of foreign birth. The story goes that in the course of time he became as devoted to his religion as he had hitherto been to the beautiful American, and that it was agreed between them that they should both consecrate themselves thereafter to the service of God. He accordingly entered at once upon a religious life. I have heard that they afterwards met at a service before the altar, but that there was no recognition. As intimate as I became with the members of the Scott family in subsequent years, I never heard any allusion to this incident in their family history, and I can readily understand that it was a subject upon which they were too sensitive to dwell.

Father Connelly, whom I have mentioned in connection

with Miss Scott's conversion, began his career as an Episcopal clergyman. There was a barrier to his becoming a Roman Catholic priest, as he was married; but his wife soon shared in his religious ardor, and when he entered the priesthood she became a nun. He lacked stability, however, in his religious views, and was subsequently received again into the Episcopal Church. It was his desire that his wife should at once join him but she refused to leave the Convent, and she finally became the founder of the Order of the "Sisters of the Holy Child." I have heard that he took legal measures to obtain possession of her, but if so he was unsuccessful in his efforts.

Another one of Madame Chegaray's distinguished pupils was Martha Pierce of Louisville. As she attended this school some years before I entered, I knew of her in these days only by reputation. But some years later I had the pleasure of knowing her quite intimately, when she talked very freely with me in regard to her eventful life. She told me that upon a certain occasion in the days when women rarely traveled alone she was returning to Kentucky under the care of Henry Clay, and stopped in Washington long enough to visit the Capitol. Upon its steps she was introduced to Robert Craig Stanard of Richmond, upon whom she apparently made a deep impression, for one year later the handsome young Southerner carried the Kentucky girl, at the age of sixteen, back to Virginia as his bride. During her long life in Richmond her home, now the Westmoreland Club, was a notable *salon,* where the *beaux esprits* of the South gathered. She survived Mr. Stanard many years. Beautiful, even in old age, gifted and cultivated, her attractions of face and intellect paled before her inexpressible charm of manner. She traveled much abroad and especially in England. A prominent Kentuckian once told me that he heard Washington Irving say that Mrs. Stanard received more attention and admiration in the highest circles of

English society than any other American woman he had ever known. She corresponded for many years with Thackeray, the Duke of Wellington and many other prominent Englishmen, and in her own country was equally distinguished. In the course of one of our numerous conversations she told me that after the death of Edward Everett she loaned his biographer the letters she had received from that distinguished orator. During the latter part of her life she gave up her house in Richmond and came to Washington to reside, where she remained until the end of her life. She left no descendants. Her husband's mother, Jane Stith Craig, daughter of Adam Craig of Richmond, was immortalized by Edgar Allan Poe, who, fictitiously naming her "Helen," paid feeling tribute to her charms in those beautiful verses commencing:

> Helen, thy beauty is to me
> Like those Nicean barks of yore,
> That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
> The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
> To his own native shore.

Among my other schoolmates at Madame Chegaray's were Susan Maria Clarkson de Peyster, a daughter of James Ferguson de Peyster, who subsequently married Robert Edward Livingston; Margaret Masters, a daughter of Judge Josiah Masters of Troy, New York, and the wife of John W. King; Virginia Beverly Wood, a daughter of Silas Wood of New York, who became the wife of John Leverett Rogers; and Elizabeth MacNiel, daughter of General John MacNiel of the Army and wife of General Henry W. Benham of the U. S. Engineer Corps.

After a number of years spent in teaching, Madame Chegaray gave up her New York school and moved to Madison, New Jersey (at one time called Bottle Hill), with the intention of spending the remainder of her life

in retirement; but she was doomed to disappointment. Discovering almost immediately that through a relative her affairs had become deeply involved, she with undaunted courage at once opened a school in Madison in the house which she had purchased with the view of spending there the declining years of her life. Previous to this time I had been one of her day scholars; I entered the second school as a boarding pupil. Once a week we were driven three miles to Morristown to attend church. I recall an amusing incident connected with this weekly visit to that place. One Sunday a fellow boarder, thinking that perhaps she might find some leisure before the service to perfect herself in her lesson for the following day, thoughtlessly took along with her a volume of French plays by Voltaire. During the service someone in a near pew observed the author's name upon the book, and forthwith the Morristown populace was startled to hear that among Madame Chegaray's pupils was a follower of the noted infidel. It took some time to convince the public that this book was carried to church by my schoolmate without her teacher's knowledge; and the girl was horrified to learn that she was unintentionally to blame for a new local scandal. While I was at Madame Chegaray's I owned a schoolbook entitled "Shelley, Coleridge and Keats." I brought it home with me one day, but my father took it away from me and, as I learned later, burned it, owing to his detestation of Shelley's moral character. On one occasion he quoted in court some extracts from Shelley as illustrative of the poet's character, but I cannot recall the passage.

After two years spent in Madison, Madame Chegaray returned to New York and reopened her school on the corner of Union Square and Fifteenth Street in three houses built for her by Samuel B. Ruggles. At that time the omnibuses had been running only to Fourteenth Street, but, out of courtesy to this noble woman, their

route was extended to Fifteenth Street, where a lamp for the same reason was placed by the city. Madame Chegaray taught here for many years, but finally moved to 78 Madison Avenue, where she remained until, on account of old age, she was obliged to give up her teaching.

While I was still attending Madame Chegaray's school, my father, under the impression that I was not quite as proficient in mathematics and astronomy as it was his desire and ambition that I should be, employed Professor Robert Adrian of Columbia College to give me private instruction in my own home. Under his able tuition, I particularly enjoyed traversing the firmament. I was always faithful to the planet Venus, whose beauty was to me then, as now, a constant delight. In those youthful days my proprietorship in this heavenly body seemed to me as well established as in a Fifth Avenue lot, and was quite as tangible. I regarded myself in the light of an individual proprietor, and, like Alexander Selkirk in his far away island of the sea, my right to this celestial domain there was none to dispute.

After the flight of so many years, and in view, also, of the fact that sometimes the world seems to us older women to be almost turned upside down, it may not be uninteresting to speak of some of the books which were familiar to me during my school days. One of the first I ever read was "Clarissa Harlowe" by Samuel Richardson. "Cecilia," by Frances Burney, was another well-known book of the day. Mrs. Amelia Opie was also a popular authoress, and her novel entitled "White Lies" should, in my opinion, grace every library. Miss Maria Edgeworth and Mrs. Ann Eliza Bray, the latter of whom so graphically depicted the higher phases of English life, were popular authoresses in my earlier days in New York. Many years later some of the books I have mentioned were republished by the Harpers. "Gil Blas," whose author, Le Sage, was the skilful delineator of hu-

man nature, its attributes and its frailties, was much read, and, in my long journey through life, certain portions of this book have often been recalled to me by my many and varied experiences. I must not fail to speak of the "Children of the Abbey," by Regina M. Roche, where the fascinations of Lord Leicester are so vividly portrayed; nor of another book entitled "The Three Spaniards," by George Walker, which used to strike terror to my unsophisticated soul.

When Madame Chegaray retired temporarily from her school life and moved to Madison in New Jersey, Charles Canda, who had taught drawing for her, established a school of his own in New York which became very prominent. He had an attractive young daughter, who met with a most heartrending end. On her way to a ball, in company with one of her girl friends, Charlotte Canda was thrown from her carriage, and when picked up her life was extinct. As there were no injuries found upon her body, it was generally supposed that the shock brought on an attack of heart-failure. Subsequently the disconsolate parents ordered from Italy a monument costing a fabulous sum of money for those days, which was placed over the grave of their only daughter in Greenwood Cemetery, where it still continues to command the admiration of sightseers. This tragic incident occurred in February, 1845, on the eve of the victim's seventeenth birthday.

While Madame Chegaray was my teacher there was a charming French society in New York, her house being the rendezvous of this interesting social circle. I recall with much pleasure the names of Boisseau, Trudeau, Boisaubin, Thebaud and Brugiere. Madame Chegaray's sister, Caroline, together with her husband, Charles Bérault, who taught dancing, and their three daughters, resided with her. The oldest, Madame Vincente Rose Améline (Madame George R. A. Chaulet), taught music

for her aunt; the second niece, Marie-Louise Joséphine Laure, married Joseph U. F. d'Hervilly, a Frenchman, and in after life established a school in Philadelphia which she named Chegaray Institute; while the youngest, Pauline, married a gentleman from Cuba, named de Ruiz, and now resides in Paris.

CHAPTER IV

LIFE AND EXPERIENCES IN THE METROPOLIS

MY health was somewhat impaired by an attack of chills and fever while I was still a pupil at Madame Chegaray's school. Long Island was especially affected with this malady, and even certain locations on the Hudson were on this account regarded with disfavor. In subsequent years, when the building operations of the Hudson River railroad cut off the water in many places and formed stagnant pools, it became much worse. As I began to convalesce, Dr. John W. Francis prescribed a change of air, and I was accordingly sent to Saratoga to be under the care of my friend, Mrs. Richard Armistead of North Carolina. A few days after my arrival we were joined by Mrs. De Witt Clinton and her attractive step-daughter, Julia Clinton. The United States Hotel, where we stayed, was thronged with visitors, but as I was only a young girl my observation of social life was naturally limited and I knew but few persons. Mrs. Clinton was a granddaughter of Philip Livingston, the Signer, and married at a mature age. She had a natural and most profound admiration for the memory of her illustrious husband, whom I have heard her describe as "a prince among men," and she cherished an undying resentment for any of his political antagonists.

While we were still at the United States Hotel, Martin Van Buren, at that time President of the United States, arrived in Saratoga and sojourned at the same hotel with us. His visit made an indelible impression upon my memory owing to a highly sensational incident. During the

evening of the President's arrival Mrs. Clinton was promenading in the large parlor of the hotel, leaning upon the arm of the Portuguese *Chargé d'Affaires,* Senhor Joaquim Cesar de Figanière, when Mr. Van Buren espying her advanced with his usual suavity of manner to meet her. With a smile upon his face, he extended his hand, whereupon Mrs. Clinton immediately turned her back and compelled her escort to imitate her, apparently ignoring the fact that he was a foreign diplomat and that his conduct might subsequently be resented by the authorities in Washington. This incident, occurring as it did in a crowded room, was observed by many of the guests and naturally created much comment. In talking over the incident the next day Mrs. Clinton told me she was under the impression that Mr. Van Buren clearly understood her feelings in regard to him, as some years previous, when he and General Andrew Jackson called upon her together, she had declined to see him, although Jackson had been admitted. This act was characteristic of the woman. It was the expression of a resentment which she had harbored against Mr. Van Buren for years and which she was only abiding her time to display. I was standing at Mrs. Clinton's side during this dramatic episode, and to my youthful fancy she seemed, indeed, a heroine!

Mrs. Clinton was a social leader in Gotham before the days of the *nouveaux riches,* and her sway was that of an autocrat. Her presence was in every way imposing. She possessed many charming characteristics and was in more respects than one an uncrowned queen, retaining her wonderful tact and social power until the day of her death. I love to dwell upon Mrs. Clinton because, apart from her remarkable personal characteristics, she was the friend of my earlier life. Possessed as she was of many eccentricities, her excellencies far counterbalanced them. Of the latter, I recall especially the unusual ability and care she displayed in housekeeping, which at that time was regarded

as an accomplishment in which every woman took particular pride. To be still more specific, she apparently had a much greater horror of dirt than the average housewife, and carried her antipathy to such an extent that she tolerated but few fires in her University Place establishment in New York, as she seriously objected to the uncleanness caused by the dust and ashes! No matter how cold her house nor how frigid the day, she never seemed to suffer but, on the contrary, complained that her home was overheated. Her guests frequently commented upon "the nipping and eager air" which Shakespeare's Horatio speaks of, but it made no apparent impression upon their hostess.

Mrs. Clinton's articulation was affected by a slight stammer, which, in my opinion, but added piquancy to her epigrammatic sayings. She once remarked to me, "I shall never be c-c-cold until I'm dead." An impulse took possession of me which somehow, in spite of the great difference in our ages, I seemed unable to resist, and I retorted, "We are not all assured of our temperatures at that period." She regarded me for a few moments with unfeigned astonishment, but said nothing. I did not suffer for my temerity at that moment, but later I was chagrined to learn she had remarked that I was the most impertinent girl she had ever known. I remember that upon another occasion she told me that one of Governor Clinton's grandchildren, Augusta Clinton, was about to leave school at a very early age. "Doesn't she intend to finish her education?" I inquired. "No," was the quick and emphatic but stuttering reply, "she's had sufficient education. I was at school only two months, and I'm sure I'm smart enough." Her niece, Margaret Gelston, who was present and was remarkable for her clear wits, retorted: "Only think how much smarter you'd have been if you had remained longer." In an angry tone Mrs. Clinton replied, "I don't want to be any smarter, I'm smart enough."

Mrs. Clinton's two nieces, the Misses Mary and Mar-

garet Gelston, were among my earliest and most intimate friends. They occupied a prominent social position in New York and both were well known for their unusual intellectuality. They were daughters of Maltby Gelston, President of the Manhattan Bank, and granddaughters of David Gelston, who was appointed Collector of the Port of New York by Jefferson and retained that position for twenty years. Late in life Mary Gelston married Henry R. Winthrop of New York. She died a few years ago leaving an immense estate to Princeton Theological Seminary. "I pray," reads her will, "that the Trustees of this Institution may make such use of this bequest as that the extension of the Church of Christ on earth and the glory of God may be promoted thereby." In the same instrument she adds: "As a similar bequest would have been made by my deceased sister, Margaret L. Gelston, had she survived me, I desire that the said Trustees should regard it as given jointly by my said sister and by me." Some distant relatives, thinking that her money could be more satisfactorily employed than in the manner indicated, contested the will, and the Seminary finally received, as the result of a compromise, between $1,600,000 and $1,700,000.

One of my earliest recollections is of John Jacob Astor, a feeble old man descending the doorsteps of his home on Broadway near Houston Street to enter his carriage. His house was exceedingly plain and was one of a row owned by him. His son, William Backhouse Astor, who married a daughter of General John Armstrong, Secretary of War under President Madison, during at least a portion of his father's life lived in a fine house on Lafayette Place. I have attended evening parties there that were exceedingly simple in character, and at which Mrs. Astor was always plainly dressed and wore no jewels. I have a very distinct recollection of one of these parties owing to a ludicrous incident connected with myself. My mother

was a woman of decidedly domestic tastes, whose whole life was so immersed in her large family of children that she never allowed an event of a social character to interfere with what she regarded as her household or maternal duties. We older children were therefore much thrown upon our own resources from a social point of view, and when I grew into womanhood and entered society I was usually accompanied to entertainments by my father. Sometimes, however, I went with my lifelong friend, Margaret Tillotson Kemble, a daughter of William Kemble, of whom I shall speak hereafter. Upon this particular occasion I had gone early in the day to the Kembles preparatory to spending the night there, with the intention of attending a ball at the Astors'. Having dined, supped, and dressed myself for the occasion, in company with Miss Kemble and her father I reached the Astor residence, where I found on the doorstep an Irish maid from my own home awaiting my arrival. In her hand she held an exquisite bouquet of pink and white japonicas which had been sent to me by John Still Winthrop, the *fiancé* of Susan Armistead, another of my intimate friends. The bouquet had arrived just after my departure from home and, quite unknown to my family, the Irish maid out of the goodness of her heart had taken it upon herself to see that it was placed in my hands. I learned later that, much to the amusement of many of the guests, she had been awaiting my arrival for several hours. It seems almost needless to add that I carried my flowers throughout the evening with much girlish pride and pleasure.

Among the guests at this ball was Mrs. Francis R. Boreel, the young and beautiful daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Langdon, who wore in her dark hair a diamond necklace, a recent gift from her grandfather, John Jacob Astor. It was currently rumored at the time that it cost twenty thousand dollars, which was then a very large amount to invest in a single article of that character.

Mrs. Langdon's two other daughters were Mrs. Matthew Wilks, who married abroad and spent her life there, and the first Mrs. De Lancey Kane, who made a runaway match, and both of whom left descendants in New York. All three women were celebrated for their beauty, but Mrs. Boreel was usually regarded as the handsomest of the trio. Mrs. Walter Langdon was Dorothea Astor, a daughter of John Jacob Astor, and her husband was a grandson of Judge John Langdon of New Hampshire, who equipped Stark's regiment for the battle of Bennington, and who for twelve years was a member of the United States Senate and was present as President *pro tempore* of that body at the first inauguration of Washington.

Another society woman whose presence at this ball I recall, and without whom no entertainment was regarded as complete, was Mrs. Charles Augustus Davis, wife of the author of the well-known "Jack Downing Letters." Indeed, the name "Jack Downing" seemed so much a part of the Davis family that in after years I have often heard Mrs. Davis called "Mrs. Jack Downing." The Davises had a handsome daughter who married a gentleman of French descent, but neither of them long survived the marriage.

In an old newspaper of 1807 I came across the following marriage notice, which was the first Astor wedding to occur in this country:

BENTZON—ASTOR. Married, on Monday morning, the 14th ult. [September], by the Rev. Mr. [Ralph] Williston, Adrian B. Bentzon, Esq., of the Isle of St. Croix, to Miss Magdalen Astor, daughter of John Jacob Astor of this city.

It was while on a cruise among the West Indies that Miss Astor met Mr. Bentzon, a Danish gentleman of good family but moderate fortune. In the early part of the

last century many ambitious foreigners went to that part of the world with the intention of making their fortunes.

Another daughter of John Jacob Astor, Eliza, married Count Vincent Rumpff, who was for some years Minister at the Court of the Tuilleries from the Hanseatic towns of Germany. She was well known through life, and long remembered after death, for her symmetrical Christian character. One of her writings, entitled "Transplanted Flowers," has been published in conjunction with one of the Duchesse de Broglie, daughter of Madame de Staël, with whom she was intimately associated in her Christian works.

Henry Astor, the brother of John Jacob Astor, was the first of the family to come to America. I am able to state, upon the authority of the late Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity church in New York, and a life-long friend of the whole Astor connection, that he was a private in a Hessian regiment that fought against our colonies in the Revolutionary War. After its close he decided to remain in New York where he entered the employment of a butcher in the old Oswego market. He subsequently embarked upon more ambitious enterprises, became a highly successful business man and at his death left a large fortune to his childless widow. Dr. Dix has stated that it was probably through him that the younger brother came to this country. However this may be, John Jacob Astor sailed for America as a steerage passenger in a ship commanded by Capt. Jacob Stout and arrived in Baltimore in January, 1784. He subsequently went to New York, where he spent his first night in the house of George Dieterich, a fellow countryman whom he had known in Germany and by whom he was now employed to peddle cakes. After remaining in his employ for a time and accumulating a little money he hired a store of his own where he sold toys and German knickknacks. He afterwards added

skins and even musical instruments to his stock in trade, as will appear from the following in *The Daily Advertiser* of New York, of the 2d of January, 1789, and following issues:

J. Jacob Astor,
At No. 81, Queen-street,
Next door but one to the Friends Meeting-House,
Has for sale an assortment of
Piano fortes, of the newest construction,
Made by the best makers in London, which he will sell on reasonable terms.

He gives Cash for all kinds of FURS:

And has for sale a quantity of Canada Beaver, and Beaver Coating, Racoon Skins, and Racoon Blankets, Muskrat Skins, &c. &c.

It would seem that these Astor pianos were manufactured in London and that George Astor, an elder brother of John Jacob Astor, was associated with the latter in their sale. Indeed, one of them, formerly owned by the Clinton family and now in Washington's Headquarters in Newburgh, bears the name of "Geo. Astor & Co., Cornhill, London;" while still another in my immediate neighborhood in Washington has the inscription of "Astor and Camp, 79 Cornhill, London." Their octaves were few in number, and a pupil of Chopin would have regarded them with scorn; but upon these little spindle-legged affairs a duet could be performed. My first knowledge of instrumental music was derived from one of these pianos, and among the earliest recollections of my childhood is that of hearing my three maiden aunts, my father's sisters, playing in turn the inspiring Scotch airs upon the Astor piano that stood in their drawing-room. One of their songs was especially inimical to cloistered life and it, too, was possibly of Scotch origin. I am unable to recall its exact words, but its refrain ran as follows:

I will not be a nun,
I can not be a nun,
I shall not be a nun,
I'm so fond of pleasure
I'll not be a nun.

I own an original letter written by John Jacob Astor from New York on the 26th of April, 1826, addressed to ex-President James Monroe, my husband's grandfather, which I regard as interesting on account of its quaint style:

Dear Sir,

Permit me to congratulate you on your Honourable retirement [from public life] for which I most sincerely wish you may enjoy that Peace and Tranquility to which you are so justly entitled.

Without wishing to cause you any Inconveniency [sic] on account of the loan which I so long since made to you I would be glad if you would put it in a train of sittlelment [sic] if not the whole let it be a part with the interest Due.

I hope Dear Sir that you and Mrs. Monroe enjoy the best of health and that you may live many years to wittness [sic] the Prosperity of the country to which you have so generously contributed.

I am most Respectfully Dear Sir your obed S. &c.

J. J. Astor.

The Honble James Monroe.

It may here be stated that Mr. Astor's solicitude concerning Mr. Monroe's financial obligation was duly relieved, and that the debt was paid in full.

John Jacob Astor's numerous descendants can lay this "flattering unction" to their souls, that every dollar of his vast wealth was accumulated through thrift while leading an upright life.

An old-fashioned stage coach in my early days ran between New York and Harlem, but the fashionable drive

was on the west side of the city along what was then called the "Bloomingdale Road." Many fashionable New Yorkers owned and occupied handsome country seats along this route, and closed their city homes for a period during the heated term. I recall with pleasure the home of the Prussian Consul General and Mrs. John William Schmidt, and especially their attractive daughters. Mr. Schmidt, who came to this country as a bachelor, married Miss Eliza Ann Bache of New York. Quite a number of years subsequent to this event, before they had children of their own, they adopted a little girl whom they named Julia and whom I knew very well in my early girlhood. As equestrian exercise was popular in New York at that time, many of the young men and women riding on the Bloomingdale Road would stop at the Schmidts' hospitable home, rest their horses and enjoy a pleasing half-hour's conversation with the daughters of the household. Among the fair riders was Mary Tallmadge, a famous beauty and a daughter of General James Tallmadge. During her early life and at a period when visits abroad were few and far between, her father accompanied her to Europe. During her travels on the continent she visited St. Petersburg, where her beauty created a great sensation. While there the Emperor Nicholas I. presented her with a handsome India shawl. She returned to America, married Philip S. Van Rensselaer, a son of the old Patroon, and lived for many years on Washington Square in New York.

Alexander Hamilton and family also owned and occupied a house in this charming suburb called "The Grange." It was subsequently occupied by Herman Thorne, who had married Miss Jane Mary Jauncey, a wealthy heiress of New York. He lived in this house only a few years when he went with his wife to reside in Paris during the reign of Louis Philippe. Mr. Thorne became the most prominent American resident there and

excited the envy of many of his countrymen by his lavish expenditure of money. His daughters made foreign matrimonial alliances. He was originally from Schenectady, for a time was a purser in the U. S. Navy, and was remarkable for his handsome presence and courtly bearing.

Jacob Lorillard lived in a handsome house in Manhattanville, a short distance from the Bloomingdale Road. He began life, first as an apprentice and then as a proprietor, in the tanning and hide business, and his tannery was on Pearl Street. He then, with his brothers, embarked in the manufacture and sale of snuff and tobacco, in which, as is well known, he amassed an immense fortune. My earliest recollection of the family is in the days of its great prosperity. One of Mr. Lorillard's daughters, Julia, who married Daniel Edgar, I knew very well, and I recall a visit I once made her in her beautiful home, where I also attended her wedding a few years later. At this time her mother was a widow, and shortly after the marriage the place was sold to the Catholic order of the *Sacre Coeur*. Mrs. Jacob Lorillard was a daughter of the Rev. Doctor Johann Christoff Kunze, professor of Oriental Languages in Columbia College.

Many years ago the wags of London exhausted their wits in fittingly characterizing and ridiculing the numerous equipages of a London manufacturer of snuff and tobacco. One couplet suggestive of the manner in which this vast wealth was acquired, was

> Who would have thought it
> That Noses had bought it.

The suitor of the daughter of this wealthy Englishman was appropriately dubbed "Up to Snuff." Alas, this ancestral and aristocratic luxury of snuff departed many years ago, but succeeding generations have been "up to snuff" in many other ways. The gold snuff-

box frequently studded with gems which I remember so well in days gone by and especially at the home Gouverneur Kemble in Cold Spring, where it was passed around and freely used by both men and women, now commands no respect except as an ancestral curio. Dryden, Dean Swift, Pope, Addison, Lord Chesterfield, Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Keats, Charles Lamb, Gibbon, Walter Scott and Darwin were among the prominent worshipers of the snuff-box and its contents, while some of them indulged in the habit to the degree of intemperance. In describing his manner of using the snuff-box Gibbon wrote: "I drew my snuff-box, rapped it, took snuff twice, and continued my discourse in my usual attitude of my body bent forwards, and my fore-finger stretched out;" and Boswell wrote in its praise:

> Oh, snuff! our fashionable end and aim—
> Strasburgh, Rappe, Dutch, Scotch—whate'er thy name!
> Powder celestial! quintessence divine
> New joys entrance my soul while thou art mine;
> Who takes? who takes thee not? Where'er I range
> I smell thy sweets from Pall Mall to the 'Change.

While the spirit of patriotism was as prevalent in early New York as it is now, it seems to me that it was somewhat less demonstrative. The 4th of July, however, was anticipated by the youngsters of the day with the greatest eagerness and pleasure. It was the habit of my father, for many years, to take us children early in the morning to the City Hall to attend the official observances of the day, an experience which we naturally regarded as a great privilege. Booths were temporarily erected all along the pavement in front of the City Hall, where substantial food was displayed and sold to the crowds collected to assist in celebrating the day. About noon several military companies arrived upon the scene and took their positions in the park, where, after a number of interesting man-

euvers, a salute was fired which was terrifying to my youthful nerves. Small boys, then as now, provided themselves with pistols, and human life was occasionally sacrificed to patriotic ardor, although I never remember hearing of cases of lockjaw resulting from such accidents, as is so frequently the case at present. Firecrackers and torpedoes were then in vogue, but skyrockets and more elaborate fireworks had not then come into general use. I do not recall that the national flag was especially prominent upon the "glorious fourth," and it is my impression that this insignia of patriotism was not universally displayed upon patriotic occasions until the Civil War.

The musical world of New York lay dormant until about the year 1825, when Dominick Lynch, much to the delight of the cultivated classes, introduced the Italian Opera. Through his instrumentality Madame Malibran, her father, Signor Garcia, and her brother, Manuel Garcia, who by the way died abroad in 1906, nearly ninety-nine years of age, came to this country and remained for quite a period. I have heard many sad traditions regarding Malibran, whose name is certainly immortal in the annals of the musical world. Mr. Lynch was the social leader of his day in New York, was æsthetic in his tastes, and possessed a highly cultivated voice. He frequently sang the beautiful old ballads so much in vogue at that period. I have heard through Mrs. Samuel L. Hinckley, an old friend of mine, who remembered the incident, that during a visit to Boston when he sang Tom Moore's pathetic ballad, "Oft in the Stilly Night," there was scarcely a dry eye in the room. In referring to the introduction of the Italian Opera into this country Dr. John W. Francis in his "Old New York" thus speaks of Dominick Lynch: "For this advantageous accession to the resources of mental gratification, we were indebted to the taste and refinement of Dominick Lynch, the liberality of the manager of the Park Theater, Stephen Price, and the distinguished rep-

utation of the Venetian, Lorenzo Da Ponte. Lynch, a native of New York, was the acknowledged head of the fashionable and festive board, a gentleman of the ton and a melodist of great powers and of exquisite taste; he had long striven to enhance the character of our music; he was the master of English song, but he felt, from his close cultivation of music and his knowledge of the genius of his countrymen, that much was wanting, and that more could be accomplished, and he sought out, while in Europe, an Italian *troupe,* which his persuasive eloquence and the liberal spirit of Price led to embark for our shores where they arrived in November, 1825." Stephen Price here referred to by Dr. Francis was the manager of the old Park Theater. Dominick Lynch's grandson, Nicholas Luquer, who with his charming wife, formerly Miss Helen K. Shelton of New York, resides in Washington, and his son, Lynch Luquer, inherit the musical ability of their ancestor.

The great actors of the day performed in the Park Theater. I also vividly remember the Bowery Theater, as well as in subsequent years Burton's Theater in Chambers Street and the Astor Place Theater. When William C. Macready, the great English actor, was performing in the latter in 1849 a riot occurred caused by the jealousy existing between him and his American rival, Edwin Forrest. Forrest had not been well received in England owing, as he believed, to the unfriendly influence of Macready. While the latter was considered by many the better actor, Forrest was exceptionally popular with a certain class of people in New York whose sympathies were easily enlisted and whose passions were readily aroused. During the evening referred to, while Macready was acting in the *rôle* of Macbeth, a determined mob attacked the theater, and the riot was not quelled until after a bitter struggle, in which the police and the military were engaged, and during which twenty-one were killed and thirty-three wounded.

In consequence of this unfortunate rivalry and its bloody results, Forrest became morbid, and his domestic infelicities that followed served to still further embitter his life. In 1850 his wife instituted proceedings for divorce in the Superior Court of the City of New York, and the trial was protracted for two years. She was represented by the eminent jurist, Charles O'Conor, while Forrest employed "Prince" John Van Buren, son of the ex-President. The legal struggle was one of the most celebrated in the annals of the New York bar. There was abundant evidence of moral delinquency on the part of both parties to the suit, but the verdict was in favor of Mrs. Forrest. She was the daughter of John Sinclair, formerly a drummer in the English army and subsequently a professional singer. James Gordon Bennett said of her in the *Herald* that "being born and schooled in turmoil and dissipation and reared in constant excitement she could not live without it."

I have heard it said that one day John Van Buren was asked by a disgruntled friend at the close of a hotly contested suit whether there was any case so vile or disreputable that he would refuse to act as counsel for the accused. The quick response was: "I must first know the circumstances of the case; but what have you been doing?" Dr. Valentine Mott, who for many years was a resident of Paris, gave a fancy-dress ball in New York in honor of the Prince de Joinville, son of Louis Philippe. At this entertainment John Van Buren appeared in the usual evening dress with a red sash tied around his waist. Much to the amusement of the guests whom he met, his salutation was: "Would you know me?" It will be remembered that he was familiarly called "Prince John," owing to the fact that he had once danced with Queen Victoria prior to her ascension to the throne. One day Van Buren met on the street James T. Brady, a lawyer of equal ability and wit, who had recently returned from a

visit to England. In a most patronizing manner he inquired whether he had seen the Queen. "Certainly," said Mr. Brady, "and under these circumstances. I was walking along the street when by chance the Queen's carriage overtook me, and the moment Her Majesty's eye lighted upon me she exclaimed: 'Hello, Jim Brady, when did you hear from John Van Buren?' " I recall another amusing anecdote about John Van Buren during my school days. Mustaches were at that time worn chiefly by the sporting element. Mr. Van Buren, who was very attentive to Catharine Theodora Duer, a daughter of President William Alexander Duer of Columbia College, and who, by the way, never married, adopted this style of facial adornment, but the young woman objecting to it he cut it off and sent it to her in a letter. Prince John Van Buren's daughter, Miss Anna Vander Poel Van Buren, many years thereafter, married Edward Alexander Duer, a nephew of this Catharine Theodora Duer.

It was my very great pleasure to know Fanny Kemble and her father, Charles Kemble. She was, indeed, the queen of tragedy, and delighted the histrionic world of New York by her remarkable rendering of the plays of Shakespeare. In later years when I heard her give Shakespearian readings, I regarded the occasion as an epoch in my life. In this connection I venture to express my surprise that the classical English quotations so pleasing to the ear in former days are now so seldom heard. It seems unfortunate that the epigrammatic sentences, for example, of grand old Dr. Samuel Johnson have become almost obsolete. In former years Byron appealed to the sentiment, while the more ambitious quoted Greek maxims. The sayings of the old authors were recalled, mingled with the current topics of the day. It would seem, however, that the present generation is decidedly more interested in quotations from the stock exchange. Edmund Burke said that "the age of chivalry is gone,

that of sophists, economists, and calculators has succeeded."

Upon her return to England Fanny Kemble published her journal kept while in the United States, which was by no means pleasing in every respect to her American readers. It is said that in one of her literary effusions she dwelt upon a custom, which she claimed was prevalent in America, of parents naming their children after classical heroes, and gave as an example a child in New York who bore the name of Alfonzo Alonzo Agamemnon Dionysius Bogardus. The sister of this youth, she stated, was named Clementina Seraphina Imogen. I think this statement must have been evolved from her own brain, as it would be difficult to conceive of parents who would consent to make their children notorious in such a ridiculous manner. Fanny Kemble married Pierce Butler, a lawyer of ability and cousin of the U. S. Senator from South Carolina of the same name, and they were divorced in 1849, when the Hon. George M. Dallas was counsel for Fanny Kemble and Rufus Choate appeared for her husband.

Fanny Elssler, a queen of grace and beauty on the stage, delighted immense audiences at the Park Theater. She came to this country under the auspices of Chevalier Henry Wikoff, a roving but accomplished soldier of fortune, who pitched his camp in both continents. Upon her arrival in New York the "divine Fanny," as she was invariably called, was borne to her destination in a carriage from which the horses had been detached by her enthusiastic *adorateurs,* led by August Belmont. She was, indeed,

> A being so fair that the same lips and eyes
> She bore on earth might serve in Paradise.

At this distant day it seems almost impossible to describe her. She seemed to float upon the stage sustained only by the surrounding atmosphere. In my opinion she

has never had a rival, with the possible exception of Taglioni, the great Swedish *danseuse*. I saw Fanny Elssler dance the *cracovienne* and the *cachucha*, and it is a memory which will linger with me always. The music that accompanied these dances was generally selected from the popular airs of the day. Many dark stories were afloat concerning Fanny Elssler's private life, but to me it seems impossible to associate her angelic presence with anything but her wonderful art. She was never received socially in New York; indeed, the only person that I remember connected with the stage in my early days who had the social *entrée* was Fanny Kemble.

We attended the Dutch Reformed Church in New York of which the Rev. Dr. Jacob Brodhead was for many years the pastor. My aunts, however, attended one of the three collegiate churches in the lower part of the city, and I sometimes accompanied them and, as there was a frequent interchange of pulpits, I became quite accustomed to hear all of the three clergymen. The Rev. Dr. John Knox, who endeared himself to his flock by his gentle and appealing ministrations; the Rev. Dr. Thomas De Witt, a profound theologian and courtly gentleman; and the Rev. Dr. William C. Brownlee, with his vigorous Scotch accent, preaching against what he invariably called "papery" (popery), and recalling, as he did, John Knox of old, that irritating thorn in the side of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, made up this remarkable trio. During the latter part of his life Dr. Brownlee suffered from a stroke of paralysis which rendered him speechless, and his Catholic adversaries improved this opportunity to circulate the report that he had been visited by a judgment from Heaven.

There were many shining lights in the Episcopal Church at this time in New York. The Rev. Dr. William Berrian was the acceptable rector of St. John's, which was then as now a chapel of Trinity Parish. The Rev. Dr. Francis

L. Hawks was the popular rector of St. Thomas's church, on the corner of Broadway and Houston Streets. He was a North Carolinian by birth, but is said to have been in part of Indian descent. I recall with pleasure his masterly rendition of the Episcopal service. During the Civil War he made it quite apparent to his parishioners that his sympathies were with the South, and as most of them did not share his views he moved to Baltimore, where a more congenial atmosphere surrounded him.

The Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, senior, was the rector of St. George's Episcopal church in the lower part of the city. He was a theologian of the Low-Church school and was greatly esteemed by all of his colleagues. His son, the Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, junior, was in full sympathy with the Low-Church views of his father, and will be recalled as an evangelical preacher of exceptional power and wide influence. In the summer of 1867 he preached, in defiance of the canons of the Episcopal Church, in St. James's Methodist church in New Brunswick, N. J., thus invading without authority the parishes of the Rev. Dr. Alfred Stubs and the Rev. Dr. Edward B. Boggs of that city. His trial was of sensational interest, and resulted, as will be remembered, in his conviction. The attitude of the Tyngs, father and son, was humorously described by Anthony Bleecker, a well-known wit of the day, in these verses:

Tyng, Junior.

I preach from barrels and from tubs,
In spite of Boggs, in spite of Stubs;
I'll preach from stumps, I'll preach from logs,
In spite of Stubs, in spite of Boggs.

Tyng, Senior.

Do, Steve; and lay aside your gown,
Your bands and surplice throw them down;
A bob-tail coat of tweed or kersey
Is good enough at least for Jersey.

Tyng, Junior.

What if the Bishops interfere,
And I am made a culprit clear;
Can't you a thunderbolt then forge,
And hurl it in the new St. George?

Tyng, Senior.

Be sure I can and out of spite
A wrathy sermon I'll indite;
I'll score the court and every judge
And call the whole proceedings fudge;
And worse than that each reverent name
I'll bellow through the trump of fame;
With Bishop Potter I'll get even,
And make you out the martyr Stephen.

The Rev. Dr. Orville Dewey, renowned for his intellectual attainments, preached in the Unitarian church in Mercer Street. In subsequent years his sermons were published and I understand are still read with much interest and pleasure. Archbishop John Hughes, whom I knew quite well, was the controlling power in the Roman Catholic Church. He possessed the affectionate regard of the whole community, and naturally commanded a wide influence. A Roman Catholic told me many years ago that, upon one of the visits of the Archbishop to St. Peter's church, he took the congregation to task for their exclusiveness, exclaiming: "You lock up your pews and exclude the marrow of the land."

I knew very well the Rev. Charles Constantine Pise, the first native-born Catholic to officiate in St. Joseph's church on Sixth Avenue. He was of Italian parentage and was remarkable for his great physical attractiveness. In addition to his fine appearance, he was exceedingly social in his tastes and was consequently a highly agreeable guest. He cultivated the muses to a modest degree, and I have several of his poetical effusions, one of which was addressed to me. In spite of the admiration he commanded from both men and women, irrespective of creed,

life seemed to present to him but few allurements. Archbishop Hughes sent him to a small Long Island parish where, after laboring long and earnestly, he closed his earthly career. An anecdote is related of this pious man which I believe to be true. A young woman quite forgetful of the proprieties and conventionalties of life, but with decided matrimonial proclivities, made Father Pise an offer of her fortune, heart and hand. In a dignified manner he advised her to give her heart to God, her money to the poor, and her hand to the man who asked for it. Prior to his rectorship of St. Joseph's church in New York, Father Pise, who was an intimate friend of Henry Clay, served as Chaplain of the U. S. Senate during a portion of the 22d Congress. At the National Capital as well as in New York he was exceptionally popular, making many converts, especially among young women, and preaching to congregations in churches so densely crowded that it was difficult to obtain even standing room.

I cannot pass the Roman Catholic clergy without some reference to the Rev. Felix Varela, a priest of Spanish descent and, it is said, of noble birth, who was sent from Cuba to Spain as one of the deputies to the Cortes from his native island. His church was St. Peter's in Barclay Street. It would be difficult for any words to do justice to his life of self-abnegation or to his adherence to the precepts of his Divine Master. It is with pleasure, therefore, that I relate the following story, for the truth of which I can vouch. A policeman found a handsome pair of silver candlesticks in the custody of a poor unfortunate man, and as they bore upon them a distinctive coat of arms he arrested him. On his way to prison the suspected criminal begged to see Father Varela for a moment, and as his residence was *en route* to the station house the officer granted his request. This good priest informed the policeman with much reluctance that the candlesticks had

formerly belonged to him, and that he had given them to his prisoner to buy bread for his family. My father was so deeply in sympathy with the life and character of this priest that, although of a different faith, he seldom heard his name mentioned without an expression of admiration for his life and character.

There was a French Protestant church in Franklin Street ministered to by the Rev. Dr. Antoine Verren, whose wife was a daughter of Thomas Hammersley. I also remember very well a Presbyterian church on Laight Street, opposite St. John's Park, the rector of which was the Rev. Dr. Samuel H. Cox, an uncle of the late Bishop Arthur Cleveland Cox of the Episcopal Church. Dr. Cox was a prominent abolitionist, and when we were living on Hubert Street, just around the corner, this church was stoned by a mob because the rector had expressed his anti-slavery views too freely.

The mode of conducting funerals in former days in New York differed very materially from the customs now in vogue. While the coffins of the well-to-do were made entirely of mahogany and without handles, I have always understood that persons of the Hebrew faith buried their dead in pine coffins, as they believed this wood to be more durable. Pall-bearers wore white linen scarfs three yards long with a rosette of the same material fastened on one shoulder, which, together with a pair of black gloves, was always presented by the family. It was originally the intention that the linen scarf should be used after the funeral for making a shirt. Funerals from churches were not as customary as at the present time. If the body was to be interred within the city limits every one attending the services, including the family, walked to the cemetery. It was unusual for a woman to be seen at a funeral.

But the whole social tone of New York society was more *de rigueur* than now. Sometimes, for example, persons living under a cloud of insufficient magnitude to place them

behind prison bars, feeling their disgrace, took flight for Texas. Instead of placing the conventional *P. P. C.* on their cards the letters *G. T. T.* were used, meaning that the self-expatriated ne'er-do-well had "gone to Texas." I have always understood that in Great Britain the transgressor sought the Continent, where he was often enabled to pass into oblivion. In this manner both countries were relieved of patriots who "left their country for their country's good." As an example, I remember hearing in my early life of an Englishman named de Roos, who had the unfortunate habit of arranging cards to suit his own fancy. When his *confrères* finally caught him in the act he left hurriedly for the Continent.

In 1842 the U. S. sloop of war *Somers* arrived in New York, and the country was startled by the accounts of what has since been known as the "Somers Mutiny." The Captain of the ship was Commander Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, whose original surname was Slidell. He was a brother of the Hon. John Slidell, at one time U. S. Senator from Louisiana, who, during the Civil War, while on his passage to England on the *Trent* as a representative of the Southern Confederacy in England, was captured by Captain Charles Wilkes of the U. S. Navy. The result of the alleged mutiny was the execution, by hanging at the yard arm, of Philip Spencer, a son of the celebrated New York lawyer, John C. Spencer, President Tyler's Secretary of War, and of two sailors, Samuel Cromwell and Elisha Small. It was charged that they had conspired to capture the ship and set adrift or murder her officers. Being far from any home port, and uncertain of the extent to which the spirit of disaffection had permeated the crew, Mackenzie consulted the officers of his ship as to the proper course for him to pursue. In accordance with their advice, and after only a preliminary examination of witnesses and no formal trial with testimony for the defense, they were, as just stated, summarily executed.

I speak from the point of view of the legal element of New York, as my father's associates were nearly all professional men. The world was aghast upon receiving the news that three men had been hurled into eternity without judge or jury. Spencer was a lad of less than nineteen and a midshipman. Although Captain Mackenzie's action was sustained by the court of inquiry, which was convened in his case, as well as by the *esprit de corps* of the Navy, public feeling ran so high that a court martial was ordered. His trial of two months' duration took place at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and resulted in a verdict of "not proven." The judge-advocate of the court was Mr. William H. Norris of Baltimore, and Mackenzie was defended by Mr. George Griffith and Mr. John Duer, the latter of whom was the distinguished New York jurist and the uncle of Captain Mackenzie's wife. At the request of the Hon. John C. Spencer, Benjamin F. Butler and Charles O'Conor, leaders of the New York bar, formally applied for permission to ask questions approved by the court and to offer testimony, but the request was refused—"so that," as Thomas H. Benton expressed it, "at the long *post mortem* trial which was given to the boy after his death, the father was not allowed to ask one question in favor of his son." After a lapse of sixty-nine years, judging from Mackenzie's report to the Navy Department, it almost seems as if he possessed a touch of mediæval superstition. He speaks of Spencer giving money and tobacco to the crew, of his being extremely intimate with them, that he had a strange flashing of the eye, and finally that he was in the habit of amusing the sailors by making music with his jaws. Mackenzie in his official report stated that this lad "had the faculty of throwing his jaw out of joint and by contact of the bones playing with accuracy and elegance a variety of airs." James Fenimore Cooper stated it as his opinion, "that such was the obliquity of intellect shown by Mac-

kenzie in the whole affair, that no analysis of his motives can be made on any consistent principle of human action;" and the dintinguished statesman, Thomas H. Benton, whose critical and lengthy review of the whole case would seem to carry conviction to unprejudiced minds, declared that the three men "died innocent, as history will tell and show."

The proceedings of the Mackenzie trial were eagerly read by an interested public. As I remember the testimony given regarding Spencer's last moments upon earth, Mackenzie announced to the youthful culprit that he had but ten minutes to live. He fell at once upon his knees and exclaimed that he was not fit to die, and the Captain replied that he was aware of the fact, but could not help it. It is recorded that he read his Bible and Prayer-Book, and that the Captain referred him to the "penitent thief;" but when he pleaded that his fate would kill his mother and injure his father, Mackenzie made the inconsiderate reply that the best and only service he could render his father was to die.

I recall a conversation bearing upon the *Somers* tragedy which I overheard between my father and his early friend, Thomas Morris, when their indignation was boundless. The latter's son, Lieutenant Charles W. Morris, U. S. N., had made several cruises with the alleged mutineer Cromwell. Meeting Mackenzie he stated this fact, saying at the same time that he found him a well-disposed and capable seaman. Mackenzie quickly responded that "he had a bad eye," and then Lieutenant Morris recalled that the unfortunate man had a cast in one eye.

A few years after his court-martial Mackenzie fell dead from his horse. One of the wardroom officers of the *Somers* was Adrian Déslonde of Louisiana, whose sister married the Hon. John Slidell, of whom I have already spoken as Commander Mackenzie's brother.

I seldom hear the name of John Slidell without being

reminded of a witticism which I heard from my mother's lips, the author of which was Louisa Fairlie, a daughter of Major James Fairlie, who, during the War of the Revolution, served upon General Steuben's staff. She was, I have understood, a great belle with a power of repartee which bordered upon genius. During the youth of John Slidell he attended a dinner at a prominent New York residence and sat at the table next to Miss Fairlie. In a tactless manner he made a pointedly unpleasant remark bearing upon the marriage of her sister Mary to the distinguished actor, Thomas Apthorpe Cooper, a subject upon which the Fairlie family was somewhat sensitive. Miss Fairlie regarded Mr. Slidell for only a moment, and then retorted: "Sir, you have been *dipped* not *moulded* into society"—an incident which, by the way, I heard repeated many years later at a dinner in China. To appreciate this witticism, one may refer to the New York directory of 1789, which describes John Slidell, the father of the Slidell of whom we are speaking, as "soap boiler and chandler, 104 Broadway." Miss Fairlie's pun seems to me to be quite equal to that of Rufus Choate, who, when a certain Baptist minister described himself as "a candle of the Lord," remarked, "Then you are a dipped, but I hope not a wick-ed candle." It is said that upon another occasion, after the return of Mr. Slidell from a foreign trip, he was asked by Miss Fairlie whether he had been to Greece. He replied in the negative and asked the reason for her query. "Oh, nothing," she said, "only it would have been very natural for you to visit Greece in order to renew early associations!" Many years thereafter Priscilla Cooper, the wife of Robert Tyler and the daughter-in-law of President John Tyler, a daughter of Thomas Apthorpe Cooper and his wife, Mary Fairlie, presided at the White House during the widowhood of her distinguished father-in-law.

As has already been stated, the father of the Hon. John

Slidell was a chandler, and he conducted his business with such success that in time he became prominent in mercantile and financial circles, and eventually was made president of the Mechanics Bank and the Tradesmen's Insurance Company. His son John, who at first engaged in his father's soap and tallow business as an apprentice, finally succeeded him, and the enterprise was continued under the firm name of "John Slidell, Jr. and Company." The house failed, however, and it is said that this fact, together with the scandal attending his duel with Stephen Price, manager of the Park Theater, in which the latter was wounded, were the controlling factors that led the future Hon. John Slidell to remove his residence to New Orleans. In this place he became highly celebrated as a lawyer, and his successful political career is well known. He married Miss Marie Mathilde Déslonde, a member of a well-known Creole family, and many persons still living will recall her grace and *savoir faire* in Washington when her husband represented Louisiana in the United States Senate. Miss Jane Slidell, a sister of the Hon. John Slidell, married Commodore Matthew C. Perry, U. S. N., who opened the doors of Japan to the trade of the world, and whose daughter, Caroline Slidell Perry, became the wife of the late August Belmont of New York, while Julia, another of Mr. Slidell's sisters, married the late Rear Admiral C. R. P. Rodgers, U. S. N.

CHAPTER V

LONG BRANCH, NEWPORT AND ELSEWHERE

WHEN I was about ten years of age, accompanied by my parents, I made a visit to Long Branch, which was then one of the most fashionable summer resorts for New Yorkers. As we made the journey by steamboat and the water was rough we were the victims of a violent attack of seasickness from which few of the passengers escaped. Many Philadelphians also spent their summers at this resort, and there was naturally a fair sprinkling of people from other large cities. At that time there were no hotels in the place, but there was one commodious boarding house which accommodated a large number of guests. It bore no name, but was designated as "Mrs. Sairs'," from its proprietress. In this establishment our whole family, by no means small, found accommodations. I recall many pleasant acquaintances we made while there, especially that of Miss Molly Hamilton of Philadelphia. She was a vivacious old lady, and was accompanied by her nephew, Hamilton Beckett, in whom I found a congenial playmate. His name made a strong impression upon my memory, as I was then reading the history of Thomas à Becket, the murdered Archbishop of Canterbury. I have heard that this friend of my childhood went eventually to England to reside. The Penningtons of Newark had a cottage near us. William Pennington subsequently became Governor of New Jersey. I also enjoyed the youthful companionship of his daughter Mary, whom many years later I met in Washington. In the interval she had become a pronounced belle and the wife of Hugh A. Toler of Newark.

The guests of the boarding house were inclined to complain that the beach was too exclusively appropriated by two acquaintances of ours who were living in the same house with us, Mrs. G. W. Featherstonhaugh and Mrs. Thomas M. Willing, and their train of admirers. They were sprightly young women and daughters of Bernard Moore Carter of Virginia. I remember it was the gossip of the place that both of them could count their offers of marriage by the score. Mrs. Willing was a skilled performer upon the harp, an instrument then much in vogue, but whose silvery tones are now, alas, only memory's echo. Mr. Featherstonhaugh, who was by birth an Englishman, after residing in the United States a few years, wrote in 1847 a book entitled "Excursion through the Slave States from Washington on the Potomac to the Frontier of Mexico." I recall that in this volume he spoke with enthusiasm of the *agréments* of the palate which he enjoyed during a few days' sojourn at Barnum's Hotel in Baltimore. He dwelt particularly, with gastronomic ecstasy, upon the canvas-back duck and soft-shell crab upon which he feasted, and was inclined to draw an unfavorable comparison between the former hotel and Gadsby's, the well-known Washington hostelry. Upon his journey he visited Monticello, the former home of Thomas Jefferson. His encomium on this distinguished man appealed to me as I am sure it does to others; he spoke of him as the "Confucius of his country." Altogether, Mr. Featherstonhaugh's experiences in America were as novel and entertaining as a sojourn with Aborigines.

Just off the beach at Long Branch was a high bluff which descended gradually to the sea, and at this point were several primitive bath houses belonging to Mrs. Sairs' establishment. Following the prevalent custom, we wore no bathing shoes and stockings, but, accompanied by a stalwart bathing master, we enjoyed many dips in the briny deep, and were brought safely back by him to

our bath house. There was no immodest lingering on the beach; this privilege was reserved for the advanced civilization of a later day.

While I was still a young child, and some years after our visit to Long Branch, my infant brother Malcolm became seriously ill. Dr. John W. Francis, our family physician, prescribed a change of air for him, and my parents took him to Newport. We found pleasant accommodations for our family in a fashionable boarding house on Thames Street, the guests of which were composed almost exclusively of Southern families. Newport was then in an exceedingly primitive state and I have no recollection of seeing either cottages or hotels, while modern improvements were unknown. We led a simple outdoor life, taking our breakfast at eight, dining at two and supping at six. It was indeed "early to bed and early to rise."

As I recall these early days in Newport, two fascinating old ladies, typical Southern gentlewomen, the Misses Philippa and Hetty Minus of Savannah, present themselves vividly to my memory. After we returned to our New York home we had the pleasure of meeting them again and entertaining them. Another charming guest of our establishment was the wife of James L. Pettigru, an eminent citizen of South Carolina. She was the first woman of fashion presented to my girlish vision, and her mode of life was a revelation. She kept very late hours, often lingering in her room the next morning until midday. As I was then familiar with Miss Edgeworth's books for young people, which all judicious parents purchased for their children, I immediately designated Mrs. Pettigru as "Lady Delacour," whose habits and fashions are so pleasingly described in that admirable novel, "Belinda." Although born and bred in South Carolina, Mr. Pettigru remained loyal to the Union, and after his death his valuable library was purchased by Congress. The members of another representative South Carolina family,

the Allstons, were also among our fellow boarders at Long Branch. This name always brings to mind the pathetic history of Theodosia Burr, Aaron Burr's only child, and her sad death; while the name of Washington Allston, the artist, is too well known to be dwelt upon.

After a month's pleasant sojourn in Newport my brother's health had materially improved and we returned to our New York home by the way of Boston, where we were guests at the Tremont House. I blush to acknowledge to the Bostonians who may peruse these pages that my chief recollection of this visit is that I was standing on the steps of the hotel, when I was accosted by a gentleman, who exclaimed: "You are a Campbell, I'll bet ten thousand dollars!" I apologize for writing such a personal reminiscence of such an historic town, but such are the freaks of memory. This was prior to the maturer days of William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips and Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Before passing on to other subjects I must not omit mentioning that at this period the currency used in the New England States differed from that of New York. This fact was brought vividly before me in Newport when I made an outlay of a shilling at a candy store. In return for my Mexican quarter of a dollar I was handed a small amount of change. I left the shop fully convinced that I was a victim of sharp practice, but learned later that there was a slight difference between the shilling used in New York and that used in New England.

Many years later I visited Boston again, this time as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Winthrop at their superb Brookline home; and, escorted by Mr. Winthrop and Mr. and Mrs. Jabez L. M. Curry of Alabama, who were also their house-guests, I visited all the points of historical interest. Both Mr. Winthrop and Mr. Curry were then trustees of the Peabody Fund. A few years after we separated in Boston Mr. and Mrs. Curry went

to Spain to reside, where, as American Minister, he was present at the birth of King Alfonso of Spain.

About fifteen years later I again visited Newport, but this time I was a full-fledged young woman. During my absence a large number of hotels and cottages had been erected, many of which were occupied by Southern families who still continued to regard this Rhode Island resort as almost exclusively their own. I recall the names of many of them, all of whom were conspicuous in social life in the South. Among them were the Middletons, whose ancestors were historically prominent; the Pinckneys, descended from the illustrious Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, who uttered the well-known maxim, "Millions for defense but not one cent for tribute;" the Izards; the Draytons, of South Carolina; and the Habershams of Georgia. During this visit in Newport I was the guest, at their summer cottage, of my life-long friends, the Misses Mary and Margaret Gelston, daughters of Maltby Gelston, former President of the Manhattan Bank of New York. Not far from the Gelstons resided what Sam Weller would call three "widder women." They were sisters, the daughters of Ralph Izard of Dorchester, S. C., and bore distinguished South Carolina names; Mrs. Poinsett who had been the wife of Joel Roberts Poinsett, the well-known statesman and Secretary of War under Van Buren, Mrs. Eustis, the widow of Gen. Abram Eustis, U. S. A., who had served in the War of 1812, and Mrs. Thomas Pinckney, whose husband, the nephew of General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, had been a wealthy rice planter in South Carolina. The beautiful Christmas flower, the poinsettia, was named in compliment to Mr. Poinsett. These interesting women for many years were in the habit of leaving what they called their "Carolina" home for a summer sojourn at Newport, where their house was one of the social centers of attraction. With their graceful bearing, gentle voices and cordial manners they

were characteristic types of the Southern *grandes dames* now so seldom seen. A short distance from my hosts' cottage lived the daughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who was also the widow of Robert Goodloe Harper, a prominent Federalist and a United States Senator during the administrations of Madison and Monroe. Mrs. Harper's sister married Richard Caton of Maryland, whose daughters made such distinguished British matrimonial alliances. Her daughter, Emily Harper, upon whose personality I love to dwell, was from her earliest childhood endowed with strong religious traits. Her gentle Christian character exemplified charity to all who were fortunate enough to come within the radius of her influence. She was in every sense of the word a deeply religious woman, and her influence upon those around her was of the most elevating character.

I shall always remember with the keenest enjoyment some of the pleasant teas at this hospitable home of the Harpers in Newport. All sects were welcomed, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Hebrews, Unitarians, and I doubt not that an equally cordial reception would have awaited Mahommedans or Hindoos. I once heard Miss Harper say that she shared with Chateaubriand the ennobling sentiment that the salvation of one soul was of more value than the conquest of a kingdom. Naturally the Harper cottage was the rendezvous for Southerners and its hospitable roof sheltered many prominent people, especially guests from Maryland. Mr. Maltby Gelston told me at the time of this visit that Mrs. Harper was the only child of a Signer then living. It is probable that he spoke from positive knowledge, as he was an authority upon the subject, having married the granddaughter of Philip Livingston, a New York Signer. A few years later, when I was married in Washington, D. C., I was deeply gratified when Miss Harper came from Baltimore to attend my wedding. The marked attentions paid to her by Caleb

Cushing, then Attorney-General under President Pierce, were the source of much gossip, but she seemed entirely indifferent to his devotion. I once heard him express great annoyance after a trip to Baltimore because he failed to see her on account of a headache with which she was said to be suffering, and he inquired of me in a petulant manner whether headaches were an universal feminine malady. Like her mother, she lived to a very advanced age and when she departed this life the world lost one of its saintliest characters.

One of the most attractive cottages in Newport at the time of my second visit was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Casimir de Rham of New York. It was densely shaded by a number of graceful silver-maple trees. Mr. de Rham was a prosperous merchant of Swiss extraction, whose wife was Miss Maria Theresa Moore, a member of one of New York's most prominent families and a niece of Bishop Benjamin Moore of New York.

The social leaders of Newport at this period were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Morgan Gibbes, whose winter home was in New York. Mr. Gibbes, who, by the way, was a greatuncle of William Waldorf Astor, was a South Carolinian by birth and had married Miss Emily Oliver of Paterson, New Jersey. They lived in a handsome house, gave sumptuous entertainments, and had an interesting family of daughters, several of whom I knew quite well. One well-remembered evening I attended a party at their house which was regarded as the social affair of the season. It made a lasting impression upon my mind owing to a trivial circumstance which seems hardly worth relating. It was the first time I had ever seen mottoes used at entertainments, and at this party they were exceptionally handsome. The one which fell to my share, and which I treasured for some time, bore upon it a large bunch of red currants. These favors were always imported, and a few years later became so fashionable that no dinner or supper table was

regarded as quite the proper thing without them. I take it for granted that this custom was the origin of the german favors which in the course of time came into such general use.

In 1853 I made a third visit to Newport as the guest of Mrs. Winfield Scott. General Scott's headquarters were then in Washington, but, as his military views were widely divergent from those of Jefferson Davis, President Pierce's Secretary of War, he was urging the President to transfer him to New York. I have frequently heard the General jocosely remark that he longed for a Secretary of War who would not "make him cry." The Scotts at this period were spending their winters in Washington and their summers in Newport. Meanwhile his numerous admirers, in recognition of his distinguished services, presented him with a house on West Twelfth Street which was occupied by him and his family after his transfer to New York. The principal donor of this residence was the Hon. Hamilton Fish.

After a charming sojourn of several weeks in Newport, I was about returning to my home when I casually invited General Scott's youngest daughter, Marcella ("Ella"), then only a schoolgirl, to accompany me to Miss Harper's cottage, as I wished to say good-bye. Upon entering the drawing-room a cousin and guest of Miss Harper's, Charles Carroll McTavish of Howard County, Maryland, appeared upon the threshold and was introduced to us. He was then approaching middle life and I learned later that he had served some years in the Russian Army. Marcella Scott's appearance apparently fascinated him from the moment they met, and from that day he began to be devotedly attentive to her. Mrs. Scott, however, entirely disapproved of Mr. McTavish's attentions to her daughter on account of her extreme youth. A few months later Marcella returned to Madame Chegaray's school, where she became a boarding pupil and was not

allowed to see visitors. The following winter she was taken ill with typhoid fever, and, when convalescent enough to be moved, was brought to my home in Houston Street, New York, to recuperate, as the Scotts were still living in Washington and the journey was considered too long and arduous to be taken by an invalid. Meanwhile, Mr. McTavish renewed his attentions to Miss Scott and the impression made was more than a passing fancy for in the following June they were married in the Twelfth Street house of which I have already spoken, General Scott having in the interim succeeded in having his headquarters removed to New York.

I had the pleasure of being present at this wedding, which, in spite of a warm day in June and the many absentees from the city, was one of exceptional brilliancy. The Army and Navy were well represented, the officers of both branches of the service appearing in full-dress uniform. The hour appointed for the ceremony was high noon, but an amusing *contretemps* blocked the way. An incorrigible mantua-maker, faithless to all promises and regardless of every sense of propriety, failed to send home the bridal dress at the appointed time. This state of affairs proved decidedly embarrassing, but the guests were informed of the cause of the delay and patiently awaited developments. Behind the scenes, however, quite a different spectacle was presented, while amid much bustle and excitement a second wedding gown was being hurriedly prepared. After an hour's delay, however, the belated garment arrived, when the bride-elect was quickly dressed and walked into the large drawing-room in all of her bridal finery, leaning, as was then the custom, upon the arm of the groom. Archbishop Hughes conducted the wedding service, and seized upon the auspicious occasion to make an address of some length. Previous to the ceremony, my intimate friend, the young bride's older sister, Cornelia Scott, who a few years pre-

vious had become while in Rome a convert to Catholicism, asked me with much earnestness of manner to do my best to entertain the Archbishop, as she thought, in her kind way, that he might be somewhat out of his element when surrounded by such a large and fashionable assemblage. This was, indeed, a pleasing task, as it enabled me to renew my earlier acquaintance with this gifted prelate. The only member of the groom's family present at this ceremony was his handsome brother, Alexander S. McTavish, who came from Baltimore for the occasion. Strange to say, in view of the many presents usually displayed upon such occasions nowadays, I do not remember, although I was a family guest, seeing or hearing of a single bridal gift, but some of the wedding guests I recall very distinctly. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Charles King, the former of whom was President of Columbia College and an intimate friend of General Scott's; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ray, whose daughter Cornelia married Major Schuyler Hamilton, aide-de-camp to General Scott during the Mexican war; Prof. Clement C. Moore and his daughter Theresa; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Mayo of Elizabeth, N. J., the former of whom was Mrs. Scott's brother; Mrs. Robert Henry Cabell, a sister of Mrs. Scott's from Richmond; Major Thomas Williams, an aide to General Scott, who was killed during the Civil War; and Major Henry L. Scott, aide and son-in-law of General Scott.

The same evening, after the wedding guests had departed and quiet again reigned supreme in the household, I went to Mrs. Scott's room to sit with her, as she seemed sad and lonely, and at the same time to talk over with her, womanlike, the events of the day. In our quiet conversation I remember referring to Archbishop Hughes's address to the groom, and asked her if she had observed that he had dwelt upon the bride "being taken from an affectionate father," while the remaining members of the family were entirely ignored. Mrs.

Scott immediately bristled up and with much warmth of feeling said that she had noticed the omission and believed that the action of the Archbishop was premeditated. Just here was an undercurrent which as an intimate friend of the family I fully understood. After Virginia Scott's death at the Georgetown Convent Mrs. Scott was most outspoken in her denunciation of the Roman Catholic Church, which she felt had robbed her of her daughter.

Some years after his marriage Charles Carroll McTavish applied to the Legislature of Maryland for permission to drop his surname and to assume that of his great-grandfather, Charles Carroll. As this request was strenuously opposed by other descendants of the Signer, who regarded it as inexpedient to increase the number of Charles Carrolls, the petition of Mr. McTavish was not granted. Mary Wellesley McTavish, his sister, I remember as a sprightly young woman of fine appearance. She made her *début* in London society as the guest of her aunt, Mary McTavish, wife of the Marquis of Wellesley. After a brief courtship she married Henry George Howard, a son of the Earl of Carlisle, and accompanied him to the Netherlands, where he was the accredited British Minister. Mrs. George Bancroft, wife of the historian, who accompanied her husband when he was our Minister to England, gave me an interesting sketch of Mrs. Howard's varied life. Death finally claimed her in Paris and her body was brought back to this country and buried in Maryland, the home of her youth. Her mother, who brought the remains across the ocean, soon after her bereavement, established "The House of the Good Shepherd" in Baltimore.

Three daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carroll McTavish grew into womanhood. The elder sisters, Mary and Emily, both of whom were well known for their beauty and vivacity, entered upon cloistered lives. Just as the two sisters were about taking this step, they

made a request, which caused much comment, to the effect that they should be assigned to different convents. I understand that Mrs. McTavish, their mother, is still living in Rome with the unmarried daughter. During Mrs. Scott's residence in Paris she was invited to witness the ceremony of "taking the veil" at a prominent convent, and writing to her family at home she remarked: "How strange that human beings, knowing the fickleness of their natures, should bind themselves for life to one limited space and unvarying mode of existence."

Hoboken, or, as it was sometimes called, Paulus Hook, was a great resort in my earlier life for residents of the great metropolis. We children, accompanied by my father or some other grown person, delighted to roam in that locality over what was most appropriately termed the "Elysian Fields." Professional landscape-gardening had not then been thought of, but nature's achievements often surpass the embellishments of man. Our cup of happiness was full to the brim when we were taken to this entrancing spot overlooking the Hudson River, with its innumerable sloops, steamboats and tugs adding so much to the picturesqueness of the scene. As we strolled along, we regaled ourselves every now and then with a refreshing glass of mead, a concoction of honey and cold water, purchased from a passing vender; and when cakes or candy were added to the refreshing drink life seemed very *couleur de rose* to our childish dreams. Then again we made occasional trips up the river, but the steamboats and other excursion craft of that day were of course mere pigmies compared with those of the present time. The cabin always had a large dining table, on either side of which was a line of berths. Guests were called to dinner at one o'clock by the vigorous ringing of a large bell in the hands of a colored waiter dressed in a white apron and jacket. I have often thought how surprised and pleased this old-time servant, universally seen in

every well-to-do household in those days, would be if he could return to earth and hear himself addressed as "butler."

It was upon one of these trips up the Hudson that the widow of General Alexander Hamilton and her daughter, Mrs. Hamilton Holly, were taking their mid-day repast, at one end of the long table, when they were informed that Aaron Burr was partaking of the same meal not far from them. Their indignation was boundless, and immediately there were two vacant chairs. Mrs. Holly was a woman of strong intellect, and a friendship which I formed with her is one of the most cherished memories of my life. She devoted her widowhood to the care of her aged mother. We often engaged in confidential conversations, when she would discuss the tragedies which so clouded her life. I especially remember her dwelling upon the sad history of her sister, Angelica Hamilton, who, she told me, was in the bloom of health and surrounded by everything that goes towards making life happy when her eldest brother, Philip Hamilton, was killed in a duel. He had but recently been graduated from Columbia College and lost his life in 1801 on the same spot where, about three years later, his father was killed by Aaron Burr. This dreadful event affected her so deeply that her mind became unbalanced, and she was finally placed in an asylum, where she died at a very advanced age. Mrs. Hamilton lived in Washington, D. C., in one of the De Menou buildings on H Street, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth Streets, and Mrs. Holly resided in the same city until her death.

Tragedy seemed to pursue the Hamilton family with unrelenting perseverance until the third generation. In 1858 the legislature of Virginia, desiring that every native President should repose upon Virginia soil, made an appropriation for removing the remains of James Monroe from New York to Richmond. He died on the 4th

of July, 1831, while temporarily residing in New York with his daughter, Mrs. Samuel L. Gouverneur, and his body was placed in the Gouverneur vault in the Marble Cemetery on Second Street, east of Second Avenue, where it remained for nearly thirty years. The disinterment of the remains of this distinguished statesman was conducted with much pomp and ceremony and the body placed on board of the steamer *Jamestown* and conveyed to Richmond, accompanied all the way by the 7th Regiment of New York which acted as a guard of honor. The orator of the occasion was John Cochrane, a distinguished member of the New York bar; while Henry A. Wise, then Governor of Virginia, delivered an appropriate address at the grave in Hollywood Cemetery in Richmond. My husband, Samuel L. Gouverneur, junior, Monroe's grandson, accompanied the remains as the representative of the family. After the ceremonies in Richmond were completed, but before the 7th Regiment had embarked upon its homeward voyage, one of its members, Laurens Hamilton, a grandson of Alexander Hamilton and a son of John C. Hamilton, was drowned near Richmond. All the proceedings connected with the removal of Mr. Monroe's remains, both in New York and in Richmond, were published some years later by Udolpho Wolfe, a neighbor and admirer of the late President. A copy of the book was presented to each member of the 7th Regiment and one of them was also given by the compiler to my husband. A few years later this same New York regiment invaded Virginia, but under greatly different circumstances. A terrible civil war was raging, and the Old Dominion for a time was its principal battle ground.

I recall an amusing anecdote which Mr. Gouverneur told me upon his return from this visit to Richmond. While the great concourse of people was still assembled at Monroe's grave in Hollywood Cemetery, Governor Henry A. Wise, always proud of his State, remarked:

"Now we must have all the native Presidents of Virginia buried within this inclosure." Immediately a vigorous hand was placed on his shoulder by a New York alderman who had accompanied the funeral *cortège,* who exclaimed in characteristic Bowery vernacular: "Go ahead, Governor, you'll fotch 'em."

The only mode of travel on the Hudson River in my early days was by boat. One of my recollections is seeing Captain Vanderbilt in command of a steamboat. I have heard older members of my family say that he designated himself "Captain Wanderbilt," and that his faithful wife's endearing mode of accosting him was "Corneil." At any rate, it is well-known that he began life by operating a rowboat ferry between Staten Island and New York. In later years a sailboat was substituted over this same route. The Hudson River Railroad was originally built under the direction of a number of prominent men in the State who were anything but skilled in such enterprises. In the beginning of its career, while high officials bestowed fat offices upon friends and relatives, its finances were in a chaotic condition. It was during this state of affairs that Commodore Vanderbilt, with a master mind, grasped the situation and reorganized the whole system, thereby greatly increasing his own fortune, and placing the railroad upon a sound financial basis. After such a remarkable career "blindness to the future" seems unkindly given, as doubtless it would have been a source of great satisfaction to this Vanderbilt progenitor could he have known before passing onward that his hard-earned wealth would eventually enrich his descendants, even the representatives of nobility.

I have before me an invitation to a New York Assembly, dated the 29th of January, 1841, addressed to my father and mother, which has followed my wanderings through seventy years. All of the managers, a list of whom I

give, were representative citizens as well as prominent society men of the day:

Abm. Schermerhorn,	J. Swift Livingston,
Edmd. Pendleton,	Jacob R. LeRoy,
James W. Otis,	Thos. W. Ludlow,
Wm. Douglas,	Chas. McEvers, Jr.,
Henry Delafield,	William S. Miller,
Henry W. Hicks,	Charles C. King.

Abraham Schermerhorn belonged to a wealthy New York family, and Edmund Pendleton was a Virginian by birth who resided in New York where he became socially prominent. James W. Otis was of the Harrison Gray Otis family of Boston and, as I have already stated, I was at school with his daughter, Sally. William Douglas was a bachelor living in an attractive residence on Park Place, where he occasionally entertained his friends. He belonged to a thrifty family of Scotch descent and had two sisters, Mrs. Douglas Cruger and Mrs. James Monroe, whose husband was a namesake and nephew of the ex-President. Early in the last century their mother, Mrs. George Douglas, gave a ball, and I insert some doggerel with reference to it written by Miss Anne Macmaster, who later became Mrs. Charles Russell Codman of Boston. These verses are interesting from the fact that they give the names of many of the *belles* and *beaux* of that time:

I meant, my dear Fanny, to give you a call
And tell you the news of the Douglases ball;
But the weather's so bad,—I've a cold in my head,—
And I daren't venture out; so I send you instead
A poetic epistle—for plain humble prose
Is not worthy the joys of this ball to disclose.
To begin with our entrance, we came in at nine,
The two rooms below were prodigiously fine,
And the *coup d'oeil* was shewy and brilliant 'tis true,
Pretty faces not wanting, some old and some new.

But, oh! my dear cousin, no words can describe
The excess of the crowd—like two swarms in one hive.
The squeezing and panting, the blowing and puffing,
The smashing, the crushing, the snatching, the stuffing,
I'd have given my new dress, at one time, I declare,
(The white satin and roses), for one breath of air!
But oh! how full often I inwardly sighed
O'er the wreck of those roses, so lately my pride;
Those roses, my own hands so carefully placed,
As I fondly believed, with such exquisite taste.
Then to see them so cruelly torn and destroyed
I assure you, my dear, I was vastly annoyed.
The ballroom with garlands was prettily drest,
But a small room for dancing it must be confess'd,
If you chanc'd to get in you were lucky no doubt,
But oh! luckier far, if you chanced to get out!
And pray who were there? is the question you'll ask.
To name the one half would be no easy task—
There were Bayards and Clarksons, Van Hornes and LeRoys,
All famous, you well know, for making a noise.
There were Livingstons, Lenoxes, Henrys and Hoffmans,
And Crugers and Carys, Barnewalls and Bronsons,
Delanceys and Dyckmans and little De Veaux,
Gouverneurs and Goelets and Mr. Picot,
And multitudes more that would tire me to reckon,
But I must not forget the pretty Miss Whitten.
No particular belle claimed the general attention,
There were many, however, most worthy of mention.
The lily of Leonards' might hold the first place
For sweetness of manner, and beauty and grace.
Her cousin Eliza and little Miss Gitty
Both danc'd very lightly, and looked very pretty.
The youngest Miss Mason attracted much notice,
So did Susan Le Roy and the English Miss Otis;
Of *Beaux* there were plenty, some new ones 'tis true,
But I won't mention names, no, not even to you.
I was lucky in getting good partners, however,
Above all, the two Emmetts, so lively and clever.
With Morris and Maitland I danc'd; and with Sedgwick,
Martin Wilkins, young Armstrong and droll William Renwick.
The old lady was mightily deck'd for the Ball
With Harriet's pearls—and the little one's shawl;
But to give her her due she was civil enough,
Only tiresome in asking the people to stuff.

There was supper at twelve for those who could get it,
I came in too late, but I did not regret it,
For eating at parties was never my passion,
And I'm sorry to see that it's so much the fashion.
After supper, for dancing we'd plenty of room,
And so pleasant it was, that I did not get home
Until three—when the ladies began to look drowsy,
The lamps to burn dim, and the Laird to grow boosy.
The ball being ended, I've no more to tell—
And so, my dear Fanny, I bid you farewell.

In the old pamphlet from which I have already quoted, edited in 1845 by Moses Y. Beach and compiled for the purpose of furnishing information concerning the status of New York citizens to banks, merchants and others, I find the following amusing description of George Douglas: "George Douglas was a Scotch merchant who hoarded closely. His wine cellar was more extensive than his library. When George used to see people speculating and idle it distressed him. He would say: 'People get too many *idees* in their head. Why don't they work?' What a blessing he is not alive in this moonshine age of dreamy schemings." Mr. Beach apparently was not capable of appreciating a thrifty Scotchman.

This same pamphlet gives an account of a picturesque character whom I distinctly remember as a highly prominent citizen of New York. His parentage was involved in mystery, and has remained so until this day. I refer to Mr. Preserved Fish, the senior member of the firm of Fish, Grinnell & Co., which subsequently became the prominent business house of Grinnell, Minturn & Co. Sustained by the apparel peculiar to infants, he was found floating in the water by some New Bedford fishermen who, unable to discover his identity, bestowed upon him the uncouth name which, willingly or unwillingly, he bore until the day of his death. He and the other members of his firm were originally from New Bedford, one of the chief centers of the whale fisheries of New England, and

came to New York to attend to the oil and candle industries of certain merchants of the former city. Few business men in New York in my day were more highly respected for indomitable energy and personal integrity than Mr. Fish. He became President of the Tradesmen's Bank, and held other positions of responsibility and trust. He represented an ideal type of the self-made man, and in spite of an unknown origin and a ridiculous name battled successfully with life without a helping hand.

In connection with the Douglas family, I recall a beautiful wedding reception which, as well as I can remember, took place in the autumn of 1850, at Fanwood, Fort Washington, then a suburb of New York. The bride was Fanny Monroe, a daughter of Colonel James Monroe, U. S. A., and granddaughter of Mrs. Douglas of whose ball I have just spoken. The groom was Douglas Robinson, a native of Scotland. It was a gorgeous autumn day when the votaries of pleasure and fashion in New York drove out to Fanwood, where groomsmen of social prominence stood upon the wide portico to greet the guests and conduct them to the side of the newly married pair. Mrs. Winfield Scott was our guest in Houston Street at the time, but did not accompany us to the wedding as no invitation had reached her. My presence reminded Mrs. Monroe that Mrs. Scott was in New York, and she immediately inquired why I had not brought her with me. As I gave the reason both Colonel and Mrs. Monroe seemed exceedingly annoyed. It seems that her invitation had been sent to Washington but had not been forwarded to her in New York. In those days Mrs. Scott's distinguished presence and sparkling repartee, together with the fact that her husband was Commander-in-Chief of the Army, added luster to every assemblage. The Army was well represented at this reception and it was truly "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." Colonel "Jimmy" Monroe was a great favorite with his former

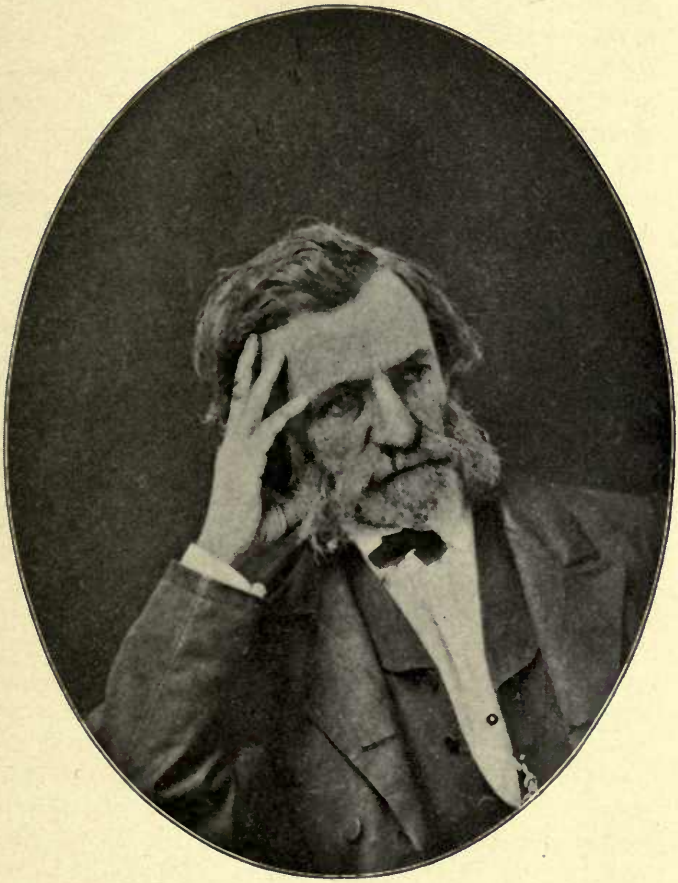
brother-in-arms as he was a genial, whole-souled and hospitable gentleman. My sister Margaret and I were accompanied to Fanwood by an army officer, Colonel Donald Fraser, a bachelor whom I had met some years before at West Point. The paths of the bride and myself diverged, and it was a very long time before we met again. It was only a few years ago, while she was residing temporarily in Washington. She was then, however, a widow and was living in great retirement. She is now deceased.

When we alighted from our carriage the day of the Monroe-Robinson wedding at Fanwood a young man whom I subsequently learned was Mr. Samuel L. Gouverneur, junior, a cousin of the bride, walked over to me, asked my name and in his capacity of groomsman inquired whether I would allow him to present me to the bride. I was particularly impressed by his appearance, as it was unusually attractive. He had raven-black hair, large bluish-gray eyes and regular features; but what added to his charm in my youthful fancy was the fact that he had only recently returned from the Mexican War, in which, as I learned later, he had served with great gallantry in the 4th Artillery. I had never seen him before, although in thinking the matter over a few days later I remembered that I had met his mother and sister in society in New York. I did not see him again until five years later, when our paths crossed in Washington, and in due time I became his bride.

To return to the New York Assembly in 1841. Henry Delafield, whose name appears on the card of invitation, belonged to a well-known family. His father, an Englishman by birth, settled in New York in 1783 and is described in an early city directory as "John Delafield, Insurance Broker, 29 Water Street." The Delafields were a large family of brothers and were highly prosperous. I remember once hearing Dr. John W. Francis say: "Put a Delafield on a desert island in the middle of the ocean,

and he will thrive and prosper." Henry Delafield and his brother William were almost inseparable. They were twins and strikingly alike in appearance. General Richard Delafield, U. S. A., for many years Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point, was another brother, as was also Dr. Edward Delafield, a physician of note, who lived in Bleecker Street and in 1839 married Miss Julia Floyd of Long Island, a granddaughter of William Floyd, one of the New York Signers. About thirty-five years ago three of the Delafield brothers, Joseph, Henry and Edward, all advanced in life, died within a few days of each other and were buried in Greenwood Cemetery at the same time, the funeral taking place from old Trinity Church. On this occasion all the old customs were observed, and the coffins were made of solid mahogany.

John Swift Livingston lived in Leonard Street, and I recall very pleasantly a party which I attended at his house before the marriage of his daughter Estelle to General John Watts de Peyster. The latter, together with his first cousins, General "Phil" Kearny and Mrs. Alexander Macomb, inherited an enormous fortune from his grandfather John Watts, who was one of the most prominent men of his day and the founder of the Leake and Watts Orphan House, which is still in existence. John G. Leake was an Englishman who came to New York to live and, dying without heirs, left his fortune to Robert Watts, a minor son of John Watts. Robert Watts, however, did not long survive his benefactor. Upon his death the Leake will was contested by his relatives, but a decision was rendered in favor of the nearest kin of the boy, who was his father. After gaining his victory John Watts established this Orphan House and with true magnanimity placed Leake's name before his own. Jacob R. LeRoy lived in Greenwich Street near the Battery, which at this time was a fashionable section of the city. His



Samuel L. Gouverneur, Junior.

sister Caroline, whom I knew, became the second wife of Daniel Webster. Mr. LeRoy's daughter Charlotte married Rev. Henry de Koven, whose son is the musical genius, Reginald de Koven. Henry W. Hicks was the son of a prominent Quaker merchant and a member of the firm of Hicks & Co., which did an enormous shipping business until its suspension, about 1847, owing to foreign business embarrassments. Thomas W. Ludlow was a wealthy citizen, genial and most hospitably inclined. He owned a handsome country-seat near Tarrytown, and every now and then it was his pleasure to charter a steamboat to convey his guests thither; and I recall several pleasant days I spent in this manner. When we reached the Tarrytown home a fine collation always awaited us and in its wake came music and dancing. Charles McEvers, junior, belonged to an old New York family and was one of the executors of the Vanden Heuvel estate. His niece, Mary McEvers, married Sir Edward Cunard, who was knighted by Queen Victoria. William Starr Miller married a niece of Philip Schuyler, who was a woman possessing many excellent traits of character. As far as I can remember, she was the only divorced person of those days who was well received in society, for people with "past histories" were then regarded with marked disfavor.

CHAPTER VI

SOME DISTINGUISHED ACQUAINTANCES

IN close proximity to St. John's Park, during my early life on Hubert Street, there resided a Frenchman named Laurent Salles, and I have a vivid recollection of a notable marriage which was solemnized in his mansion. The groom, Lispenard Stewart, married his daughter, Miss Louise Stephanie Salles, but the young and pretty bride survived her marriage for only a few years. She left two children, one of whom is Mrs. Frederick Graham Lee, whom I occasionally see in Washington, where with her husband she spends her winters.

When playing in St. John's Park in this same neighborhood, I made the acquaintance of Margaret Tillotson Kemble, one of the young daughters of William Kemble already mentioned as living on Beach Street, opposite that Park. Mr. Kemble was the son of Peter Kemble, member of the prominent firm of "Gouverneur and Kemble," shipping merchants of New York, which traded with China and other foreign countries. This firm, the senior members of which were the brothers Nicholas and Isaac Gouverneur, was bound together by a close family tie, as Mrs. Peter Kemble was Gertrude Gouverneur, a sister of the two Gouverneur brothers. My intimacy with Margaret Tillotson Kemble, formed almost from the cradle, lasted without a break throughout life. She was a second cousin of my husband and married Charles J. Nourse, a member of the old Georgetown, D. C., family. The last years of her life were entirely devoted to good works. Her sister, Mary, married Dr. Frederick D. Lente, at one time physician to

the West Point foundry, at Cold Spring, N. Y., and subsequently a distinguished general practitioner in New York and Saratoga Springs. Ellen Kemble, the other sister, of whom I have already spoken, never married. She was eminent for her piety, and her whole life was largely devoted to works of charity.

The Kemble house on Beach Street was always a social center and I think I can truthfully say it was more than a second home to me. Mrs. William Kemble, who was Miss Margaret Chatham Seth of Maryland, was a woman of decided social tastes and a most efficient assistant to her husband in dispensing hospitality. Gathered around her hearthstone was a large family of girls and boys who naturally added much brightness to the household. Mr. Kemble was a well-known patron of art and his house became the rendezvous for persons of artistic tastes. It was in his drawing-room that I met William Cullen Bryant; Charles B. King of Washington, whose portraits are so well known; John Gadsby Chapman, who painted the "Baptism of Pocahontas," now in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington; Asher B. Durand, the celebrated artist; and Mr. Kemble's brother-in-law, James K. Paulding, who at the time was Secretary of the Navy under President Martin Van Buren. Mr. Kemble was one of the founders of the Century Club of New York, a life member of the Academy of Design, and in 1817, at the age of twenty-one, in conjunction with his older brother, Gouverneur Kemble, established the West Point foundry, which for a long period received heavy ordnance contracts from the United States government. The famous Parrott guns were manufactured there. Captain Robert P. Parrott, their inventor and an army officer, married Mary Kemble, a sister of Gouverneur and William Kemble, who in early life was regarded as a beauty. Mr. William Kemble, apart from his artistic tastes, owned a number of fine pictures, among which was a Sappho by a Spanish master. It was given

to Mrs. Kemble by the grandfather of the late Rear Admiral Richard W. Meade, U. S. N. When the Kemble family left Beach Street and moved to West Twenty-fifth Street this picture was sold to Gouverneur Kemble for $5,000, and placed in his extensive picture gallery at Cold Spring.

Mrs. William Kemble was a woman of marked ability and an able *raconteurse*. Early in life she had been left an orphan and was brought up by her maternal uncle, Dr. Thomas Tillotson of the Eastern shore of Maryland, whose wife was Margaret Livingston, a daughter of Judge Robert R. Livingston and a sister of Chancellor Robert R. Livingston. Another sister of Mrs. Tillotson was the widow of General Richard Montgomery, of the Revolutionary War, who fell at the battle of Quebec. The Tillotsons, Livingstons and Montgomerys all owned fine residences near Hyde Park on the Hudson; and a close intimacy existed between the Tillotsons and the Kembles owing to the fact that Mr. Kemble's first cousin, Emily Gouverneur, married Mrs. Kemble's first cousin, Robert Livingston Tillotson. William Kemble's younger brother, Richard Frederick, married Miss Charlotte Morris, daughter of James Morris of Morrisania, N. Y.

The summer home of William Kemble was in a large grove of trees at Cold Spring and life under its roof was indeed an ideal existence. I was their constant guest and although it was a simple life it teemed with beauty and interest. Our days were spent principally out of doors and the sources of amusement were always near at hand. As all of the Kembles were experts with the oar, we frequently spent many hours on the Hudson. Another unfailing source of pleasure was a frequent visit to West Point to witness the evening parade. As we knew many of the cadets they frequently crossed the river to take an informal meal or enjoy an hour's talk on the attractive lawn. Lieutenant Colonel (subsequently General) William

J. Hardee, who for a long time was Commandant of Cadets at West Point, I knew quite well. Later in his career he was ordered to Washington, where as a widower he became a social lion, devoting himself chiefly to Isabella Cass, a daughter of General Lewis Cass. His career in the Confederate Army is too well known for me to relate. After the Civil War I never saw him again, as he lived in the South. During one of my visits at the Kembles General Robert E. Lee was the Superintendent of the West Point Military Academy, but of him I shall speak hereafter.

Among the cadets whom I recall are Henry Heth of Virginia, an officer who was subsequently highly esteemed in the Army, and who, at the breaking out of the Civil War, followed the fortunes of his native state and became a Major General in the Confederate Army; Innis N. Palmer, whom I met many years later in Washington when he had attained the rank of General; and Cadet Daniel M. Beltzhoover of Pennsylvania, a musical genius, who was a source of great pleasure to us but whose career I have not followed.

At this period in the history of West Point Cozzen's Hotel was the only hostelry within the military enclosure. A man named Benny Havens kept a store in close proximity to the Military Academy, but as it was not upon government territory no cadet was allowed to enter the premises. Although liquor was his principal stock in trade he kept other articles of merchandise, but only as a cover for his unlawful traffic. The cadets had their weaknesses then as now, and as this shop was "forbidden fruit" many of them visited his resort under the cover of darkness. If caught there " after taps," the punishment was dismissal. The following selections from a dozen verses written by Lieutenant Lucius O'Brien, U. S. A., and others, which I remember hearing the cadets frequently sing, were set to the tune of "Wearing of the Green":

Come, fill your glasses, fellows, and stand up in a row,
To singing sentimentally, we're going for to go;
In the army there's sobriety, promotion's very slow,
So we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, oh!

Oh, Benny Havens, oh!—oh! Benny Havens oh!
So we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, oh!

. . . . .

Come, fill up to our Generals, God bless the brave heroes,
They're an honor to their country and a terror to her foes;
May they long rest on their laurels and trouble never know,
But live to see a thousand years at Benny Havens, oh!

Here's a health to General Taylor, whose "rough and ready" blow
Struck terror to the *rancheros* of braggart Mexico;
May his country ne'er forget his deeds, and ne'er forget to show
She holds him worthy of a place at Benny Havens, oh!

To the "veni vidi vici" man, to Scott, the great hero,
Fill up the goblet to the brim, let no one shrinking go;
May life's cares on his honored head fall light as flakes of snow,
And his fair fame be ever great at Benny Havens, oh!

Lieutenant O'Brien died in the winter of 1841 and the following verse to his memory was fittingly added to his song:

From the courts of death and danger from Tampa's deadly shore,
There comes a wail of manly grief, "O'Brien is no more."
In the land of sun and flowers his head lies pillowed low,
No more he'll sing "Petite Coquette" or Benny Havens, oh!

Since then numerous other verses have been added, from time to time, and, for aught I know to the contrary, the composition is still growing. After the death of General Scott in 1866 the following verse was added:

Another star has faded, we miss its brilliant glow,
For the veteran Scott has ceased to be a soldier here below;
And the country which he honored now feels a heart-felt woe,
As we toast his name in reverence at Benny Havens, oh!

I wish that I could recall more of these lines as some of the prominent men of the Army were introduced in the most suggestive fashion. Benny Havens doubtless has been sleeping his last sleep for these many years, but I am sure that some of these verses are still remembered by many of the surviving graduates of West Point.

In the vicinity of William Kemble's cottage at Cold Spring was the permanent home of his older brother, Gouverneur Kemble. For a few years during his eariler life he served as U. S. Consul at Cadiz, under the administration of President Monroe. His Cold Spring home was of historic interest and for many years was the scene of lavish hospitality. General Scott once remarked that he was "the most perfect gentleman in the United States." The most distinguished men of the day gathered around his table, and every Saturday night through the entire year a special dinner was served at five o'clock—Mr. Kemble despised the habitual three o'clock dinners of his neighbors—which in time became historic entertainments. This meal was always served in the picture gallery, an octagonal room filled with valuable paintings, while breakfast and luncheon were served in an adjoining room. All of the professors and many of the officers at West Point, whom Mr. Kemble facetiously termed "the boys," had a standing invitation to these Saturday evening dinners. There was an agreement, however, among the younger officers that too many of them should not partake of his hospitality at the same time, as his dining table would not accommodate more than thirty guests. How well I remember these older men, all of whom were officers in the Regular Army: Professors William H. C. Bartlett, Dennis H. Mahan, the father of Captain Alfred T. Mahan, U. S. N., Albert E. Church, and Robert W. Weir. If by any chance Mr. Kemble, or "Uncle Gouv," as he was generally known to the family connection, was obliged to be absent from home, these entertainments took place just

the same, presided over by his sister, Mrs. Robert P. Parrott. Indeed, I recall that during a tour of Europe Mr. Kemble made with ex-President Van Buren these Saturday dinner parties were continued for at least a year.

Carving was considered a fine art in those days, an accomplishment which has largely gone out of style since the introduction of dinner *à la Russe*. A law existed in Putnam County, in which Cold Spring is situated, which forbade the killing of game during certain months in the year. When a transgressor of this law succeeded in "laying low" a pair of pheasants, they were nicknamed "owls"; and I have seen two "owls" which, under these circumstances, were almost unobtainable, carved in such a proficient manner by "Uncle Gouv" that, although we numbered over a score, each person received a "satisfying" piece. His guests were most appreciative of his hospitality, and I once heard General Scott say that he would be willing to walk at least ten miles to be present at a dinner at Gouverneur Kemble's. His wines were always well selected as well as abundant. I have often known him to have a house party of many guests who had the privilege of remaining indefinitely if they so desired. The actress Fanny Kemble and her father, though not related to the New York family, were guests in his home during one of their visits to America. She was a great pedestrian, and I recall having a small stream of water in the vicinity of Cold Spring called to my notice where, during her rambles, she was known to stop and bathe her feet.

Long before the War of the Revolution, Mr. Kemble's aunt, Margaret Kemble, married General Thomas Gage, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in that conflict, and resided with him in England. While I was living in Frederick, Maryland, I sent "Uncle Gouv"—he was then an old man and very appreciative of any attention—a

photograph of Whittier's heroine, Barbara Frietchie. He in turn sent it to Viscount Henry Gage, a relative of the British General. The English nobleman who was familiar with the Quaker poet seemed highly pleased to own the picture and commented favorably upon the firm expression of the mouth and chin of this celebrated woman.

Army officers were frequently stationed at Cold Spring to inspect the guns cast at the Kemble foundry. Among these I recall with much pleasure Major Alfred Mordecai of the Ordnance Corps. He was a highly efficient officer and previous to the Civil War rendered conspicuous service to his country. He was a Southerner and at the beginning of the war is said to have requested the War Department to order him to some duty which did not involve the killing of his kinsmen. His request was denied and his resignation followed.

In the midst of the Civil War, after a protracted absence from the country in China, I arrived in New York, and one of the first items of news that was told me was that the West Point foundry was casting guns for the Confederacy. I speedily learned that this rumor was altogether unfounded. It seems that some time before the beginning of hostilities the State of Georgia ordered some small rifled cannon from the West Point foundry with the knowledge and consent of the Chief of the Ordnance Department, General Alexander B. Dyer. Colonel William J. Hardee, then Commandant-of-Cadets, was selected to inspect these guns before delivery; but when they were finished the war-cloud had grown to such proportions that Robert P. Parrott, the head of the foundry at the time, Gouverneur Kemble having retired from active business eight or ten years previously, refused to forward them. They lay at the foundry for some time, and were afterwards bought by private parties from New York City and presented to the government, thereby doing active service

against the Confederacy. In his interesting book recently published entitled "Retrospections of an Active Life," Mr. John Bigelow refers to this unfortunate rumor. He says: "On the 21st of January, 1861, I met the venerable Professor Weir, of the West Point Military Academy, in the cars on our way to New York, when he told me that Colonel Hardee, then the Commandant-of-Cadets at the Academy, was buying arms for his native state of Georgia, and that the Kembles, whose iron works were across the river from West Point at Cold Spring, were filling a large order for him." I knew Professor Weir very well, and Mr. Bigelow's statement, I think, is a mistake, as all of the professors at West Point were too loyal to Mr. Gouverneur Kemble to allow wild rumors engendered by war to remain uncontradicted.

This seems a fitting place to recall the pleasant friendship I made with General Robert E. Lee long before he became the Southern chieftain. I have already stated that when I visited Cold Spring in other days he was Superintendent of the U. S. Military Academy. He was a constant visitor at the Kembles, and his imposing presence and genial manner are so well known as to render a description of them altogether superfluous. Some years later when I was visiting at the home of General Winfield Scott in Washington I renewed my pleasing friendship with him. There existed between these two eminent soldiers a life-long attachment, and when the Civil War was raging it seemed almost impossible to realize that Scott and Lee represented opposite political views, as hitherto they had always seemed to be so completely in accord.

The Cold Spring colony was decidedly sociable, and a dinner party at one of the many cottages was almost a daily occurrence. Captain and Mrs. Robert P. Parrott entertained most gracefully, and their residence was one of the show-places of that locality. I have heard Cap-

tain Parrott facetiously remark that he had "made a loud noise in the world" by the aid of his guns.

The first time I ever saw Washington Irving, with whom I enjoyed an extended friendship, was when he was a guest of Gouverneur Kemble. The intimate social relations existing between these two friends began in early life, and lasted throughout their careers, having been fostered by a frequent interchange of visits. In his earlier life Mr. Kemble inherited from his relative, Nicholas Gouverneur, a fine old estate near Newark, New Jersey, which bore the name of "Mount Pleasant." Washington Irving, however, rechristened the place "Cockloft Hall," and in a vein of mirth dubbed the bachelor-proprietor "The Patroon." Irving described this retreat in his "Salmagundi," and the characters there depicted which have been thought by many to be fanciful creations were in reality Gouverneur Kemble and his many friends. His place was subsequently sold, but the intimacy between the two men continued, and it has always seemed to me that there was much pathos connected with their friendship. Both of them were bachelors and owned homes of more than passing historic interest on the Hudson. Irving called Kemble's residence at Cold Spring "Bachelor's Elysium," while to his own he applied the name of "Wolfert's Roost." In the spring of 1856 in writing to Kemble he said: "I am happy to learn that your lawn is green. I hope it will long continue so, and yourself likewise. I shall come up one of these days and have a roll on it with you"; and Kemble, upon another occasion, in urging Irving to visit him added as an inducement, "come and we will have a game of leap-frog." Referring to their last meeting Irving said of Kemble: "That is my friend of early life—always unchanged, always like a brother, one of the noblest beings that ever was created. His heart is pure gold." That was in the summer of 1859, and in the following November Irving died, at the ripe old age of sev-

ex-President Martin Van Buren was frequently called by both friend and foe, also repeatedly came from his home in Kinderhook to dine with Mr. Kemble, and these memories call to mind a dinner I attended at "Uncle Gouv's" when Mr. Van Buren was the principal guest. Although it was many years after his retirement from the presidential office, the impression he made upon me was that of a quiet, deliberate old gentleman, who continued to be well versed in the affairs of state.

A short distance from Cold Spring is Garrison's, where many wealthy New Yorkers have their country seats. Putnam County, in which both Garrison's and Cold Spring are located, was once a portion of Philipse Manor. The house in the "Upper Manor," as this tract of land was called, was The Grange, but over forty years ago it was burned to the ground. It was originally built by Captain Frederick Philips about 1800, and was the scene of much festivity. The Philipses were tories during the Revolution, and it is said that this property would doubtless have been confiscated by the government but for the fact that Mary Philips, who was Captain Frederick Philips' only child, was a minor at the close of the war in 1783. Mary Philips, whose descendants have spelled the name with a final *e*, married Samuel Gouverneur, and their eldest son, Frederick Philipse Gouverneur, dropped the name Gouverneur as a surname and assumed that of Philipse in order to inherit a large landed estate of which The Grange was a conspicuous part.

When I first visited Garrison's the Philipse family was living at The Grange in great elegance. Frederick Philipse was then a bachelor and his maiden sister, Mary Marston Gouverneur, presided over his establishment. Another sister, Margaret Philipse Gouverneur, married William Moore, a son of the beloved physician, Dr. William Moore of New York, a nephew of President Benjamin Moore of Columbia College and a first cousin of Clement

C. Moore who wrote the oft quoted verses, " 'Twas the Night before Christmas," which have delighted the hearts of American children for so many decades.

Frederick Philipse subsequently married Catharine Wadsworth Post, a member of a prominent family of New York. It was while Mr. and Mrs. Philipse were visiting her relatives that The Grange was destroyed by fire. Miss Mary Marston Gouverneur had ordered the chimneys cleaned, in the manner then prevalent, by making a fire in the chimney place on the first floor, in order to burn out the débris. The flames fortunately broke out on the top story, thus enabling members of the family to save many valuable heirlooms in the lower apartments. Among the paintings rescued and now in the possession of Frederick Philipse's daughters, the Misses Catharine Wadsworth Philipse and Margaret Gouverneur Philipse of New York, was the portrait of the pretty Mary Philipse, Washington's first love. Tradition states she refused his offer of marriage to become the bride of Roger Morris, an officer in the British Army. It is generally believed that she was the heroine of Cooper's "Spy;" but she had then laid aside the belleship of early youth and had become the intellectual matron of after years. Some of the other portraits rescued were those of Adolphus Philipse, second son of the first Lord of the Manor; Philip Philipse, and his wife, Margaret Marston, whose second husband was the Rev. John Ogilvie, for many years assistant minister of Trinity Church of New York; Margaret Philipse, younger sister of Mary, who married Roger Morris; Captain Frederick Philips, by Gilbert Stuart; Mrs. Samuel Gouverneur; Nathaniel Marston and his wife, Mary Crooke; and Mrs. Abraham Gouverneur who was the daughter of Jacob Leisler, at one time the Acting Governor of the Province of New York.

One visit I made to the Philipses at Garrison's is especially fresh in my memory, as Eleanor Jones Duer, a

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The third and youngest member of this interesting trio, Miss Emily Maria Roe, is now living in Newburgh at an advanced age, surrounded by a large connection and beloved by everyone.

One of the most prominent families in Newburgh in years gone by was that of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Powell, from whom the celebrated river boats were named. Mrs. Powell's maiden name was Mary Ludlow, and she belonged to a well-known New York family. Her brother, Lieutenant Augustus C. Ludlow, who was second in command on board the *Chesapeake,* under Captain James Lawrence of "Don't give up the ship" fame, is buried by the latter's side in old Trinity church-yard in New York. Mrs. Powell took great pride and pleasure in the boat named in her honor, the *Mary Powell,* and I have frequently seen her upon my trips up the Hudson, sitting upon the deck of her namesake and chatting pleasantly with those around her.

Newburgh was also the home of Andrew Jackson Downing, the author of "Landscape Gardening," "Cottage Residences," and other similar works. I received my first knowledge of horticulture from a visit I made to his beautiful residence, which was surrounded by several acres. It was my earliest view of nature assisted by art, and to my untutored eye his lawn was a veritable Paradise. Some years later, when I was visiting the Scotts in Washington, Mr. Downing called and during our conversation told me that he had come to the Capital, upon the invitation of the government, to lay out the Smithsonian grounds. His wife was Miss Caroline De Wint of Fishkill, New York, a granddaughter of Mrs. Henry William Smith (Abigail Adams), the only daughter of President John Adams who reached maturity. After spending some months in Washington, Mr. Downing was returning to his Newburgh home when the *Henry Clay,* a Hudson River steamboat upon which he had taken passage, was

destroyed by fire and he perished while attempting to rescue some of the passengers. This was in 1852.

There are some persons still living who will readily recall, in connection with social functions, the not uncommon name of Brown. The particular Brown to whom I refer was the sexton of Grace Episcopal Church, on the corner of Broadway and Tenth Street, where many of the *soi-disant crème de la crème* worshiped. He must have possessed a christian name, but if so I never heard it for he was only plain Brown, and Brown he was called. He was born before the days when spurious genealogical charts are thrust at one, *nolens volens;* but probably this was lucky for him and the public was spared much that is uninteresting. In connection with his duties at Grace Church he came in contact with many fashionable people, and was enabled to add materially to his rather small income by calling carriages from the doorsteps for the society folk of the great metropolis. In this and other ways his pursuits gradually became so varied that in time he might have been safely classed among the *dilettanti.* The most remarkable feature of his career, however, was the fact that, in spite of his humble calling, he became a veritable social dictator, and many an ambitious mother with a thousand-dollar ball upon her hands (this being about the usual sum spent upon an evening entertainment at that time), lacked the courage to embark upon such a venture without first seeking an interview with Brown. I knew but little about his powers of discrimination, as we as a family never found his services necessary, but when requested I know he furnished to these dependent hostesses lists of eligible young men whom he deemed proficient in the polka and mazurka, the fashionable dances of the day. Strange as it may appear, I can vouch for the truth of the statement that many an exclusive hostess was glad to avail herself of these lists of the accommodating Brown. The dances just mentioned were, by the way, introduced

into this country by Pierro Saracco, an Italian master who taught me to dance, and who was quite popular in the fashionable circles of his day. Many years later, when I was residing in Maryland, he came to Frederick several times a week and gave dancing lessons to my two older daughters.

Brown was a pleasant, genial, decidedly "hail-fellow-well-met" man, as I remember him, and was in a way the precursor of Ward McAllister, though of course on a decidedly more unpretentious plane. One cannot but express surprise at the consideration with which Brown's *protégés* were treated by the *élite*, nor can one deny that the social destinies of many young men were the direct result of his strenuous efforts. I remember, for example, one of these who at the time was "a youth to fortune and to fame unknown," whom Brown took under his sheltering wing and whose subsequent social career was shaped by him. He is of foreign birth, with a pleasing exterior and address and, through the instrumentality of his humble friend who gave him his first start, is to-day, although advanced in life, one of the most conspicuous financiers in New York, and occasionally has private audiences with presidents and other magnates. Moreover, I feel certain that he will welcome this humble tribute to his benefactor with much delight, as the halo which now surrounds his brow he owes in a large degree to his early introduction into the smart set by the sexton of Grace Church. The last I ever heard of Brown, he visited Europe. After his return from his well-earned holiday he died and was laid to rest in his own native soil. Peace to Brown's ashes—his work was well done! It cannot be said of him, as of many others, that he lived in vain, as he was doubtless the forerunner of the later and more accomplished leader and dictator of New York's "Four Hundred."

A poetaster paid him the following facetious tribute:

Oh, glorious Brown, thou medley strange
Of churchyard, ballroom, saint, and sinner,
Flying by morn through fashion's range
And burying mortals after dinner.
Walking one day with invitations,
Passing the next at consecrations,
Tossing the sod at eve on coffins,
With one hand drying tears of orphans,
And one unclasping ballroom carriage,
Or cutting plumcake up for marriage;
Dusting by day the pew and missal,
Sounding by night the ballroom whistle,
Admitted free through fashion's wicket,
And skilled at psalms, at punch, and cricket.

An amusing anecdote is told of Brown's financial *protégé* whose name I have withheld. When he was still somewhat uncertain of his social status he received an invitation to a fancy ball given by a fashionable matron. This recognition he regarded as a conspicuous social triumph, and in his desire to do the proper thing he sought William R. Travers—"Bill Travers," as he was generally called—to ask his advice in regard to the proper costume for him to wear. The inquiring social aspirant had a head well-denuded of hair, and Mr. Travers, after a moment's hesitation, wittingly replied: "Sugarcoat your head and go as a pill!"

Though not a professional wit, Brown was at least capable of making a pun quite equal to those inflicted upon society by some of his superiors. As sexton of Grace Church, he officiated at the wedding of Miss Phoebe Lord, a daughter of Daniel Lord, whose marriage to Henry Day, a rising young lawyer, was solemnized in this edifice. At the close of the reception following the marriage ceremony someone laughingly called upon Brown for a toast. He was equal to the occasion as he quickly replied: "This is the Lord's Day!"

CHAPTER VII

FASHION AND LETTERS

ONE of the show places of New York State, many years ago, was the residence of John Greig, a polished Scotch gentleman who presided with dignity over his princely estate in Canandaigua in central New York, and there dispensed a generous hospitality. Mr. Greig was the agent for some of the English nobility, many of whom owned extensive tracts of land in America. The village of Canandaigua was also the home of the Honorable Francis Granger, a son of Gideon Granger, Postmaster General under Jefferson and Madison. Francis Granger was the Postmaster General for a brief period under President William Henry Harrison, but the latter died soon after his inauguration and his successor did not retain him in his cabinet. It is said of Francis Granger that he was a firm believer in the words of ex-Governor William L. Marcy in the United States Senate in 1832 that "to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy," and that during his month of cabinet service eighteen hundred employees in his department were dismissed. The Democrats evidently thought that "turn about was fair play," as a few years later, under President Polk, the work of decapitation was equally active. Ransom H. Gillett, Register of the Treasury at that time, became so famous at head-chopping, that he was soon nicknamed "Guillotine."

Mr. Granger, with his fine physique and engaging manner (he was often called "the handsome Frank Granger"), was well adapted to the requirements of social life and especially to those of the National Capital, where the

beaux esprits usually congregated. His only daughter, Adele Granger, often called "the witty Miss Granger," was at school at Madame Chegaray's with my elder sister Fanny, and in my earlier life was frequently a guest in our Houston Street home, prior to her sojourn in Washington, where her father for many years represented his district in Congress. We looked forward to her visits as one anticipates with delight a ray of sunshine. She was always assured of the heartiest of welcomes in Washington, where she was the center of a bright and intellectual circle. She finally married Mr. John E. Thayer, a Boston capitalist, and after his death became the wife of the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop of the same city. She presided with grace over a summer home in Brookline and a winter residence in Boston, at both of which she received hosts of distinguished guests. To illustrate the importance with which she was regarded, one of her guests remarked to me, during one of my visits at the Brookline home, that Mrs. Winthrop was more than one woman—that in that locality she was considered an "institution." In the latter part of Mr. Winthrop's life I received a very graceful note from him enclosing the following ode written by him in honor of the golden jubilee of Queen Victoria:

BOSTON, MASS.
90 Marlborough Street, 20 Feb'y 1888.

Dear Mrs. Gouverneur:

Your kind note and the pamphlet reached me this morning. I thank you for them both.

I have lost no time in hunting up a spare copy of my little Ode on the Queen's Jubilee.

I threw it into a newspaper with not a little misgiving. I certainly did not dream that it would be asked for by a lady seven or eight months after its date. I appreciate the compliment.

Yours truly,

ROBT. C. WINTHROP.

Mrs. M. Gouverneur.

ODE.

Not as our Empress do we come to greet thee,
Augusta Victoria,
On this auspicious Jubilee:
Wide as old England's realms extend,
O'er earth and sea,—
Her flag in every clime unfurled,
Her morning drum-beat compassing the world,—
Yet here her sway Imperial finds an end,
In our loved land of Liberty!

Nor is it as our Queen for us to hail thee,
Excellent Majesty,
On this auspicious Jubilee:
Long, long ago our patriot fathers broke
The tie which bound us to a foreign yoke,
And made us free;
Subjects thenceforward of ourselves alone,
We pay no homage to an earthly throne,—
Only to God we bend the knee!

Still, still, to-day and here, thou hast a part,
Illustrious Lady,
In every honest Anglo-Saxon heart,
Albeit untrained to notes of loyalty:
As lovers of our old ancestral race,—
In reverence for the goodness and the grace
Which lends thy fifty years of Royalty
A monumental glory on the Historic page,
Emblazoning them forever as the Victorian Age;

For all the virtue, faith and fortitude,
The piety and truth
Which mark thy noble womanhood,
As erst thy golden youth,—
We also would do honor to thy name,
Joining our distant voices to the loud acclaim
Which rings o'er earth and sea,
In attestation of the just renown
Thy reign has added to the British Crown!

Meanwhile no swelling sounds of exultation
Can banish from our memory,
On this auspicious Jubilee,

A saintly figure standing at thy side,
The cherished consort of thy power and pride,
Through weary years the subject of thy tears,
And mourned in every nation,—
Whose latest words a wrong to us withstood,
The friend of peace,—Albert, the Wise and Good!

Boston, June, 1887. ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

At Geneseo, in the beautiful Genesee Valley, and a few miles from Canandaigua, in one of the most fertile portions of the State of New York, resided a contemporary and friend of Mrs. Robert C. Winthrop, Miss Elizabeth Wadsworth, a daughter of James Wadsworth, a well-known philanthropist and one of the wealthiest landed proprietors in the state. He was also the father of Major General James S. Wadsworth, a defeated candidate for Governor of New York, who was killed in 1864 at the battle of the Wilderness. Miss Wadsworth was celebrated for her grace of manner. I had the pleasure of knowing her quite well in New York, where she generally passed her winters. Quite early in life and before the period when the fair daughters of America had discovered, to any great extent, the advantages of matrimonial alliances with foreign *partis*, she married the Honorable Charles Augustus Murray, a member of the English Parliament and of a Scotch family, the head of which was the Earl of Dunmore. She lived but a few years, and died in Egypt, where her husband was Consul General, leaving a young son. Her husband's ancestor, John Murray, Lord Dunmore, was the last Colonial Governor of Virginia. It has been asserted that but few, if any, Colonial Governors, not even the sportive Lord Cornbury of New York who, upon state occasions, dressed himself up in female attire in compliment to his royal cousin, Queen Anne, had quite as eventful a career. Lord Dunmore originally came to America as Governor of the Province of New York, but was subsequently transferred to Virginia. While in New York he was made President of the St. Andrew's Society,

a Scotch organization which had been in existence about twenty years and whose first President was Philip Livingston, the Signer. In an old New York directory of 1798 I find the following names of officers of this society for the preceding year: Walter Ruturfurde (sic), President; Peter M'Dougall and George Turnbull, Vice Presidents; George Douglass, Treasurer; George Johnson, Secretary; John Munro, Assistant Secretary; the Rev. John M. Mason and the Rev. John Bisset, Chaplains; Dr. James Tillary, Physician; and William Renwick, James Stuart, John Knox, Alexander Thomson, Andrew D. Barclay, and John M'Gregor, Managers.

It was not at all flattering to the pride of Virginia that Lord Dunmore lingered so long in New York after his order of transfer to the Old Dominion. He also greatly incurred the displeasure of the Virginians by occasionally dissolving their Assembly, and they found him generally inimical to their interests. Finally matters were brought to an issue, and Dunmore, in defense of his conduct, issued a proclamation against "a certain Patrick Henry and his deluded followers." His final act was the burning of Norfolk in 1776, which at that time was the most flourishing city in Virginia. During Lord Dunmore's life in Colonial Virginia, a daughter was born to him and at the request of the Assembly was named "Virginia." It is said that subsequently a provision was made by the Provincial Legislature, by virtue of which she was to receive a very large sum of money when she became of age. Meanwhile, the War of the Revolution severed the yoke of Great Britain, and Lord Dunmore returned to England with his family. Time passed and the little girl born in the Virginia colony grew into womanhood. Her father had died and as her circumstances became contracted she addressed a letter to Thomas Jefferson, then President of the United States, under the impression that he was Governor of Virginia. Jefferson sent the letter to James Mon-

roe, who was then Governor of Virginia, and he in turn referred it to the Legislature of that State. This letter is now in my possession and is as follows:

Sir:

I am at a loss how to begin a letter in which I am desirous of stating claims that many long years have been forgotten, but which I think no time can really annihilate until fulfilment has followed the promise. I imagine that you must have heard that during my father Dunmore's residence in America I was born and that the Assembly, then sitting at Williamsburg, requested that I might be their God-daughter and christened by the name of Virginia; which request being complied with, they purposed providing for me in a manner suitable to the honor they conferred upon me and to the responsibility they had taken on themselves. I was accordingly christened as the God-daughter of that Assembly and named after the State. Events have since occurred which in some measure may have altered the intentions then expressed in my favor. These were (so I have understood) that a sum of money should be settled upon me which, accumulating during my minority, would make up the sum of one hundred thousand pounds when I became of age. It is true many changes may have taken place in America, but that fact still remains the same. I am still the God-daughter of the Virginians. By being that, may I not flatter myself I have some claims upon their benevolence if not upon their justice? May I not ask that State, especially you, sir, their Governor, to fulfil in some respects the engagements entered into by their predecessors? Your fathers promised mine that I should become their charge. I am totally unprovided for; for my father died without making a will. My brothers are married, having families of their own; and not being bound to do anything for me, they regard with indifference my unprotected and neglected situation. Perhaps I ought not to mention this circumstance as a proper inducement for you to act upon; nor would I, were it not my excuse for wishing to remind you of the claims I now advance. I hope you will feel my

right to your favor and protection to be founded on the promises made by your own fathers, and in the situation in which I stand with regard to the State of Virginia. You will ask, sir, why my appeal to your generosity and justice has been so tardy. While my father lived, I lived under his protection and guidance. He had incurred the displeasure of the Virginians and he feared an application from me would have seemed like one from him. At his decease I became a free agent. I had taken no part which could displease my God-fathers, and myself remained what the Assembly had made me—their God-daughter, consequently their charge. I wish particularly to enforce my dependence upon your bounty; for I feel hopes revive, which owe their birth to your honor and generosity, and to that of the State whose representative I now address. Now that my father is no more, I am certain they and you will remember what merited your esteem in his character and conduct and forget that which estranged your hearts from so honorable a man. But should you not, you are too just to visit what you deem the sins of the father upon his luckless daughter.

I am, sir, your obt. etc.

In 1831 the small but pretty Gramercy Park in New York was established by Samuel B. Ruggles. I have heard that this plot of ground was originally used as a burying ground by Trinity parish. As I first recollect the spot, there were but four or five dwellings in its vicinity. One of the earliest was built by James W. Gerard, a prominent lawyer, who was regarded as a most venturesome pioneer to establish his residence in such a remote locality. Next door to Mr. Gerard, a few years later, lived George Belden, whose daughter Julia married Frederick S. Tallmadge. Mr. Tallmadge died only a few years ago, highly respected and esteemed by a large circle of friends.

In 1846 I was one of the guests at a fashionable wedding in a residence on the west side of this park, which was possibly the first ceremony of the kind to take place

in this then remote region. The bride's mother, the widow of Richard Armistead of New Bern, N. C., who habitually spent her winters in New York, had purchased the house only a few months previously. The bride, Susan Armistead, was an intimate friend of mine, and a well-known belle in both the North and the South. The groom, a resident of New York, was John Still Winthrop, of the same family as the Winthrops of Massachusetts. The guests composed an interesting assemblage of the old *régime*, many of whose descendants are now in the background. I met on that occasion many old friends, among whom the Kings, Gracies, Winthrops and Rogers predominated. Mrs. De Witt Clinton honored the occasion, dressed in the fashion of a decade or two previous. Her presence was a very graceful act as she then but seldom appeared in society, her only view of the gay world being from her own domain. Her peculiarity in regard to dress was very marked as she positively declined to change it with the prevailing style but clung tenaciously to the old-fashioned *modes* to the end of her life. Miss Armistead was an ideal-looking bride in her white dress and long tulle veil and carried, according to the custom then prevalent, a large flat bouquet of white japonicas with white lace paper around the stems. In the dining-room, a handsome collation was served, with a huge wedding cake at one end of the table and pomegranates, especially sent from the bride's southern home, forming a part of the repast. The health of the newly wedded couple was drunk in champagne and good cheer prevailed on every side. The whole house bore a happy aspect with its floral decorations and its bright Liverpool coal fires burning in the grates. Furnaces, by the way, were then unknown. In New York there was at that time a strong prejudice against anthracite coal, and Liverpool coal was therefore generally used, the price of which was fifteen dollars a ton. I have many close and tender associations connected

with this bride of so many years ago, especially as our friendship, formed in our early life, still extends to her descendants. Some years after Mrs. Winthrop's marriage, and in her earlier widowhood, four generations traveled together, and then, as at other times, dwelt under the same roof. They were Mrs. Nathaniel Smith, Mrs. Richard Armistead, Mrs. John S. Winthrop and her son, John S. Winthrop, who, with his interesting family, now resides in Tallahassee.

In 1841, Lord Morpeth, the seventh Earl of Carlisle and a worthy specimen of the English nobility, visited the United States, and while here investigated the subject of the inheritance of slaves by English subjects. His report seems to have been favorably received, as a law was passed subsequent to his return declaring it illegal for Englishmen to hold slaves through inheritance. England's sympathetic heart about this time was in a perennial throb for "the poor Africans in chains," apparently quite oblivious to the fact that the "chains" had been introduced and cemented by her fostering hand.

I recall with unusual pleasure an entertainment where Lord Morpeth was the guest of honor, at the residence of William Bard on College Place, at that time a fashionable street in the vicinity of old Columbia College. I have always remembered the occasion as I was then introduced to Lord Morpeth and enjoyed a long and pleasant conversation with him. Our host was a son of Dr. Samuel Bard, physician to General Washington during the days when New York was the seat of government.

Mr. and Mrs. John Austin Stevens lived on Bleecker Street and had a number of interesting daughters. They were an intellectual family and I attended an entertainment given by them in honor of Martin Farquhar Tupper, the author of "Proverbial Philosophy." Mr. Stevens' sister, Lucretia Ledyard Stevens, married Mr. Richard Heckscher of Philadelphia.

MRS. JOHN STILL WINTHROP, NÉE ARMISTEAD, BY SULLY

From a portrait owned by John Still Winthrop of Tallahassee.

Another gentlewoman of the same period was Mrs. Laura Wolcott Gibbs, wife of Colonel George Gibbs of Newport. The first Oliver Wolcott, a Signer, Governor of Connecticut and General in the Revolutionary War, was her grandfather; while the second of the same name, Secretary of the Treasury under Washington and Adams, Governor of his State and United States Judge, was her father. I am in the fullest sympathy with the following remarks concerning her made at her funeral by the Rev. Dr. Henry W. Bellows: "I confess I always felt in the presence of Mrs. Gibbs as if I were talking with Oliver Wolcott himself, and saw in her self-reliant, self-asserting and independent manner and speech an unmistakable copy of a strong and thoroughly individual character, forged in the hottest fires of national struggle. The intense individuality of her nature set her apart from others. You felt that from the womb she must have been just what she was—a piece of the original granite on which the nation was built. . . . The force, the courage, the self-poise she exhibited in the ordinary concerns of our peaceful life would in a masculine frame have made, in times of national peril, a patriot of the most decided and energetic character—one able and willing to believe all things possible, and to make all the efforts and sacrifices by which impossibilities are accomplished."

Mrs. Gibbs was literally steeped and moulded in the traditions of the past; in fact, she was a reminder of the noble women of the Revolutionary era, many of whom have left records behind them. She was gifted with a keen sense of humor, and her talent in repartee was proverbial. Although many years my senior, I found delightful companionship in her society, and her home was always a great resource to me. Her accomplished daughter, the wife of Captain Theophile d'Oremieulx, U. S. A., was particularly skilled in music. Her son, Wolcott Gibbs, the distinguished Professor of Harvard University,

maintained to the last the high intellectual standard of his ancestors. He died several years ago. I was informed by his mother that at one period of its history Columbia College desired to secure his services as a professor, but that the Hon. Hamilton Fish, one of its trustees and an uncompromising Episcopalian, objected on the ground of his Unitarian faith and was sustained by the Board of Trustees. It seemed a rather inconsistent act, as at another period of its history a Hebrew was chosen as a member of the same faculty.

As nearly as I can remember, it was in the summer of 1845 that I spent several weeks as the guest of the financier and author, Alexander B. Johnson, in Utica, New York. Mrs. Johnson's maiden name was Abigail Louisa Smith Adams, and she was the daughter of Charles Adams, son of President John Adams. During my sojourn there her uncle, John Quincy Adams, came to Utica to visit his relatives, and I had the pleasure of being a guest of the family at the same time. He was accompanied upon this trip by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Charles Francis Adams, a young grandson whose name I do not recall, and the father of Mrs. Adams, Peter C. Brooks, of Boston, another of whose daughters was the wife of Edward Everett. Upon their arrival in Utica, the greatest enthusiasm prevailed, and the elderly ex-President was welcomed by an old-fashioned torchlight procession. In response to many urgent requests, Mr. Adams made an impromptu speech from the steps of the Johnson house, and proved himself to be indeed "the old man eloquent." Although he was not far from eighty years old, he was by no means lacking in either mental or physical vitality. Mrs. Charles Francis Adams impressed me as a woman of unusual culture and intellectuality, while her father, Peter C. Brooks, was a genial old gentleman whom everyone loved to greet. He was at that time one of Boston's millionaires; and many years later I heard his grandson, the

late Henry Sidney Everett, of Washington, son of Edward Everett, say of him that when he first arrived in Boston he was a youth with little or no means.

After the Adams party had rested for a few days a pleasure trip to Trenton Falls, in Oneida County, was proposed. A few prominent citizens of Utica were invited by the Johnsons to accompany the party, and among them several well-known lawyers whose careers won for them a national as well as local reputation. Among these I may especially mention the handsome Horatio Seymour, then in his prime, whose courteous manners and manly bearing made him exceptionally attractive. Mr. Adams bore the fatigue of the trip remarkably well and his strength seemed undiminished as the day waned. His devoted daughter-in-law remained constantly beside him while at the Falls to administer to his comfort and attend to his wants; in fact, she was so solicitous concerning him that she requested that she might, in going and coming, occupy a carriage as near him as possible. I cannot but regard her as a model for many of the present generation who fail to be deeply impressed by either merit or years.

The Adamses were charming guests, and I have always felt that I was highly privileged to visit under the same roof with them, and especially to listen to the words of wisdom of the venerable ex-President. I have heard it stated, by the way, that during his official life in Washington, Mr. Adams took a daily bath in the Potomac. This luxury he must have missed in Utica, as at this time it offered no opportunities for a plunge except in the "raging canal." Mrs. Charles Francis Adams accompanied her husband when he went to England, during our Civil War, to represent the United States at the Court of St. James. The consummate manner in which he conducted our relations with Great Britain at that critical period marked him as an accomplished statesman and a

diplomatist of the rarest skill. The nature of his task was one of extreme delicacy, and it is highly probable that, but for his masterly efforts, England would have recognized the independence of the Southern Confederacy. The energy and fidelity with which he met the requirements of his mission undermined his health and, returning to this country, he retired to his old home in Quincy.

While in Utica I drove in the family carriage with Mrs. Johnson and her sister, Mrs. John W. King, to Peterboro, about twenty-five miles distant, to visit Mr. and Mrs. Gerrit Smith. Mr. Smith had already commenced his crusade against slavery, and the family antipathy to the institution was so strong that two of his nieces, sisters of General John Cochrane, who later became President of the Society of the Cincinnati, refused to wear dresses made of cotton because it was a Southern staple. As I remember this great anti-slavery agitator, he was a remarkably handsome man with an air of enthusiasm which seemed to pervade his whole being. From 1853 to 1855 he was in Congress, and I had the pleasure of listening to one of his scathing speeches on the floor of the House of Representatives in denunciation of slavery. I recall his unusual felicity in the use of Scriptural quotations, one of which still lingers in my ears: "Where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty." His daughter Elizabeth married Charles Dudley Miller, a prominent citizen of Utica. She was a woman of very pronounced views, as may be judged, in part, by the fact that some years after my marriage, and while living in Washington, I met her by accident one day at the Capitol and to my surprise discovered that she was wearing bloomers!

In September, 1849, I was returning to my home in New York from another visit to the Johnsons in Utica, when, upon the invitation of Mrs. Hamilton Fish, whose husband was then Governor of the Empire State, I

stopped in Albany and visited them. They were of course occupying the gubernatorial mansion, but its exact location I cannot exactly recall. Life was exceedingly simple in the middle of the last century, even in the wealthiest families, and through all these years I seem to remember but a single incident connected with the family life of these early friends—the trivial fact that the breakfast hour was seven o'clock. Mrs. Fish was a model mother and was surrounded by a large and interesting family of children, some of whom are among the highly prominent people of the present time.

Apropos of the Fish children, an amusing story is told of the keen sense of humor of the late William M. Evarts, who presented in every-day life such a stern exterior. When, on one occasion, he was a guest of the Fish family at their summer home on the Hudson, his attention was called to a large and beautifully executed painting of a group of children which, as was quite apparent, was greatly treasured by the ex-Governor. Mr. Evarts gazed upon the portrait for some minutes in silence and then exclaimed in a low tone, "little Fishes." Mr. Fish stood near his guest but, not catching the exact drift of his remark, replied: "Sir, I do not understand." The bright response was: "Yes, I said little fishes, *sardines,*"—reminding one of Artemus Ward's definition of sardines, "little fishes biled in ile."

Another witticism of Mr. Evarts's which seems to me deserving of preservation is said to have been uttered during his residence in Washington, when he was Secretary of State under President Hayes. A party of distinguished Englishmen was visiting the National Capital and Mr. Evarts escorted it to Mount Vernon. After inspecting the mansion and the grave of Washington the party walked to the end of the lawn to view the attractive scenery of the Potomac River. One of the Englishmen who seemed decidedly more conversant with certain phases of

American history than the others asked Mr. Evarts whether it were really true that Washington could throw a shilling across the Potomac. "Yes," said Mr. Evarts, in a diplomatic tone, "it is quite true." The same evening at a dinner, the Secretary of State repeated the conversation to a mutual friend and added: "He could do even better than that; he could toss a Sovereign across the Atlantic!"

The day after my arrival in Albany, President Zachary Taylor and his suite were the guests of Governor and Mrs. Fish, and the same day a dinner was given in his honor which was attended by prominent State officials. Meanwhile, a concourse of people had surrounded the mansion, anxious to see the President and to demand a speech. Old "Rough and Ready" appeared at an open window and faced the multitude, but was not as "ready" in speech as with his sword. He made a brave attempt, however, to gratify the people, but he seemed exceedingly feeble and his voice was decidedly weak. In the course of his remarks his aide and son-in-law, Colonel William W. S. Bliss, came to his rescue and prompted him, as it were, from behind the scenes; so that everything passed off, as I understood the next day, to the satisfaction of his audience. Possibly this was one of Taylor's last appearances in public, as he died the following summer.

Although Mrs. Fish was at this time a comparatively young woman, she presided over the Governor's mansion with the same grace and ease so characteristic of her career in Washington when her husband was Secretary of State under President Grant. In my opinion, and I know but few who had a better opportunity of judging, Mrs. Fish was in many respects a remarkable woman. For eight years her home was a social center, and she was regarded as the social dictator of the Grant administration. When any perplexing questions of a social nature arose during her *régime*, the general inquiry was:

"What does Mrs. Fish say?" This in time became a standing joke, but it illustrates the fact that her decisions usually were regarded as final.

One of the social leaders in New York during my younger life was Mrs. Isaac Jones, who, in her own set, was known as "Bloody Mary." Why this name was applied to her I cannot say, as she was not in the least either cruel or revengeful, as far as I knew, but on the contrary was suave and genial to an unusual degree. She lived on Broadway, directly opposite the site where the New York Hotel formerly stood, and her entertainments were both numerous and elaborate. She was one of the daughters of John Mason, who began life as a tailor but left at his death an estate valued at a million dollars, which was a large fortune for those days. Isaac Jones was president of the Chemical Manufacturing Company and later became prominently connected with the Chemical Bank of New York. A brother of Mrs. Jones married Miss Emma Wheatley, a superior young woman who, unfortunately for her father-in-law's peace of mind, was an actress. This alliance was most distasteful to the whole Mason connection, and when John Mason was approaching death George W. Strong, a prominent lawyer, was hastily summoned by his daughters to draft his will. Almost immediately following Mr. Mason's funeral a legal battle was commenced over his estate. He left outright to his three daughters their proportionate share of his fortune, but to his son who had displeased him by his marriage he devised an annuity of only fifteen hundred dollars. Charles O'Conor, the counsel for the son, in his argument in behalf of his client, said that Mr. Mason's daughters, instead of sending for a clergyman to console his dying moments, had demanded the immediate presence of a respectable lawyer, "a lawyer so respectable that throughout his entire practice he never had a poor client." Mr. O'Conor succeeded in breaking this will,

and young Mason was given his proper share in his father's estate.

One of John Mason's daughters became the wife of Gordon Hammersley, whose son Louis married the beautiful Miss Lilly Warren Price of Troy, the daughter of Commodore Cicero Price of the United States Navy. She subsequently married the Duke of Marlborough, and afterwards Lord William Beresford. The Marlborough-Hammersley ceremony was performed in this country by a justice of the peace, and the new Duchess of Marlborough went to England to live upon her husband's depleted estates. It is said that she was allowed by her late husband's family an annual income of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and Blenheim, which had long felt the strain of "decay's effacing fingers," began again, through the agency of the Hammersley wealth, to resemble the structure once occupied by that tyrant of royalty, the imperious Sarah Jennings.

Very little seemed to be known about Louis Hammersley, as he lived a retired life, and when seen in public was almost invariably accompanied by his father, Gordon Hammersley. When the two appeared upon the street, they were sometimes facetiously dubbed "Dombey and Son." They were familiar figures on Broadway, where they invariably walked arm in arm. John Hammersley, a brother of Gordon, was the æsthetic member of this well-known family. One of his pet diversions was the giving of unusual, and sometimes sensational, dinners. To celebrate the completion of the trans-continental railroad, he planned what he called a Roman dinner. His guests were furnished with togas and partook of the meal in a reclining position, like the Romans of old. This unique entertainment was, of course, thoroughly enjoyed, but did not become *à la mode* as the flowing toga could hardly compete with trim waistcoats and clinging trousers, even on festive occasions.

Fifty years ago, more or less, a house was erected in New York on the southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifteenth Street by Mrs. Charles Maverick Parker, and, to the astonishment of Gothamites, it was said to have cost one hundred thousand dollars! Later it became the home of the Manhattan Club. Many old residents visited it on its completion, as such a costly structure was regarded with nothing short of amazement. I remember it was an *on dit* of the town that upon one occasion, when Mrs. Parker was personally escorting some unusually prominent person through the mansion, she pointed to a pretty little receptacle in her bedroom and exclaimed as she passed: "That is where I keep my old shoes. I wear old shoes just as other people do." The cost and pretentiousness of her establishment caused her to be nicknamed "Mrs. House Parker." Her residence was built of brown stone, which so strongely appealed to the taste of New Yorkers that in time the same material was largely employed in the erection of dwellings. High ceilings were then much in vogue and were greatly admired. In our house in Houston Street, where I passed my late childhood and early womanhood, the ceilings were unusually high, while all of the doors were of massive mahogany set in ornamental white frames. In subsequent years I met so many persons who in former days had been our neighbors in Houston Street that I was conceited enough to designate that locality as "the cradle of the universe." Anthony Bleecker Neilson was our next-door neighbor in this famous old street, and during my life in China twin sons of his, William and Bleecker, were again my neighbors in Foo Chow, where they were both employed in the *Hong* (firm) of Oliphant & Company.

A rival to Mrs. Parker's fine house was not long in appearing. Directly opposite a stately residence was built by Mrs. Richard K. Haight which subsequently became the New York Club. A great rivalry existed between

these two matrons which even extended to hats, feathers, gowns and all the furbelows so dear to the feminine heart. In fact, the far-famed houses of Montague and Capulet could not have maintained more skillful tactics; and all the while the Gothamites looked on and smiled. A few years later Eugene Shiff, who had spent the greater portion of his life in France, built a large house on Fifth Avenue which he surmounted with a mansard roof. These pioneers having set the pace, imposing residences were erected in rapid succession, and the process has been continued until the present day.

In December, 1851, New York was agog over the arrival upon the shores of America of Louis Kossuth. As everyone knows, he was the leader of the Hungarian revolution of 1848-9, and became the first governor of the short-lived Hungarian Republic. When this was overthrown by Austria and other countries, Kossuth fled to Turkey and subsequently sailed for this country on the U. S. Frigate *Mississippi*. When his arrival became known, thousands of people thronged the streets anxious to catch a first glimpse of the distinguished foreigner. One might have fancied from the enthusiasm displayed that he was one of our own conquering heroes returning home. Americans were even more sympathetic then than now with all struggles for political freedom, as the history of our own trying experiences during the Revolution was, from a sentimental point of view, even more of a controlling influence than it is to-day. Several months later I heard Kossuth deliver an address at the National Hotel in Washington before a large assembly chiefly composed of members of Congress, when his subject was "Hungary and her woes." I vividly recall the impression produced upon his audience when, in his deeply melodious tones, he invoked the "Throne of Grace" and closed with the appealing words: "What is life without prayer?" I have never before or since observed an audience so com-

pletely under the sway of an orator, as it seemed to me that there was not a person in the room who at the moment would not have been willing to acquiesce in whatever demands or appeals he might present. Kossuth's countenance suggested such profound depression that one could readily credit the assertion he made during his remarks, "I have been trained to grief." He wore during the delivery of his address the picturesque costume of the Magyars of his country.

New York had an unsually large coterie of *littérateurs,* many of whom it was my good fortune to know. Some of these had only recently returned from Brook Farm "sadder but wiser" and, at all events, with more practical views concerning "the world's broad field of battle." Brook Farm had it origin in 1841, and completely collapsed in 1847. It was chiefly intended to be the fulfillment of a dream of the Rev. Dr. William Henry Channing of "an association in which the members, instead of preying upon one another and seeking to put one another down, after the fashion of this world, should live together as brothers, seeking one another's elevation and spiritual growth." It was essentially socialistic in its conception and execution and, although professedly altruistic in its nature, was in reality a visionary scheme which reflected but little credit upon the judgment of either its originators or its patrons. Its company was composed of "members" and "scholars," to whom may be added a celebrated list of those who sojourned at the Farm for brief periods and were known as "visitors." The whole scheme was without doubt one of the most visionary expressions of New England transcendentalism, and it failed because in the nature of things no such ventures ever have succeeded and, until human nature is essentially revolutionized, probably never can. Among its most distinguished members were Nathaniel Hawthorne, Charles A. Dana, later the brilliant and accomplished editor of *The New York*

Sun, and George Ripley. George William Curtis was one of its scholars, and among its visitors were the Rev. William Henry Channing, Margaret Fuller, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Amos Bronson Alcott, Orestes Augustus Bronson, Theodore Parker and Elizabeth P. Peabody—forming together one of the most brilliant intellectual galaxies that were ever associated in a single enterprise.

Of this number I especially recall George William Curtis, a genius of the first brilliancy and remarkable withal for his versatile conversational powers. I was talking to him on one occasion when someone inquired as to his especial work in the co-operative fold of Brook Farm. His laughing reply was, "Cleaning door knobs." George Ripley was a distinguished scholar and a prominent journalist. His wife, a daughter of Francis Dana, became a convert to Catholicism and is said to have found much to console her in that faith until her death from cancer in 1861. Margaret Fuller, though not possessed of much outward grace, was a prolific votary of the pen. I occasionally met her in society before she started on an European tour where she met her destiny in the person of the Marquis Giovanni Angelo Ossoli, to whom she was secretly married in 1847. Some years later she embarked with her husband and little boy upon a sailing vessel for America, and all were lost off the coast of New York in July, 1850. Horace Sumner, a younger brother of the distinguished Massachusetts statesman, also perished at the same time.

About 1845 I met Anne C. Lynch of Providence, who came to New York to promote her literary ambitions, and was a pleasing addition to this same intellectual circle. She was the author of several prose works and also of some poetical effusions which were published in 1848 and received high commendation. She married Vincenzo Botta, a learned Italian who at one time was a professor in the University of Turin. Their tastes were similar and the

marriage was a very happy one. They lived for many years on Thirty-seventh Street in New York, where they maintained a charming *salon*. On Sunday evenings their home was the rendezvous of many of the literary lights of the metropolis as well as of distinguished strangers. Some years before her marriage, Mrs. Botta was visiting in Washington, where she formed a friendship with Henry Clay. Upon her return to New York he committed to her care a valuable gold medal, but upon arriving at her home she discovered to her dismay that it was missing from her trunk. It was the general impression that it had been stolen from her on her way to New York. About the same time I also knew Donald G. Mitchell ("Ik Marvel"), but this was before he had entered upon his active and distinguished literary career, and when he was a temporary sojourner in New York. He was contributing at that time some much appreciated letters to various magazines under the signature of "The Lorgnette," which were subsequently republished as a volume bearing the same title.

N. P. Willis was another literary genius of the same period whom I had the pleasure of knowing. He was cordially welcomed into the social world of New York; but, unfortunately for his popularity, he wrote a prose effusion entitled, "Those Ungrateful Blidgimses," which was generally recognized as a direct attack upon two old ladies who were held in high esteem in New York. It was known to many persons that he had had a misunderstanding with them and that he had employed this manner of taking his revenge. New York society frowned upon what was generally considered his ungallant conduct, and for many years the doors of some of the most prominent houses in the city were closed against him. As I remember reading his story at the time, I thought its title was but a poor disguise, as the sisters were named Bridgens, the christian name of one of them being Cornelia,

This name was distorted into "Crinny," who, by the way, was a woman of decided ability. It was against her that the author's animosity was chiefly directed. It seems that the Misses Bridgens and Mr. Willis chanced to be sojourning at the same time in Rome, where the scene of his narrative is laid. Miss Crinny was a sufferer from an attack of Roman fever and, under these dire circumstances, Mr. Willis represents himself as her attendant, and in this capacity refuses to condone the peculiarities of the poor old lady's sick-room. His patience in gratifying her morbid fancies is graphically described in a vein of ridicule and he tells how by the hour he threaded what he terms her "imaginary locks." He also dwells at length upon her conversational powers and likens her tongue to the elasticity of an eel's tail, which would wag if it were skinned and fried. Charles Dudley Warner has described this writing of Mr. Willis as "funny but wicked"; it was more than that—it was cruel! Willis made another reference to the two sisters in his "Earnest Clay" where he speaks of "two abominable old maids by the names of Buggins and Blidgins, representing the *scan. mag.* of Florence."

The New York public was in no hurry to reopen its doors to Mr. Willis; indeed, it was not until after his marriage to Miss Cornelia Grinnell, his second wife, that he was again kindly received. I recall with much pleasure a visit I made at Mrs. Winfield Scott's in New York, after that city had ceased to be my home, when we went together to dine with Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Willis at Idlewild, their country home on the Hudson. These were the days when Mrs. Scott was sometimes facetiously called *Madame la Général.* This charming residence of Mr. Willis was several miles south of Newburgh, on high ground overlooking the river, and from its porches there was an enchanting view of West Point. Mr. Willis told us that when he first came to that vicinity he called the

attention of a countryman from whom he had purchased the land to some uncultivated acres and asked a suggestion regarding them. "That," said the man, waving his hand in the direction of the trees, "is nothing but an Idlewild." The word lingered in Mr. Willis's mind, and he subsequently adopted it as the name of his new home.

While living in New York we frequently attended parties at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Butler in Washington Place. He was an elegant gentleman of the old school and had served as Attorney General in the cabinets of Presidents Jackson and Van Buren. They were people of deep religious convictions, and consequently all their entertainments were conducted upon the strictest code of the day. For example, dancing was never permitted and wine was never served. In place of dancing there was a continuous promenade. I generally attended these parties accompanied by my father, who enjoyed meeting the legal lights of the country, some of whom were always there. Exceptionally handsome suppers were served at these entertainments, and every effort was made by Mr. and Mrs. Butler to make up, as it were, for the lack of dancing which was sorely missed by those more gayly inclined.

A hundred thousand dollars was considered a highly respectable fortune in New York between sixty and seventy years ago. Seven per cent. was the usual rate of interest, the cost of living was low, and life was, of course, much simpler in every way. I recall a prominent young man about this period, Henry Carroll Marx, commonly called "Dandy Marx," who was said to be the happy possessor of the amount I have named. He was devoted to horses and from his home on Broadway he could frequently be seen driving tandem on the cobblestone streets. I do not remember his entering the social arena; possibly he avoided it in order to escape the wiles of designing mothers, whom one occasionally encountered

even in those ancient days. His faultless attire, which in elegance surpassed all his rivals, won for him the nickname of "Dandy." He also rendered himself conspicuous as the first gentleman in New York to wear the long, straight, and pointed waxed mustache. His two maiden sisters were inseparable companions and nearly every day could be seen walking on Broadway. Miss Lydia Kane, one of the wits of my day and of whom I have already spoken, facetiously called them "number 11"—two straight marks!

In 1845 Burton's Theater was an unfailing source of delight to the pleasure-loving public. William E. Burton was an Englishman of rare cultivation, and was the greatest comedian New York had ever known. Although so gifted, his expression of countenance was one of extreme gravity. His presentation of Aminadab Sleek in the "Serious Family" has, in my opinion, never been surpassed. He frequently acted in minor comedies, but the "Serious Family" was his greatest *rôle*. Niblo's Garden on Broadway, near Houston Street, was a source of great delight in those days to all Gothamites. It was in this theater that the Ravel family had its remarkable athletic performances. When I recall their graceful, youthful physiques, I am reminded of Hamlet's philosophical musings in the graveyard: "Where be your gibes now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar?" P. T. Barnum was a conspicuous figure about this time. His museum was on Broadway, at the corner of Ann Street, and not far from the City Hall. He was considered a prince of humbugs and perhaps gloried in his reputation as such. I distinctly remember the excitement which he created over a mummified old colored woman who, he asserted, had been a nurse of Washington, and to whom he gave the name of Joice Heth. She was undoubtedly a very aged negress, but she still retained full powers of articu-

lation and was well coached to reply in an intelligent manner to the numerous inquiries respecting her pretended charge. It is needless to add that she was only one of Barnum's numerous fakes.

Philip Kearny, a handsome gentleman of a former school, who lived at the corner of Broadway and Leonard Street, was a lavish entertainer. He was a widower when I knew him, but his daughter, the wife of Major Alexander S. Macomb, U. S. A., the son and aide of Major General Alexander Macomb, Commander-in-Chief of the Army, lived with him. Major Macomb was conspicuous for his attractive personality and imposing presence and was said to bear a striking resemblance to Prince Albert, the father of Edward VII. His wife was one of the three heirs of John Watts, who owned a princely estate. The other two were her brother, the gallant General Philip Kearny, and her cousin, General John Watts de Peyster, a son of that most accomplished gentleman, Frederick de Peyster, of whom I have already spoken. Mrs. Macomb was a generous and attractive woman who dispensed with a liberal hand the wealth she had inherited. Her pretty cousins, Mary and Nancy Kearny, whom I knew quite well, daughters of her father's brothers, were her constant guests. Another frequent visitor of this household was Mrs. "Phil" Kearny, as she was invariably called, whose maiden name was Diana Moore Bullitt, a famous Kentucky belle, well-known for her grace and intellectual attractions. Her sister Eloise, usually called "Lou" Bullitt by her intimate friends, married Baron Frederick de Kantzow of Sweden, a courtly foreigner who had commercial relations with the merchant princes of New York. Tradition states that the Baroness de Kantzow, though not possessed of Mrs. Kearny's beauty, was a more successful slayer of hearts than her sister, and it is said that she had adorers by the score. A third Bullitt sister, Mary, married General Henry Atkinson and after his death

Major Adam Duncan Steuart, both of the United States Army, the latter of whom was stationed for many years at Fort Leavenworth.

Mrs. Macomb's health failed at an early period of life and to restore it she sought a foreign clime; but, alas, her many friends were never gladdened again by her kindly welcome, as she died abroad. In my young womanhood I frequently attended parties at the Kearny house where dancing and other social pleasures enlivened the scene. In this connection it seems proper to refer at greater length to John Watts and his interesting trio of daughters. I have already spoken of his son Robert, who died unmarried at an early age. His two older daughters, Susanna, wife of Philip Kearny, and Mary Justina, wife of Frederick de Peyster, did not long survive their marriages; but a third daughter, Elizabeth, the wife of Henry Laight, who never had children, lived many years with her father and managed the affairs of his household. An amusing story was told me many years ago regarding Mrs. Laight which is well worthy of mention. As a young girl she was deeply in love with the young man who eventually became her husband, but her father was so devoted to her and so very dependent upon her that he violently opposed her marrying anyone. Accordingly, a secret marriage was planned by the young people to take place in Trinity Church. As the youthful pair was standing in front of the altar, surrounded by a few sympathetic friends, the rector reached the words, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" when, to the astonishment of the assembled group, a gruff, loud voice in the rear of the church shouted "I do." Old John Watts had opposed his daughter's marriage with all his might, but when he learned by chance that she was to be married clandestinely, he graciously accepted the inevitable and without the knowledge of anyone hurried to the church and, entering it by a side door, duly performed his part

as just related. This anecdote was told me by Arent Schuyler de Peyster, a distant cousin of General John Watts de Peyster. Many years later, when I repeated it to Mrs. Diana Bullitt Kearny, she remarked in her characteristic manner: "He was mean enough not to even allow her the satisfaction of a runaway marriage." This estimate of his character, however, does not seem to agree with that given by others. The Laights were prominent in New York society. One of them, Edward Laight, whom I knew as a society beau, was remarkably handsome. He was a good deal of a flirt and transferred his affections with remarkable facility from one young woman to another. His sister married a Greek, Mr. Eugene Dutilh, a gentleman of culture and refinement, who owned a beautiful place at Garrison's-on-the-Hudson which he sold about 1861 to Hamilton Fish.

Philip Kearny and his family lived next door to Peter A. Jay, and I frequently met the young people of his household at Mrs. Macomb's parties. Gouverneur Morris, a son of the distinguished statesman, and Edward Kearny were *habitués* of this establishment, as were also Ridley and Essex Watts, both of whom I knew well. General "Phil" Kearny from his youthful days was an enthusiastic soldier, but he was not a graduate of West Point, having been appointed to the regular army from civil life by President Van Buren in 1837. He served throughout the Mexican War, where he had the misfortune to lose an arm at the battle of Churubusco, and was killed during the Civil War in 1862 at the battle of Chantilly.

Speaking of General Macomb, I am reminded of a social *on dit* of many years ago. Mrs. August Belmont (Caroline Slidell Perry) lived in a fine house on Fifth Avenue and frequently gave large receptions. His sister, Sarah Perry, subsequently Mrs. R. S. Rodgers, was an early friend of mine. The elegant Major Alexander S. Macomb, who was his father's namesake and aide, on entering Mrs. Belmont's

drawing-room was unfortunate enough to brush against a handsome vase and completely shatter it. It was generally conceded that his hostess was conscious of the disaster, but "was mistress of herself though China fall" and appeared entirely unconscious of the mishap. Some months later at the house of Lady Cunard (Mary McEvers), a similar accident happened. The unfortunate guest, however, in this case was immediately approached by his hostess, who with much elegant grace begged him not to be disturbed as the damage was trifling. Immediately society began an animated discussion, when even the judicial powers of Solomon might have found it embarrassing to decide which of the two women should be accorded the greater degree of *savoir faire.*

In 1844, accompanied by my father, I attended the wedding of Estelle Livingston, daughter of John Swift Livingston, to John Watts de Peyster. At the time of this marriage, Mr. de Peyster was considered the finest *parti* in the city; while, apart from his great wealth, he was so unusually talented that it was generally believed a brilliant future awaited him. It was a home wedding, and the drawing-room was well filled with the large family connection and other invited guests. At this time Mr. Livingston was a widower, but his sister Maria, Mrs. John C. Stevens of Hoboken, did the honors of the occasion for her brother. The young bride presented a charming appearance in all her finery, and at the bountiful collation following the ceremony champagne flowed freely. This, however, was no unusual thing, as that beverage was generally seen at every entertainment in those good old days. Mrs. John C. Stevens lived at one time in Barclay Street, and I have heard numerous stories concerning her eccentricities. In 1849 she gave a fancy-dress ball but, as she had failed to revise her visiting list in many years, persons who had long been dead were among her invited guests. She was especially peculiar in her mode of dress, which

was not always adapted to her social position. It is therefore not at all surprising that unfortunate mistakes were occasionally made in regard to her identity. Another of her eccentricities consisted in the fact that she positively refused, when shopping, to recognize even her most intimate friends, as she said it was simply impossible for her to combine business with pleasure. In spite of her peculiarities, however, she possessed unusual social charm. Her husband was prominent in society and business circles. He was founder of the New York Yacht Club as well as its first president, and commanded the *America* in the memorable race in England in 1851, which won the celebrated cup that Sir Thomas Lipton and other English yachtsmen have failed to restore to their native land. Mary Livingston, the younger daughter of John Swift Livingston, was a *petite* beauty. She married a distant relative, a son of Maturin Livingston. I am told that her brother, Johnston Livingston, is still living in New York at a very advanced age.

Joseph Kemmerer's band was an indispensable adjunct to all social gatherings in the days of which I am speaking. The number of instruments used was always in proportion to the size of the entertainment. The inspiring airs of Strauss and Labitzky, then in vogue, were popular with the younger set. These airs bring back pleasant memories, as I have frequently danced to them. The waltz in my day was a fine art and its votaries were numerous. I recall the fact that Edward James of Albany, a witty young gentleman with whom I occasionally danced, was such a devotee to the waltz that, not possessing sufficient will power to resist its charms and having a delicate constitution, he nearly danced himself into another world. Two attractive young brothers, Thomas H. and Daniel Messinger, who were general beaux in society, played their parts most successfully in the social world by their graceful dancing, and no ball was considered com-

plete without their presence. These brothers were associated in the umbrella industry, and Miss Lydia Kane, some of whose witty remarks I have already quoted, dubbed them the "reigning beaux!" Daniel Messinger eventually married Miss Elizabeth Coles Neilson, a daughter of Anthony Bleecker Neilson, and became a Lieutenant Colonel in the Union Army during the Civil War.

The British Consul General in New York from 1817 to 1843 was James Buchanan. He was Irish by birth, and many young British subjects visiting the United States made his home their headquarters. He had several daughters and, as the whole family was social in its tastes, I often enjoyed meeting these sturdy representatives of John Bull at his house. Those I knew best came from "the land of brown heath and shaggy wood," as in our family we were naturally partial to Scotchmen and, as a rule, regarded them as desirable acquaintances. Many of these were graduates of Glasgow University and young men of unusual culture and refinement. I especially remember Mr. McCorquodale, a nephew of Dr. Thomas Chalmers, the distinguished Presbyterian Divine of Scotland. He met his future wife in New York in the person of a wealthy and attractive widow. Her maiden name I do not recall, although I am acquainted with certain facts concerning her lineage. She was the granddaughter of Madame de Genlis.

I doubt whether any of these young Scotchmen whom I met remained permanently in this country, as they always seemed too loyal to the "Land o' Cakes" to entirely expatriate themselves. Another young Scotchman, Mr. Dundas, whom I knew quite well through the Buchanans, embarked for his native land on board the steamer *President.* This ship sailed in the spring of 1841 and never reached her destination. What became of her was never known and her fate remains to this day one of the mysteries of the sea. In the fall of 1860 the U. S. man-of-

war *Levant,* on her voyage from the Hawaiian Islands to Panama, disappeared in the same mysterious manner in the Pacific Ocean; and, as was the case with the *President,* no human being aboard of her was ever heard of again. There were many conjectures in regard to the fate of this ship, but the true story of her doom has never been revealed. I remember two of the officers who perished with her. One of them was Lieutenant Edward C. Stout, who had married a daughter of Commodore John H. Aulick, U. S. N., and whose daughters, the Misses Julia and Minnie Stout, are well remembered in Washington social circles; and the other was Purser Andrew J. Watson, who was a member of one of the old residential families of the District of Columbia.

CHAPTER VIII

WASHINGTON IN THE FORTIES

MY first visit to Washington was in 1845. I started from New York at eight o'clock in the morning and reached Philadelphia late the same afternoon. I broke the journey by spending the night at Jones's Hotel in the lower part of the city, which was the usual stopping place of travelers who made this trip. A few years later when the journey from New York to Washington was made in twelve hours, it was thought that almost a miracle had been performed.

Mrs. Winfield Scott in 1855 characterized the National Capital as "an ill-contrived, ill-arranged, rambling, scrambling village"; and it was certainly all of that when I first saw it. It is not improbable that the cause of this condition of affairs was a general feeling of uncertainty as to whether Washington would remain the permanent seat of government, especially as the West was naturally clamoring for a more centrally located capital. When I first visited the city the ubiquitous real-estate agent had not yet materialized, and corner lots, now so much in demand, could be purchased at a small price. Taxation was moderate and Congress, then as now, held itself responsible for one-half of the taxes. As land was cheap there was no necessity for economy in its use, and spacious fronts were built regardless of back-buildings. In other cases, when one's funds were limited, the rear of the house was first built and later a more imposing front was added. The contrast between the houses of New York, built closely together in blocks, and those in Washington, with the abundant space around them, was a great sur-

prise to me. Unlike many other cities, land in Washington, then, as now, was sold and taxed by the square foot.

My elder sister Fanny had married Charles Eames, Esq., of the Washington Bar, and my visit was to her. Mr. Eames entered Harvard in 1827 when less than sixteen years of age, and was a classmate of Wendell Phillips and of John Lothrop Motley, the historian. The distinguished Professor of Harvard University, Andrew P. Peabody, LL. D., in referring to him many years after his death said that he was "the first scholar of his class, and was regarded as a man of unlimited power of acquisition, and of marked ability as a public speaker." After leaving Harvard he studied law, but ill health prevented him from practicing his profession. He accompanied to Washington George Bancroft, President Polk's Secretary of the Navy, by whom he was made principal correspondence clerk of the Navy Department. He remained there but a few months when he became associate editor of *The Washington Union* under the well-known Thomas Ritchie, usually known as "Father Ritchie." He was subsequently appointed by Polk a commissioner to negotiate a treaty with the Hawaiian Islands, and took passage upon the U. S. Frigate *Savannah* and sailed, by way of Cape Horn, for San Francisco. He unexpectedly found awaiting his arrival in that city Dr. Gerrit P. Judd, Prime Minister of the King, with two young Hawaiian princes. After the treaty was made, he returned east and for six months edited *The Nashville Union,* when he again assumed charge of *The Washington Union.* President Pierce subsequently appointed him Minister to Venezuela, where he remained until 1859, and then returned to Washington, where he practiced his profession for the remainder of his life. It was while arguing an important case before the Supreme Court that he was stricken, and he died on the 16th of March, 1867. He sustained a high reputation as an admiralty lawyer as well as for his knowledge of inter-

national jurisprudence. I have now before me a letter addressed to his widow by Wendell Phillips only three days after his death. It is one of the valued possessions of Mr. Eames's daughter, who is my niece and the wife of that genial Scotchman, Alexander Penrose Gordon-Cumming. It reads:

QUINCY, Illinois, March 19, 1867.

My dear friend,

I have just crossed from the other side of the Mississippi, and am saddened by learning from the papers my old and dear friend's death.

The associations that bind us together go back many, many years. We were boys together in sunny months full of frolic, plans and hopes. The merriment and the seriousness, the toil and the ambition of those days all cluster round him as memory brings him to me in the flush of his youth. I have seen little of him of late years, as you know, but the roots of our friendship needed no constant care; they were too strong to die or wilt, and when we did meet it was always with the old warmth and intimacy. I feel more alone in the world now he has gone. One by one the boy's comrades pass over the river and life loses with each some of its interest.

I was hoping in coming years, as life grew less busy, to see more of my old playmate, and this is a very unexpected blow. Be sure I sympathize with you most tenderly, and could not resist the impulse to tell you so. Little as we have met, I owe to your kind and frank interest in me a sense of very warm and close relation to you—feel as if I had known you ever so many years. I hope our paths may lead us more together so that I may learn to know you better and gather some more distinct ideas of Eames' later years. All his youth I have by heart.

With most affectionate regards believe me

Very faithfully yours,

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Mrs. Eames.

I think women never fully realize the strange tenderness with which men cling to college mates. No mat-

ter how much opinions or residence separate grown-up men, to have been classmates is a tie that like blood never loosens. Any man that has a heart feels it thrill at the sight of one of *those* comrades. Later friendships may be close, never so tender—this makes boys of us again at any moment. Unfamiliar tears obey its touch, and a singular sense of loneliness settles down on survivors—Good-bye.

The young Hawaiian princes to whom I have just referred and who, by the way, were mere boys, accompanied Dr. Judd to New York where my younger brother, Malcolm, thinking he might make the acquaintance of some genial playmates, called to see them. Upon his return from his visit his only criticism was, "those dusky princes certainly give themselves airs."

My sister, Mrs. Eames, lived in a house on G Street near Twenty-first Street in what was then known as the First Ward. This general section, together with a part of Indiana Avenue, some portions of Capitol Hill, Sixth and Seventh Streets, and all of that part of the city bounded on the north by K Street, on the south by Pennsylvania Avenue, and westward of Fourteenth Street to Georgetown, was at this time the fashionable section of the city. Like many other places in its formative period, Washington then presented the picture of fine dwelling houses and shanties standing side by side. I remember, for example, that as late as 1870 a fine residence on the corner of I and Fifteenth Streets was located next to a small frame house occupied by a colored undertaker. The latter's business was prosperous, but his wealthy neighbor objected to the constant reminder of death caused by seeing from his fine bay window the numerous coffins carried in and out. He asked the undertaker to name his price for his property, but he declined, and all of his subsequent offers were ignored. Finally, after several years' patient waiting, during which offer after offer had been politely but positively rejected, the

last one being an almost princely sum, the owner sold his home and moved away, leaving his humble neighbor in triumphant possession. This is simply a fair example of the conditions existing in Washington when I first knew it.

Two rows of houses on Pennsylvania Avenue, known as the "Six and Seven Buildings," were fashionable dwellings. Admiral David D. Porter, then a Lieutenant in the Navy, occupied one of them. Miss Catharine L. Brooke kept a girls' school in another, while still another was the residence of William Lee of Massachusetts. I have been informed that while serving in a consular office abroad, under the appointment of President Monroe, Mr. Lee was commissioned by him to select a dinner set for the White House.

Architects, if I remember correctly, were almost unknown in Washington at this time. When a person was sufficiently venturesome to build a house for himself, he selected a residence suited to his tastes and directed a builder to erect one like it. Speculative building was entirely unknown, and if any resident of the District had embarked upon such a venture he would have been regarded as the victim of a vivid but disordered fancy.

Mrs. C. R. Latimer kept a fashionable boarding house in a large brick dwelling facing Lafayette Square where the Belasco Theater now stands. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish boarded with her while the former was a Representative in Congress, and Mr. and Mrs. Sanders Irving, so well and favorably known to all old Washingtonians, also made this house their home. Many years later it was the residence of William H. Seward, and he was living there when the memorable attempt was made in 1865 to assassinate him. As is well known, it subsequently became the home of James G. Blaine. When Hamilton Fish was elected to the Senate, he purchased a house on H Street, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth Streets, which was afterwards known as the "Porter house."

Previously it had been owned and occupied by General "Phil" Kearny.

The shops of Washington in 1845 were not numerous, and were located chiefly upon Pennsylvania Avenue, Seventh Street then being a residential section. The most prominent dry-goods store was kept by Darius Clagett at the corner of Ninth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue. Mr. Clagett, invariably cordial and courteous, always stood behind his counter, and I have had many pleasant chats with him while making my purchases. Although he kept an excellent selection of goods, it was usually the custom for prominent Washington folk to make their larger purchases in Baltimore. A little later Walter Harper kept a dry-goods store on Pennsylvania Avenue, near Eighth Street, and some years later two others appeared, one kept by William M. Shuster on Pennsylvania Avenue, first between Seventh and Eighth Streets, and later between Ninth and Tenth; and the other by Augustus and Thomas Perry on the corner of Ninth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue. Charles Demonet, the confectioner, made his appearance a little later on Pennsylvania Avenue, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth Streets; but Charles Gautier, on Pennsylvania Avenue, between Twelfth and Thirteenth Streets, was his successful rival and was regarded more favorably in aristocratic circles. Madame Marguerite M. Delarue kept a shop on the north side of the same avenue, also between Twelfth and Thirteenth Streets, where small articles of dress dear to the feminine heart could be bought. There were several large grocery stores on the south side of Pennsylvania Avenue, between Sixth and Seventh Streets. Benjamin L. Jackson and Brother were the proprietors of one and James L. Barbour and John A. Hamilton of another, although the two latter had their business house at an earlier day on Louisiana Avenue. Louis Vavans was the accomplished cook and caterer, and sent to their rooms the

meals of many persons temporarily residing in Washington. Joseph Redfern, his son-in-law, kept a grocery store in the First Ward. Franck Taylor, the father of the late Rear Admiral Henry C. Taylor, U. S. N., was the proprietor of a book store on Pennsylvania Avenue, near Four-and-a-Half Street, where many of the scholarly men of the day congregated to discuss literary and current topics. His store had a bust of Sir Walter Scott over its door, and he usually kept his front show-windows closed to prevent the light from fading the bindings of his books. The Center Market was located upon the same site as at present, but of course it has since been greatly enlarged and improved. All the stores on Louisiana Avenue sold at retail. I remember the grocery store of J. Harrison Semmes on Ninth Street and Louisiana Avenue, opposite the Center Market; and the hardware store kept by Joseph Savage on Pennsylvania Avenue, between Sixth and Seventh Streets, and at another time between Third and Fourth Streets.

On Fifteenth Street opposite the Treasury was another well-known boarding house, conducted by Mrs. Ulrich and much patronized by members of the Diplomatic Corps. Willard's Hotel was just around the corner on the site of the New Willard, and its proprietor was Caleb Willard. Brown's Hotel, farther down town, on Pennsylvania Avenue and Sixth Street, was a popular rendezvous for Congressional people. It was first called the Indian Queen, and was kept by that prince of hosts, Jesse Brown. After his death the name was changed to the Metropolitan.

The National Hotel on the opposite corner was the largest hostelry in Washington. It boasted of a large Southern *cliéntèle,* and until President Buchanan's administration enjoyed a very prosperous career. Subsequent to Buchanan's inauguration, however, a mysterious epidemic appeared among the guests of the house which the physicians of the District failed to satisfactorily diagnose. It

became commonly known as the "National Hotel disease," and resulted in numerous deaths. A notice occasionally appeared in the current newspapers stating that the deceased had died from this malady. Mrs. Robert Greenhow, in her book published in London during the Civil War, entitled "My Imprisonment and the First Years of Abolition Rule at Washington," attributes the epidemic to the machinations of the Republicans, who were desirous of disposing of President Buchanan. John Gadsby was its proprietor at one time, from whom it usually went by the name of "Gadsby's." President Buchanan was one of its guests on the eve of his inauguration.

When I first knew Washington, slavery was in full sway and, with but few exceptions, all servants were colored. The wages of a good cook were only six or seven dollars a month, but their proficiency in the culinary art was remarkable. I remember once hearing Count Adam Gurowski, who had traversed the European continent, remark that he had never anywhere tasted such cooking as in the South. The grace of manner of many of the elderly male slaves of that day would, indeed, have adorned a court. When William L. Marcy, who, although a master in statesmanship and diplomacy, was not especially gifted in external graces, was taking final leave of the clerks in the War Department, where as Secretary he had rendered such distinguished services under President Polk, he shook hands with an elderly colored employee named Datcher, who had formerly been a body servant to President Monroe, and said: "Good-bye, Datcher; if I had had your manners I should have left more friends behind me." Some years later, and after my marriage into the Gouverneur family, I had the good fortune to have passed down to me a venerable colored man who had served my husband's family for many years and whose name was "Uncle James." His manner at times was quite overpowering. On entering my drawing-room on one occasion

to greet George Newell, brother-in-law and guest of ex-Governor Marcy, I found him seated upon a sofa and apparently engaged in a "brown study." Referring at once to "Uncle James," he inquired: "Who is that man?" Upon my replying, "An old family servant," he remarked: "Well, he is the most polite man I have ever met."

Some years later my sister, Mrs. Eames, moved into a house on the corner of H and Fourteenth Streets, which she and her husband had built and which she occupied until her death in 1890. I naturally shrink from dwelling in detail upon her charm of manner and social career, and prefer rather to quote an extract from a sketch which appeared in one of the newspapers just after her death:

. . . During the twenty-eight years of her married life in Washington Mrs. Eames's house was one of the favorite resorts of the most conspicuous and interesting men of the nation; it was a species of neutral ground where men of all parties and shades of political opinion found it agreeable to foregather. Though at first in moderate circumstances and living in a house which rented for less than $300 a year, there was no house in Washington except, perhaps, the President's, where one was sure of meeting any evening throughout the year so many people of distinction.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcy were devoted to Mrs. Eames; her *salon* was almost the daily resort of Edward Everett, Rufus Choate, Charles Sumner, Secretary [James] Guthrie, Governor [John A.] Andrews of Massachusetts, Winter Davis, Caleb Cushing, Senator Preston King, N. P. Banks, and representative men of that ilk. Mr. [Samuel J.] Tilden when in Washington was often their guest. The gentlemen, who were all on the most familiar terms with the family, were in the habit of bringing their less conspicuous friends from time to time, thus making it quite the most attractive *salon* that has been seen in Washington since the death of Mrs. Madison, and made such without any of the attractions of wealth or luxury.

Mrs. Charles Eames, neé Campbell, by Gambadella.

Owned by Mrs. Gordon-Cumming.

The relations thus established with the public men of the country at her fireside were strengthened and enriched by a voluminous correspondence. Her father, who was a very accomplished man, had one of the largest and choicest private libraries in New York, of which, from the time she could read, Mrs. Eames had the freedom; in this library she spent more time than anyone else, and more than anywhere else, until her marriage. As a consequence, it is no disparagement to any one else to say that during her residence there she was intellectually quite the most accomplished woman in Washington. Her epistolary talent was famous in her generation.

Her correspondence if collected and published would prove to have been not less voluminous than Mme. de Sevigné's and, in point of literary art, in no particular inferior to that of the famous French woman.

After three or four months spent in Washington, I returned to my home in New York; and several years later, in the spring of 1848, suffered one of the severest ordeals of my life. I refer to my father's death. No human being ever entered eternity more beloved or esteemed than he, and as I look back to my life with him I realize that I was possibly more blessed than I deserved to be permitted to live with such a well-nigh perfect character and to know him familiarly. From my earliest childhood I was accustomed to see the sorrowing and oppressed come to him for advice. He was especially qualified to perform such a function owing to his long tenure of the office of Surrogate. Widows and orphans who could not afford litigation always found in him a faithful friend. With a capacity of feeling for the wrongs of others as keenly as though inflicted upon himself, his sympathy invariably assumed a practical form and he accordingly left behind him hosts of sorrowing and grateful hearts. A short time before his death I visited a dying widow, a devoted Roman Catholic, whom from time to time my father had assisted. When I was about to leave, she said:

"Say to your father I hope to meet him among the just made perfect." This remark of a poor woman has been to me through all these years a greater consolation than any public tribute or imposing eulogy. Finely chiseled monuments and fulsome epitaphs are not to be compared with the benediction of grateful hearts.

The funeral services were conducted, according to the custom of sixty years ago, by the Rev. Dr. William Adams and the Rev. Dr. Philip Milledoler. Members of the bar and many prominent residents of New York, including his two physicians, Doctors John W. Francis and Campbell F. Stewart, walked behind the coffin, which, by the way, was not placed in a hearse but was carried to the Second Street Cemetery, where his remains were temporarily placed. There were six clergymen present at his funeral—the Rev. Doctors Thomas De Witt, Thomas E. Vermilye, Philip Milledoler, William Adams, John Knox and George H. Fisher, all ministers of the Reformed Dutch Church except the Rev. Dr. Adams, the distinguished Presbyterian divine.

I find myself almost instinctively returning to the Scott family as associated with the most cherished memories of some of the happiest days of my life. During my childhood I formed a close intimacy with Cornelia Scott, the second daughter of the distinguished General, which continued until the close of her life. When I first knew the family it made its winter home in New York at the American Hotel, then a fashionable hostelry kept by William B. Cozzens, on the corner of Barclay Street and Broadway. In the summer the family resided at Hampton, the old Mayo place near Elizabeth in New Jersey, where they kept open house. Colonel John Mayo of Richmond, whose daughter Maria was the wife of General Scott, had purchased this country seat many years before as a favor to his wife, Miss Abigail De Hart of New Jersey, and Mrs. Scott subsequently inherited it. Colonel

John Mayo, who was a citizen of large wealth and great prominence, was so public-spirited that not long subsequent to the Revolutionary War, and entirely at his own expense, he built from his own plans a bridge across the James River at Richmond. I have heard Mrs. Scott graphically describe her father's trips from Richmond to Elizabeth in his coach-of-four with outriders and grooms, and his enthusiastic reception when he reached his destination.

I have frequently heard it said that Mrs. Scott as a young woman refused the early offers of marriage from the man who eventually became her husband because his rank in the army was too low to suit her taste, but that she finally relented when he became a General. I am able to contradict this statement as Mrs. Scott told me with her own lips that she never made his acquaintance until he was a General, in spite of the fact that they were both natives of the same State. This did not by any means, however, indicate a marriage late in life, as General Scott became a Brigadier General on the 9th of March, 1814, when he was between twenty-seven and twenty-eight years of age. In the *Sentinel,* published in Newark, New Jersey, on the 25th of March, 1817, the following marriage notice appears:

Married—at Belleville, Virginia, at the seat of Col. Mayo, General Winfield Scott of the U. S. Army to Miss Maria D. Mayo.

Mrs. Scott's record as a belle was truly remarkable, and in the latter years of her life when I knew her very intimately she still retained traces of great beauty. Her accomplishments, too, were extraordinary for that period. She was not only a skilled performer upon the piano and harp, but also a linguist of considerable proficiency, while her grace of manner and brilliant powers of repartee

added greatly to her social charms. On one occasion during Polk's administration she attended a levee at the White House, and as she passed down the line with the other guests she received an enthusiastic welcome and was soon so completely surrounded by an admiring throng that for a while Mrs. Polk was left very much to herself. It was Mrs. Scott who wrote in the album of a friend the verse entitled, "The Two Faults of Men." Two other verses were written under it several years later by the Hon. William C. Somerville of Maryland, at one time our Minister to Sweden, and the author of "Letters from Paris on the Causes and Consequences of the French Revolution."

Women have many faults,
The men have only two;
There's nothing right they say,
And nothing right they do.

Reply

That men are naughty rogues we know,
The girls are roguish, too.
They watch each other wondrous well
In everything they do.

But if we men do nothing right,
And never say what's true,
What precious fools you women are
To love us as you do.

Many years ago General and Mrs. Scott traveled with their youthful family through Europe, and while at the French Capital Mrs. Scott attended a fancy-dress ball where she represented Pocahontas and was called *La belle sauvage.* I have talked to two elderly officers of our Army, Colonel John M. Fessenden and General John B. Magruder, the latter subsequently of Confederate fame, and both of them told me that at this entertainment she was an object of general admiration. Many years later, long after Mrs. Scott's death, I was visiting her daughter,

Mrs. Henry L. Scott, for the last time at the old Elizabeth home, accompanied by my young daughter Maud, when the latter was invited to a fancy-dress ball given to children at the residence of General George Herbert Pegram. At first I was at my wits' end to devise a suitable gown for her to wear, when Mrs. Scott brought out the historic fancy dress worn by her mother so many years before in Paris and gave it to me. It seems almost needless to add that the child wore the dress, and that I have it now carefully put away among my treasured possessions. Many years subsequent to Mrs. Scott's visit to Paris, her sister, Mrs. Robert Henry Cabell of Richmond, published for the benefit of a charity her letters written from abroad to her family in Virginia, containing many interesting recollections of Paris.

At the beginning of the Mexican War the Scotts were living in New York but, for a reason I do not now recall, Mrs. Scott decided to spend a winter during the General's absence in Philadelphia. She secured a portion of a furnished house at 111 South Sixth Street, and in the spring of 1847 I was invited to be her guest. The evening of the day of my arrival I attended a party at the residence of Judge John Meredith Read, a descendant of George Read, a Signer from Delaware. Upon the urgent request of Mrs. Scott I went to this entertainment entirely alone, as she and her daughter Cornelia were indisposed and she wished her household to be represented. Judge Read was a widower and some years later I renewed my acquaintance with him in Washington. During my visit in Philadelphia, Mrs. Scott was suddenly called away and hesitated about leaving us two young girls in the house alone, her younger daughters being absent at school. Finally, she made arrangements for us to spend the days of her absence in Burlington, New Jersey, with Miss Susan Wallace, a friend of hers and a niece of the Hon. William Bradford, Attorney-General during a portion of Wash-

ington's last administration. This, however, was not altogether a satisfactory arrangement for us young people and we became decidedly restless, but to Burlington we went just the same. Meanwhile, news came from Mexico of a great American victory and the public went wild with enthusiasm. Philadelphia made plans to celebrate the glad event on a certain evening, and Cornelia Scott and I decided to return to Philadelphia for the festivities. We carefully planned the trip and took as our protector a faithful colored man named Lee. Arabella Griffith, an adopted daughter of Miss Wallace, also accompanied us, and as another companion we took Mrs. Scott's pet dog *Gee* whom, before the evening was over, we found to be very troublesome. We made the trip to Philadelphia by water and landed in an out-of-the-way portion of the city. Owing to the dense crowds assembled to view the decorations, illuminations and fireworks, we were unable to procure a carriage and consequently were obliged to walk, while, to cap the climax, in pushing through the crowd we lost Miss Griffith. General Scott's name was upon the lips of everyone, and his pictures were seen hanging from many windows; yet the daughter of the hero who was the cause of all the enthusiasm was a simple wayfarer, rubbing elbows with the multitude, unrecognized and entirely ignored. I may state, by the way, that Arabella Griffith subsequently became the wife of General Francis C. Barlow and that, while her husband was fighting the battles of his country during the Civil War, she did noble service in the Union hospitals as a member of the United States Sanitary Commission, and died in the summer of 1864 from a fever contracted in the hospitals of the Army of the Potomac.

I remained in Philadelphia much longer than I had originally anticipated, and unexpected warm weather found me totally unprepared. I immediately wrote to my sister Margaret and asked her to send me some suitable

apparel. Her letter in reply to mine, which I insert, gives something of an idea of New York society of that period. As she was quite a young girl her references to Miss Julia Gerard whom she knew quite well and "Old Leslie Irving," who, by the way, was only a young man, must be regarded merely as the silly utterances of extreme youth:—

Dear Sister,

I received your letter and as it requires an immediate answer, I shall commence writing you one. I believe in my last I mentioned to you that I was going to Virginia Wood's [Mrs. John L. Rogers] the following evening. I went with [William B.] Clerke [a young broker] and had quite a pleasant time. There were two young ladies there from Virginia whose names I do not know, Dr. Augustine Smith's daughter, myself, Mr. Galliher, Mr. Rainsford, Mr. Bannister and Mr. Pendleton [John Pendleton of Fredericksburg, Virginia]. I was introduced to the latter and liked him quite well. I had a long talk with him. His manners are entirely too coquettish to suit me; he does nothing but shrug his shoulders and roll up his eyes—perhaps it is a Virginia custom. He seems to think Miss Gerard [Julia, daughter of James W. Gerard] his *belle* ideal or *beau* ideal of everything lovely, etc. I told him that I thought her awful, that she had such an inanimate sickly expression, and I abused her at a great rate! I expect he thinks I am a regular devil!

Tonight I am going to the opera. "Lucretia Borgia" is to be performed. I have learned a song from Lucia. So you can imagine how much the rooster has improved!

On Thursday evening I was at the Moore's [Dr. William Moore]. Frank Bucknor came for me and brought me home. His sister [Cornelia Bucknor, subsequently the wife of Professor John Howard Van Amringe of Columbia College] was there, Beek Fish [Beekman Fish], Bayard Fish, Dr. [Adolphus] Follin, old Leslie Irving and Frank Van Rensselaer. Miss Moore told me that May came for us that evening to go to the Academy. I am dreadfully sorry that you will not be able to go to the Kemble [Mrs.

William Kemble] ball; they are going to have it on Monday. I dare say it will be very pleasant and old Chrystie will be there. Emily B. [Emily Bucknor] and Frank [Bucknor] are going.

My hat has come home, and it is very pretty; it is a sherred blue crape, without any ribbon—trimmed very simply with blue crape and illusion mixed and the same inside.

Mrs. William Le Roy has been to see you. Ma thinks that you had better come home when you first expected—on Tuesday or Wednesday. I am very much disappointed that you are not here to go to the Kembles as you have a dress to wear.

You can tell Adeline [Adeline Camilla Scott], if you please, that Mr. Pendleton wants to know the use of sending her to school when her head is filled with beaux and parties. I told him her mother did it to keep her out of mischief. Bucknor says he thinks it is time for you to come home. If you stay much longer my spring fever will come on and I shall get so many things there will be no money left for you. Besides Mr. Pendleton is going to the Bucknor's some day next week and I am going to get him to stop for me, and if you are home I shall invite you to go along. Beek Fish will be there the same evening with his flute. He told Emily B. that his sister [Mrs. Thomas Pym Remington of Philadelphia] had written them that you had been in Philadelphia and that she was so delighted to see you.

Leslie Irving told me that he had seen a letter in the Commercial Advertiser from Thomas Turner [subsequently Rear Admiral Turner, U. S. N.] to Hamilton Fish. He thought of sending it to you, but he thought some one else had probably done so. I hear that they [the Fishes] are to have a party. The Bankheads [General James Bankhead's daughters] are going to spend the summer at West Point. Pa and Jim are better. Pa rode out yesterday and walked out today. He has been in a great state of excitement about General Scott. It was reported two days ago that he was killed and he was afraid it was

true. Vera Cruz, I believe, is taken. I cannot write any longer, I'm so tired. I will send Cornelia's [Cornelia Scott] purse by H. Forbes [Harriet Forbes, Mrs. Colhoun of Philadelphia]. M. CAMPBELL.

Saturday April 10th.

Pa thinks it is time for you to come home. Do you know of any opportunity? I shall not send anything to you. You see you never will take my advice in anything. I told you to bring your pink dress with you but you would not. I suppose I shall not hear from you again. Pa says you can do as you please about staying longer.

Elizabeth, New Jersey, was a quaint old town whose inhabitants seemed almost exclusively made up of Barbers, Ogdens and Chetwoods, with a sprinkling of De Harts. There was a steamboat plying between Elizabethport (now a part of the City of Elizabeth) and New York, and we were its frequent patrons. Ursino, the country seat of the Kean family, then as now was one of the historic places of the neighborhood. As I remember the beautiful old home, it was occupied by John Kean, father of the late senior U. S. Senator from New Jersey. At an earlier period the latter's great-grandfather had married Susan Livingston, a daughter of Peter Van Brough Livingston of New York, and resided at Ursino. After the death of her husband she married Count Julian Niemcewicz, who was called the "Shakespeare of Poland" and who came to America with Kosciusco, upon whose staff he had served. She was also the grandmother of Mrs. Hamilton Fish. Another noted estate in the same general neighborhood, was "Abyssinia," owned and occupied for a long period by the Ricketts family, whose walls were highly decorated by one of its artistic members. I am informed that it still stands but that it is used, alas, for mechanical purposes!

I recall with intense pleasure another of my visits to New Jersey when I was a guest at the home of General and Mrs. Scott in Elizabeth. Isabella Cass of Detroit,

daughter of General Lewis Cass, was also there at the same time. She attended school in Paris while her father was Minister to France and received other educational advantages quite unusual for women at that time. While residing in Washington at a subsequent period she was regarded as one of the reigning belles. She married a member of the Diplomatic Corps from the Netherlands and lived and died abroad. A constant visitor of the Scott family whom I recall with great pleasure was Thomas Turner, subsequently an Admiral in our Navy. He was a Virginian by birth and a near relative of General Robert E. Lee; but, though possessing the blood of the Carters, he remained during the Civil War loyal to the national flag. His wife was Frances Hailes Palmer of "Abyssinia."

Still another guest of the Scotts in Elizabeth was the erratic but decidedly brilliant Doctor William Starbuck Mayo. Although Mrs. Scott was a Mayo, they were not related. He was from the northern part of the State of New York, while Mrs. Scott, as is well known, was from Virginia. Doctor Mayo, however, was an ardent admirer of Mrs. Scott and made the fact apparent in much that he said and did. He was the author of several works, one of which was a romance entitled "Kaloolah," which he dedicated to Mrs. Scott. When I met him in Washington he was on his first bridal tour, although pretty well advanced in years. His bride was Mrs. Henry Dudley of New York, whose maiden name was Helen Stuyvesant. She was the daughter of Nicholas William Stuyvesant and one of the heirs of the large estate of Peter G. Stuyvesant. During Van Buren's administration, Doctor Mayo was a social light in Washington.

There was another Dr. Mayo—Robert Mayo of Richmond—who, in some respects, created a temporary commotion in public life in Washington and elsewhere. He was a Virginian by birth, and at one time figured prominently as a politician. He engaged in the presidential

campaign of 1828 as an ardent partisan of General Jackson and during that period edited in Richmond the *Jackson Democrat*. He subsequently, however, parted company with his presidential idol, and in 1839 published a volume entitled, "Political Sketches of Eight Years in Washington," which is almost exclusively devoted to an arraignment of General Jackson's administration. In an original letter now before me, written by Martin Van Buren to Governor William C. Bouck, of New York, which has never before appeared in print, he speaks in an amusing manner of Dr. Mayo. I insert the whole letter, as his allusions to General Jackson are of exceptional interest. No one can well deny that the parting admonition of Polonius to his son Laertes is a masterpiece of human wisdom, but this letter of the "Sage of Lindenwald" to Governor Bouck reveals ability by no means inferior to that of this wise councilor of Denmark.

[EX-PRESIDENT VAN BUREN TO GOV. WILLIAM C. BOUCK OF N. Y.]

Confidential.

Lindenwald,
Jan^{y}. 17th 1843.

My dear Sir,

I embrace the occasion of a short visit of my son Major Van Buren to Albany before he goes South to drop you a few lines. Although I have not admitted it in my conversations with those who are given to croaking, and thus alarm our friends, I have nevertheless witnessed with the keenest regret the distractions among our friends at Albany; & more particularly in relation to the state printing. It is certainly a lamentable winding up of a great contest admirably conducted &, as we supposed, gloriously terminated. Without undertaking to decide who is right or who is wrong, and much less to take any part in the unfortunate controversy, I cannot but experience great pain from the eying of so bitter a controversy in the face of the enemy among those who once acted together so honorably & so usefully, and for all of whom I have so much

reason to cherish feelings of respect & regard. Permit me to make one suggestion, & that relates to the importance of a speedy decision, one way or the other. Nothing is so injurious in such cases as delay. It is almost better to decide wrong than to protract the contest. Every day makes new enemies & increases the animosities of those who have already become so, & extends them to other subjects; and yet nothing is so natural as to desire to put off the decision of controversies among friends. Most happy would I be to find that you had been able to mitigate, if not altogether to obviate, existing difficulties by providing places for one or more of the competitors in other branches of the public service to which they are adapted & with which they would be as well satisfied.

It has afforded me unfeigned satisfaction to learn, as I do from all quarters, that you keep your own secrets in regard to appointments, & don't feed every body with promises or what they construe into promises—a practice which so many public men are apt to fall into, & by which they make themselves more trouble & subject themselves to more discredit than they dream of. Persevere in that course, consider carefully every case & make the selection which your own unbiassed judgment designates as the best, & above all let the people see as clear as day that you do not yield yourself to, or make battle against, any cliques or sections of the party, but act in good faith and to the best of your ability for the good of the whole, and you may be assured that the personal discontents which you would to some extent occasion, if you had the wisdom of Solomon & were pure as an angel, will do you no harm & be exceedingly evanescent in their duration. The Democratic is a reasonable & a just party & more than half of the business is done when they are satisfied that the man they have elected means to do right. The difficulty with a new administration is in the beginning. At the start little matters may create a distrust which it will take a series of good acts to remove. But once a favourable impression is made & the people become satisfied that the right thing is intended, it takes great errors, often re-

peated, to create a counter current. Will you excuse me if, from a sincere desire for your success, I go farther & touch upon matters not political, or at least not wholly so? Your situation of course excites envy & jealousy on the part of some. It is impossible from the character of man that it should be otherwise, bear yourself ever so meekly & you cannot avoid it. There will therefore in Albany, as well as elsewhere, be people who will make ill natured remarks & there will be still more who will make it their business, in the hope of benefitting themselves, to bring you exaggerated accounts of what is said, and if they lack materials they will tell you, if they find that you like to listen to small things, a great deal that never has been said. It is my deliberate opinion that these mischievous gossips cause public men more vexation, yes, ten fold, than all the cares & anxieties of office taken together. I have seen perhaps as much of this as any man of my age, & claim to be a competent judge of the evil & its remedies. The greatest fault I ever saw in our excellent friend Gen[l]. Jackson, was the facility with which (in carrying out his general principle that it was the duty of the President to hear all) he leant his ear, though not his confidence, to such people. Though very sagacious & very apt to put the right construction upon all such revelations, it was still evident that he was every day more or less annoyed by them. I endeavored to satisfy him of the expediency of shutting their mouths, but did not succeed, & I am as sure as I can be of any such thing that if the truth could be known it would appear that he had experienced more annoyance from such sources than from all the severe trials through which he had to pass & did pass with such unfading glory. Having his case before me, I determined to profit by the experience I had acquired in so good a school. I had no sooner taken possession of the White House than I was beset by these harpies. The way in which I treated the whole crew, with variations of course according to circumstances, will appear from the following dialogue in a single case. The celebrated Dr. Mayo called upon me & in his stuttering & mysterious

way commenced by asking when he could have a few minutes very private conversation with me. Knowing the man, I anticipated his business & told him now, I will hear you now. He then told me he had discovered a conspiracy to destroy me politically the particulars of which he felt it to be his duty to lay before [me]. I replied instantly, & somewhat sternly, Dr., I do not wish to hear them. I have irrefragable proof, he replied. I don't care, was the response. It is in writing, Sir, said he. I won't look at it, Sir. What, said he, don't you want to see it if it is in writing & genuine? An emphatic No, Sir, closed the conversation. The Dr. raised his eyes and hands as if he thought me demented, & making a low bow & ejaculating a long Hah-hah retreated for the door. The story about the Dr. got out and, partly by mine & I believe in part also by his means, & alarmed all the story tellers who heard of it. A few repetitions of the same dose to others impressed the whole crew with a conviction that nothing was to be gained by bringing such reports to me. The consequence was that although Washington is perhaps the most gossiping place in the world, I escaped its contamination altogether, and had no trouble except such as unavoidably grew out of my public duties; and although I had perhaps a more vexatious time than any of my predecessors in that respect I was the only man, they all say, who grew fat in that office.

I was happy to learn from my son John by a letter received yesterday the high opinion he entertains of your discreet & honorable bearing in the midst of the difficulties by which you are beset. I hope he & Smith, [another son of Martin Van Buren], exercise the discretion by which their course has heretofore been governed, in meddling as little with things political that do not belong to them as possible. They know that such is my wish, as any contest there must necessarily be more or less between my friends; and I shall be obliged to you to give them from time to time such advice upon the subject as you may think proper. Be assured that they will take it in good part. You may, if you please, at your convenience,

return me the suggestions I sent you, as I may have occasion to weave some parts of them into letters that I am frequently obliged to write; the rough draft was made with a pencil & is now illegible. Be assured that your not using them occasioned me no mortification, as I before told you it would not. You had a nearer & could take a safer view of things than myself. Don't trouble yourself to answer this letter as it requires none; only excuse me for writing you one so unmercifully long.

Remember me kindly to Mrs. Bouck, & believe me to be

Very sincerely your friend,

M. Van Buren.

His Excellency,
Wm. C. Bouck.

In 1850 General and Mrs. Scott moved to Washington and Hampton was closed for many years. They lived in one of the houses built by Count De Menou, French Minister to this country from 1822 to 1824, on H Street, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth Streets, on the present site of the Epiphany Parish House. These residences were commonly called the "chain buildings," owing to the fact that their fences were made almost entirely of iron chains. Two of them, thrown into one, were occupied by the Scotts and were owned by my father-in-law, Samuel L. Gouverneur, senior. In the third, the property of Mrs. Beverly Kennon, lived the venerable Mrs. Alexander Hamilton and her only daughter, Mrs. Hamilton Holly.

CHAPTER IX

SOCIAL LEADERS IN WASHINGTON LIFE

I PASSED many delightful hours in the Washington home of General Scott and had a standing invitation to come and go as I pleased. Upon his return from the war with Mexico, crowned with the laurels of victory, he immediately became one of the most prominent lions of the day. He had successfully invaded a practically unknown country reeking with the terrible *vomito*, a disease upon which the Mexicans relied to kill their foes more expeditiously than ammunition, and had well earned for himself the plaudits of a grateful country. I distinctly remember that he received flattering letters from the Duke of Wellington and other distinguished foreigners congratulating him upon his military success. His headquarters were now established in Washington, and his house became one of the most prominent social centers of the National Capital. About this time Mrs. Scott was much in New York, where her third daughter, Marcella, subsequently Mrs. Charles Carroll McTavish, was attending school, and consequently her daughter Cornelia, who not long before had married her father's aide, Henry Lee Scott of North Carolina, was virtually mistress of the establishment. Mrs. Henry Lee Scott's social sway in Washington was almost unprecedented. She was as grand in appearance as she was in character, and during one of her visits to Rome she sat for a distinguished artist as a model for his pictures of the Madonna. General Scott seemed to derive much pleasure and satisfaction from the society of his former companions in arms, who were al-

ways welcomed to his hospitable board. Among those I especially recall were Colonels John Abert, Roger Jones, William Turnbull and Ichabod B. Crane, whose son, Dr. Charles H. Crane, later became Surgeon General of the Army. These occasions were especially delightful to me as a young woman, and I always regarded it as an exceptional privilege to be present.

The Whig party meanwhile nominated General Scott for the presidency. The opposing candidate was Franklin Pierce. One day during the campaign Scott, in replying to a note addressed to him by William L. Marcy, Secretary of War in Polk's cabinet, began his note: "After a hasty plate of soup"—supposing that his note would be regarded as personal. Marcy, who was a keen political foe, was too astute a politician, however, not to take advantage of the chance to make Scott appear ridiculous. He classified the note as official, and the whole country soon resounded with it. I saw General Scott when he returned from his Mexican campaign, covered with glory, to confront his political enemies at home, and I was also with him in 1852 when the announcement arrived that he had been defeated as a presidential candidate. Were I called upon to decide in which character he appeared to the greater advantage, that of the victor or the vanquished, I should unhesitatingly give my verdict to the latter. There was a grandeur in his bearing under the adverse circumstances with which the success and glamour of arms could not compare.

The Rev. Dr. Smith Pyne, the beloved rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, often mingled with the distinguished guests gathered at the residence of General Scott. He was full of life and fun and good cheer and would even dare, when occasion offered, to aim his jokes and puns at General Scott himself. At one of the General's dinners, for example, while the soup was being served, he addressed him as "Marshal *Turenne.*" It is said that upon one

occasion, when the good rector failed by polite efforts to dismiss a book-agent, he was regretfully compelled to order him from his house. "Your cloth protects you," said the offended agent. "The cloth protects *you,*" replied Dr. Pyne, "and it will not protect you long if you do not leave this instant." In spite of this incident, it was well known that the Doctor had a tender and sympathetic nature. After he had officiated at the funerals of his parishioners it is said that his wife was frequently compelled to exert all her efforts to arouse him from his depression. About this same period, Ole Bull, the great Norwegian violinist who was second only to Paganini, was receiving an enthusiastic reception from audiences "panting for the music which is divine." Upon this particular evening Dr. Pyne sat next to me, when he suddenly exclaimed: "If honorary degrees were conferred upon musicians, Ole Bull would be Fiddle D.D." At another time, when Dr. Edward Maynard, a well-known Washington dentist, was remodeling his residence on Pennsylvania Avenue, now a portion of the Columbia Hospital, Dr. Pyne was asked to what order of architecture it belonged and replied: "*Tusk-can,* I suppose,"—a pretty poor pun, but no worse, perhaps, than most of those one hears nowadays. The Rev. Dr. Pyne performed the marriage ceremony, at the "chain buildings," of General Scott's second daughter, Adeline Camilla, and Goold Hoyt of New York. It was a quiet wedding and only the members of the family were present. I remember the bride as one of the most beautiful women I have ever known; her face reminded me of a Roman cameo.

General Scott was something of an epicure. I have seen him sit down to a meal where jowl was the principal dish, and have heard his exclamation of appreciation caused in part, possibly, by his recollection of similar fare in other days in Virginia. He did the family marketing personally, and was very discriminating in

his selection of food. Terrapin, which he insisted upon pronouncing *tarrapin*, was his favorite dish, and he would order oysters by the barrel from Norfolk. On one occasion he attended a banquet where all the States of the Union were represented by a dish in some way characteristic of each commonwealth. Pennsylvania was represented by a bowl of sauer-kraut; and in speaking of the fact the next morning the General remarked: "I partook of it with tears in my eyes."

New Year's day in Washington was a festive occasion, especially in the home where I was a guest. General and Mrs. Scott kept open house and of course most of the Army officers stationed in Washington, and some from the Navy, called to pay their respects. All appeared in full-dress uniform, and a bountiful collation was served. I was present at several of these receptions and recall that after the festivities of the day were nearly over General Scott, who of course had paid his respects to the President earlier in the day, always called upon two venerable women—Mrs. "Dolly" Madison, who then lived in the house now occupied by the Cosmos Club, and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, his next door neighbor. During the winter of 1850, which I spent with the Scotts, I participated with them in the various social enjoyments of the season.

Early in the month of January, 1851, and not long after the re-assembling of Congress, that genial gentleman, William W. Corcoran, gave his annual ball to both Houses of Congress, and it was in many ways a notable entertainment. As this was long previous to the erection of his public art gallery, his house was filled with many paintings and pieces of statuary. Powers's "Greek slave," which now occupies a conspicuous place in the Corcoran Art Gallery, stood in the drawing-room. General Scott did not care especially for large evening entertainments, but he always attended those of Mr. Corcoran. In this in-

stance I was the only member of the household who accompanied him, and the ovation that awaited his arrival was enthusiastic; and as I entered the ballroom with him I received my full share of attention. Among the prominent guests was General "Sam" Houston, arrayed in his blue coat, brass buttons and ruffled shirt. His appearance was patrician and his courtesy that of the inborn gentleman. I once laughingly remarked to General Scott that General Houston in some ways always recalled to me the personal appearance of General Washington. His facetious rejoinder was: "Was ever the Father of his Country so defamed?" I met at this entertainment for the first time Charles Sumner, who had but recently taken his seat in the U. S. Senate and of whom I shall speak hereafter. Caleb Cushing was also there, and Cornelia Marcy, the beautiful daughter of William L. Marcy, was one of the belles of the ball. I have stated that General Scott did not generally attend evening entertainments; in his own way, however, he took great interest in all social events, and upon my return from parties, sometimes at a very late hour, I have often found him awaiting my account of what had transpired.

I have spoken of General Houston's appearance. I now wish to refer to his fine sense of honor. He was married on the 22d of January, 1829, to Miss Eliza Allen, daughter of Colonel John Allen, from near Gallatin, the county town of Sumner county in Tennessee, and separated from her directly after the marriage ceremony under, as is said, the most painful circumstances. The wedding guests had departed and General Houston and his bride were sitting alone by the fire, when he suddenly discovered that she was weeping. He asked the cause of her tears and was told by her that she had never loved him and never could, but had married him solely to please her father. "I love Doctor Douglas," she added, "but I will try my best and be a dutiful wife to you." "Miss,"

said Governor Houston, even waiving the fact that he had just married her, "no white woman shall be my slave; good-night." It is said that he mounted his horse and rode to Nashville where he resigned at once his office as Governor and departed for the Cherokee country, where and elsewhere his subsequent career is well known. Having procured a divorce from his wife, he married Margaret Moffette in the spring of 1840.

During the same winter I attended a party given by Mrs. Clement C. Hill, as a "house-warming," at her residence on H Street. Many years later George Bancroft, the historian, occupied this residence and it is still called the "Bancroft house." Mr. Hill was a member of a prominent Maryland family which owned large estates in Prince George County, and his wife was recognized as one of the social leaders in Washington.

Another ball which I recall, which I attended in company with the Scotts, was given by Colonel and Mrs. William G. Freeman at their residence on F Street, near Thirteenth Street, the former of whom was at one time Chief of Staff to General Scott. I well remember that General Scott accompanied his daughter and me and that he wore at the time the full-dress uniform of his high rank. As he measured six feet four in his stocking-feet, the imposing nature of his appearance cannot well be described. Mrs. Freeman, whose maiden name was Margaret Coleman, was one of the joint owners of the Cornwall coal mines in Pennsylvania. Her sister, Miss Sarah Coleman, shared her house for many years, and old Washingtonians remember her as the "Lady Bountiful" whose whole life was devoted to good works. Colonel and Mrs. Freeman's two daughters, Miss Isabel Freeman and Mrs. Benjamin F. Buckingham, still reside in Washington.

The first guest whom I recall at this ball was the sprightly Mary Louisa Adams. She made her home with her grandfather, John Quincy Adams, who lived in one of

the two white houses on F Street, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth Streets, now called the "Adams house." She was the venerable ex-President's principal heir, and subsequently married her relative, William Clarkson Johnson of Utica. George B. McClellan was also a guest at this entertainment as one of the young beaux. His presence made an indelible impression upon my memory as I was dancing a cotillion with him when, to my nervous horror, the pictures in the ballroom began to spin and I made myself conspicuous by nearly fainting. I did not, however, lose consciousness like the heroines of the old tragedies, and was conducted to a retired seat where, at the request of General Scott, I was attended by Dr. Richard Henry Coolidge, Surgeon in the Army, who was also a guest. General Scott's admiration for this distinguished gentleman, personally as well as professionally, was very great. I have often heard the General say that Dr. Coolidge not only prescribed for the physical condition of his patients but also by the example of his Christian character elevated their moral tone. He concluded his eulogy with the words: "Dr. Coolidge walks humbly before his God." His widow, Mrs. Harriet Morris Coolidge, daughter of Commodore Charles Morris, U. S. N., one of the distinguished heroes of the War of 1812, is still living in Washington. I occasionally see her in her pleasant home on L Street where she welcomes a large circle of friends, giving one amid her pleasant surroundings a pleasing picture of a serene old age.

During my many visits to the Scott household after the Mexican War, I always occupied a comfortable brass camp bedstead which had formerly belonged to the Mexican General, Santa Anna. It seems that just after the battle of Cerro Gordo this warrior made a hasty flight, leaving behind him his camp furniture and even, it is said, his wooden leg. This bedstead was captured as a trophy of war, and finally came into General Scott's possession.

The memory of this man's brutal deeds, however, never disturbed my midnight repose. Texas history tells the story of the Alamo and of the six brave men there put to death by his orders, suggesting in a certain degree the atrocities of the Duke of Cumberland of which I have already spoken. Santa Anna, however, had Indian blood in his veins—an extenuating circumstance that cannot be offered in defense of the "Butcher of Culloden."

There was always more or less gossip afloat concerning the alleged strained relations existing between General and Mrs. Scott, owing largely to the fact that the conditions attending and surrounding their respective lives were fundamentally different and often misunderstood. General Scott was a born commander while *Madame la Général* from her earliest life had had the world at her feet. Such a combination naturally resulted in an occasional discordant note, which unfortunately was usually sounded in public. Their private life, however, was serene, and they were invariably loyal to each other's interests. When Mrs. Scott, for example, learned that James Lyon of Richmond, an intimate friend of the General and herself and a trustee for certain of her property, had, although a Whig, voted against her husband when a presidential candidate, she at once revoked his trusteeship. At another time she wrote some attractive lines which she feelingly dedicated to her husband.

I recall an amusing incident related by General Scott just after a journey to Virginia that well illustrates the exigencies that awaited persons traveling in those days in carriages. For a brief period before the inauguration of President Harrison, General Scott was in Richmond, and in due time, as he thought, started for the station to catch a train for Washington to be present when the President-elect should take his oath of office. He missed the train, however, and immediately secured a carriage to convey him to Washington, as his presence there was imperative; but

after a hard day's journey the horses could go no further, and he was obliged to seek shelter for the night. Stopping at a house near the roadside and inquiring whether he could be accommodated, he was told that there was but one vacant room and that it had been engaged some days in advance by a German butcher, accompanied by his wife and daughter. This party meanwhile arrived and upon being informed of General Scott's predicament generously offered to share the room with him. It was arranged that the women should occupy one of the beds and General Scott and the butcher the other. The women, after retiring early, gave the signal, "All right," when the men took possession of the second bed. After some pretty fast traveling the next morning, General Scott reached his destination. While he was relating this laughable experience to us some years later, I inquired whether he had enjoyed a comfortable rest. "No," was his emphatic response, "the butcher snored the whole night." During this visit to Richmond, General Scott was invited by an old friend to accompany her and her two sisters to a Roman Catholic church to hear some fine music. Upon arriving at the door they were met by the sexton, who, somewhat flurried by seeing General Scott, announced in stentorian tones the advent of the strangers—"three cheers (chairs) for the Protestant ladies."

While I am relating Scott anecdotes, I must not omit to speak of an amusing experience the old General was fond of relating which occurred while he was traveling in the West. In his official capacity he was a sojourner for a short period in Cincinnati, and, upon leaving that now prosperous city, he directed that *P. P. C.* cards be sent to all persons who had called upon him. It seems that the social *convenances* had not yet dawned upon this city, now the abode of arts and sciences, as the town wiseacre, learned in many things as well as social lore, was

Brigadier General Winfield Scott, U. S. A., by Ingham.

The original portrait was burned many years ago.

called upon for an elucidation of the three mysterious letters. Apparently he was not as able an exponent as was Daniel at Balshazzar's feast, who so readily deciphered "the handwriting on the wall." He construed the letters to signify *pour prendre café,* an invitation which was gladly accepted, much to General Scott's astonishment, who decided then and there to confine himself in future to plain English.

The charming old resident society predominated in those days in the District of Columbia, and wealth was not a controlling influence in social life. The condition of society was, therefore, different from that of to-day, when apparently the

> . . . strongest castle, tower or town,
> The golden bullet beateth down.

The old Washingtonians are now sometimes designated as "cave dwellers," and, generally speaking, the public bows to the golden calf. The term "old Washingtonians," as now used, applies to residents descended from the original settlers of Maryland and Virginia, as well as to Presidential families and the representatives of Army and Navy officers of earlier days. Their social code is, in some respects, entirely different and distinct from that of any other city, and was formed many decades ago by the ancestors of the "cave dwellers," who were so peculiarly versed in the varied requirements and adornments of social life that to-day no radical innovations are acceptable to their descendants.

Speaking of the Army and Navy, I am reminded of an amusing anecdote which has been generally circulated regarding the wife of a wealthy manufacturer from a small western town who, after building a handsome home in the heart of a fashionable section of the city, announced that her visiting list was growing so large that she must in some way reduce it and that she had decided to "draw it"

on the Army and Navy. It seems almost needless to say that this remark created much unfavorable comment, as Washington is especially proud of the Army and Navy officers she has nurtured.

Among the families who were socially prominent at the National Capital when I first knew it, were the Seatons, Gales, Lees, Freemans, Carrolls, Turnbulls, Hagners, Tayloes, Ramsays, Millers, Hills, Gouverneurs, Maynadiers, Grahams, Woodhulls, Jesups, Watsons, Nicholsons, Warringtons, Aberts, Worthingtons, Randolphs, Wilkes, Wainwrights, Roger Jones, Pearsons, McBlairs, Farleys, Cutts, Walter Jones, Porters, Emorys, Woodburys, Dickens, Pleasantons, McCauleys, and Mays.

I often recall with pleasure the days spent by me at Brentwood, a fine old country seat near Washington, and picture to my mind those forms of "life and light" arrayed in the charms of simplicity which were there portrayed. The far West had not then poured its coffers into the National Capital, and the mining element of California was then unknown. It is true that Washington, with its unpaved streets and poorly lighted thoroughfares, was then in a primitive condition, but it is just as true that its social tone has never been surpassed. Brentwood was the residence of Mrs. Joseph Pearson, who dispensed its hospitalities with ease and elegance. For many years it was a social *El Dorado,* where resident society and distinguished strangers were always welcome. Although it was then remote from the heart of the city, most of its numerous visitors were inclined to linger, once within its walls, to enjoy the charmed circle which surrounded the Pearson family. Both the daughters of this house, Eliza, who married Carlisle P. Patterson, Superintendent of the U. S. Coast Survey, and Josephine, who became the wife of Peter Augustus Jay of New York, were Washington beauties. Their social arena, however, was not confined to this city, as they made frequent visits to New York, where they

were regarded as great belles. Christine Kean, an old friend of mine who was a younger sister of Mrs. Hamilton Fish, both of whom were daughters of Peter Philip James Kean of New Jersey, was intimate with the "Pearson girls," and made frequent visits to Brentwood, where she shared in their social reign. Christine Kean married William Preston Griffin, a naval officer from Virginia, who survived their marriage for only a few years. I was accustomed to call her "sunshine" as she carried joy and gladness to every threshold she crossed. She was superintendent of nurses in the sanitary corps during the Civil War, and as such rendered conspicuous service in the State of Virginia. She still resides in New York, admired and beloved by a large circle of friends, and those charming traits of character which have always made her so universally beloved are now hallowing the declining years of her life.

I often met Joseph C. G. Kennedy at General Scott's, usually called "Census" Kennedy. One day we were shocked to learn that Solon Borland, U. S. Senator from Arkansas, standing high in political circles but called by General Scott "a western ruffian," had assaulted Mr. Kennedy and broken his nose. I knew both Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy in after life. He was a gentleman of the old school, beloved and respected by everyone. His death in 1887 was a shocking tragedy. A lunatic with a fancied grievance met him on the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Fifteenth Street, and stabbed him. Mr. Kennedy was a grandson of Andrew Ellicott, who, his descendants claim, conceived the original plans of the city of Washington instead of Pierre Charles l'Enfant, to whom they are generally attributed.

While visiting in Washington I had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with Isaac Hull Adams of the Coast Survey. He was a bachelor, and his sister, Miss Elizabeth Combs Adams, always lived with him. They

were children of Judge Thomas Boylston Adams, a son of President John Adams, and resided in the old Adams homestead in Quincy, Massachusetts. I had originally known both of them in earlier life in New York, and it was a sincere pleasure to meet them again. Miss Adams was a generous and broad-minded woman who inherited the intellectuality of her ancestors. Her reminiscences of the White House during the Monroe administration, when her uncle, John Quincy Adams, was Secretary of State, were of the deepest interest. She also loved to dwell upon the days of the administration which followed, when she was a constant visitor at the White House as the guest of her uncle, the President. I called upon her a few years ago in Quincy, while I was visiting in Boston, and found her living quietly in the old home, surrounded by her many household gods. She died soon after I saw her, but the memory of her friendship is enduring.

Before making my visit to Quincy I wrote to Miss Adams asking her whether she was equal to seeing me. She was then nearly ninety-two years old, having been born on the 9th of February, 1808. In a few days I received the following letter from her own pen:

21 Elm Street, Quincy, Mass., November 16, 1899.
My dear Mrs. Gouverneur:

I was very glad to receive your note saying that you would come to see us in a few days. I am a very poor writer, not holding the old pen of the "ready writer," and my brother Isaac Hull is a great invalid and not able to get about, so lame.

I began two or three notes to you but my fingers are so stiff I do not hold the pen, but wish to tell you that we shall be glad to see you. We are both tired of being invalids. We do not forget good old times far back in the century. The steam cars leave Boston at the South Station. I think I sent you a letter yesterday, but if you fail to get it, I shall be very sorry.

I have so many letters to write and can but just keep the pen going. It is a lovely day, but I never go out now and Isaac Hull is suffering all sorts of pains. Comes down when he can. Sorry to send such a poor sample. I have not been at Jamaica Plain for two years.

We live in the oldest house and are the oldest couple in "all Connecticut," as Hull used to sing.

Very truly yours,

E. C. Adams.

As I say, the very oldest and the head of five generations. I am so forgetful.

"Hull" Adams, as he was generally called, had a fine tenor voice and I have frequently heard him sing in duet with Archibald Campbell, who sang bass. Adams and Campbell were lifelong friends and were fellow students at West Point. The latter was graduated from West Point in 1835 and resigned from the Army in 1838. He subsequently became a civil engineer and was a Commissioner to establish the boundaries between the United States and Canada. His wife was Miss Mary Williamson Harod of New Orleans, and a niece of Judge Thomas B. Adams. Her father, Charles Harod, who was president of the Atchafalaya Bank of New Orleans, was an aide-de-camp to General Jackson at the battle of New Orleans and, with Commodore Daniel T. Patterson in command of our naval forces, met and arranged with the pirate Jean Lafitte to bring in his men to fight on the American side. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell were lifelong residents of the District, where she is especially remembered for her many pleasing traits. Their son, Charles H. Campbell, still resides in Washington and married a daughter of the late Admiral David D. Porter, U. S. N. For many years, the Archibald Campbells lived on H Street in a house which is now a portion of The Milton.

I remember when Commander Matthew F. Maury, U. S. N., the distinguished author of "The Geography of

the Sea," was stationed in the old Naval Observatory and preparing those charts of the ocean which so gladdened the hearts of mariners, quite unconscious meanwhile of the sensational career which awaited him. He and Mrs. Maury resided in Washington and, aided by their daughters, dispensed a lavish hospitality. A few years later, however, when Virginia seceded from the Union, Maury resigned from the Navy and linked his destiny with his native State. I learned much of his subsequent career from General John Bankhead Magruder, a distant relative of my husband, who also resigned from the service and espoused the Southern cause. At the time of General Lee's surrender, Maury was in England and the following May sailed for St. Thomas, where he heard of Lincoln's assassination. He then went to Havana, whence he sent his son to Virginia, and took passage for Mexico. He had approved of the efforts of the Archduke Maximilian to establish his empire in America and had already written him a letter expressive of his sympathy. Without waiting, however, for a reply he followed his letter, and upon his arrival in Mexico in June was warmly welcomed by Maximilian, by whom he was asked to accept a place in his Ministry; but the flattering offer was declined and in its place he received an appointment as Director of the Imperial Observatory. It seems superfluous to add what everyone knows, or ought to know, that Maury was a Christian gentleman of rare accomplishments and one of the most proficient scientists of his day.

General Magruder was with Maury when they learned of Lincoln's assassination, and accompanied him to Mexico, where he served as Major General in Maximilian's army until the downfall of the usurping Emperor. In referring to his experiences in Mexico he dwelt with much emphasis upon the Empress Carlota and her interesting personality. He described her as especially kind and sympathetic and as treating Maury and himself with distin-

guished consideration at her court. This pleasing experience, however, was not of long duration. A cloud hung over the Mexican throne and it became apparent that Maximilian's reign was drawing to a close. Realizing this state of affairs, Magruder and Maury left Mexico, the former returning to the United States while the latter sailed for Europe. The Empress Carlota returned to Austria, leaving Maximilian to fight alone a hopeless cause. Louis Napoleon's vision of an European Empire on American soil soon vanished, and Maximilian's tragic death and Carlota's subsequent derangement caused a throb of sympathy which was felt throughout the civilized world.

During the Mexican War, General Magruder, though a good officer and one of the bravest and most chivalrous of men, never lost sight of his position in the *beau monde.* He never went into battle, however pressing the emergency, without first brushing his hair well, smoothing his mustache and arranging his toggery after the latest and most approved style. Often during the rage of the battle, while the shot were raining around him like hail and his men and horses and guns were exposed to a destructive and merciless fire, he would stand up with his tall, straight figure in full view of the Mexicans and, assuming the most impressive and fashionable attitudes, would eye the enemy through his glass with all the coolness and grace suited to a glance through an opera glass at a beautiful woman in an opposite box. I have always heard that he could not be provoked by any circumstances to commit an impolite or an ungenteel act. But he came very near forfeiting his reputation in this respect at the battle of Contreras. Upon being ordered to take a certain position with his battery, he found himself exposed to a terrible fire from the enemy's big guns. In the midst of this hot fire, an aide of one of the generals, from whom Magruder had not received his order to occupy this position,

rode up to the gallant officer and told him that he had orders for him from General ——. "But, my dear fellow," interrupted the polite Captain, "you must dismount and take a glass of wine with me; do—I have some excellent old Madeira." The aide dismounted and the wine was hastily drunk by the impatient young Lieutenant, who did not enjoy it very much as there was a constant fire of grape and canister rattling about them all the time. But Captain Magruder desired very much to have a little agreeable chat over his wine, as, he remarked, it was no use popping away with his diminutive pieces against the heavy guns of the enemy. "But I am ordered by General —— to direct you to fall back, abandon your position, and shelter your pieces," was the impatient response. "My dear fellow," replied the Captain, "do take another sip of that wine—it is delicious!" "But you are ordered by General —— to retire, Captain; and you are being cut up." "Much obliged to you, my dear friend, but if you will only make yourself comfortable for a few minutes, I will get some sardines and crackers." "I must go," impatiently remarked the Lieutenant, mounting his horse; "what shall I report to the General?" "Well, my dear fellow, if you are determined to go, please present my compliments to General —— and tell him that, owing to a previous engagement with General ——, I am under the necessity of informing him that before I leave this spot I will see him in the neighborhood of a certain gentleman whose name is not to be mentioned in polite society." So, at all events, goes the story, and I presume we may believe as much or as little of it as we please.

General Magruder, while our guest in our country home near Frederick, in Maryland, related to me many interesting incidents connected with Maury's career. The General seemed to possess an unusual appreciation of the good things of life and told me with much gusto about the numerous delicacies with which Mexico abounded. His

descriptions served to recall to my mind the fact that when he was in our regular army he had the reputation of "faring sumptuously every day." When in command at Newport, Rhode Island, he gave a ball, during which he employed the services of some of the soldiers under his command for domestic purposes, and for this act was reprimanded by the War Department. After the Civil War he went to Texas and died in Houston in the winter of 1871. He was a brave soldier and was twice brevetted for gallantry and meritorious conduct on the battlefields of the Mexican War.

General John B. Magruder and his brother, Captain George A. Magruder of the Navy, who early in life became orphans, were brought up by their maternal uncle, General James Bankhead, U. S. A. General "Jack" Magruder, as he was usually called, developed rather lively traits of character, while his younger brother George was so deeply religious that, during his naval career, his nickname was "St. George of the Navy." When both young men had reached manhood, General Bankhead read them a homily, having special reference, however, to his nephew "Jack." "I have reared you both with the utmost care and circumspection," he said, "but you, John, have not my approval in many ways." Jack's response was characteristic. "Uncle," he said, "I can account for it in the following manner—George has followed your precepts, but I have followed your example." At the outbreak of the Civil War, Captain Magruder resigned from the Navy and went with his family to Canada, where his daughter Helen married James York MacGregor Scarlett, whose title of nobility was Lord Abinger, his father having been raised to the peerage as a "lower Lord."

Another Virginia family of social prominence, whose members mingled much in Washington society while I was still visiting the Winfield Scotts, was that of the Masons of "Colross," the name of their old homestead near

Alexandria in Virginia. Mrs. Thomson F. Mason was usually called Mrs. "Colross" Mason to distinguish her from another family by the same name, that of James M. Mason, United States Senator from Virginia. The family thought nothing of the drive to Washington, and no entertainment was quite complete without the "Mason girls," who were especially bright and attractive young women. Open house was kept at this delightful country seat and many were the pleasant parties given there. One of the daughters, Matilda, married Charles H. Rhett, a representative South Carolinian, and my friend, Cornelia Scott, was one of her bridesmaids. Florence, another sister, who was generally called "Folly," married Captain Thomas G. Rhett of the Army, a brother of her sister's husband. He resigned at the beginning of the Civil War, as a South Carolinian would indeed have been a *rara avis* in the Federal Army in 1861, and became an officer in the Confederate Army; while from 1870 to 1873 he was a Colonel of Ordnance in the Army of the Khedive. Miss Betty Mason, the oldest of these sisters, was a celebrated beauty and became the wife of St. George Tucker Campbell of Philadelphia.

It was about this time I first made the acquaintance of Emily Virginia Mason, who recently died in Georgetown after a long and active life. We were accustomed to have long conversations over the tea table concerning by-gone days, and I sadly miss her bright presence. Her memories of a varied life both in Washington and Paris were highly entertaining and as one of her auditors I never grew weary while listening to her graphic descriptions of persons and things. She was a daughter of John T. Mason and a sister of Stevens Thompson Mason, the first governor of Michigan, often called the "Boy Governor." She was very active during the Civil War as a Confederate nurse and continued her kindly acts thereafter in other fields of benevolence. She wrote a life of General Robert

E. Lee and several other books, and made a compilation of "Southern Poems of the War," which was subsequently published under that title.

One may readily turn from Emily Virginia Mason to her life-long friend, the daughter of Senator William Wright of New Jersey. It was during her father's official life in Washington that Miss Katharine Maria Wright met and married Baron Johan Cornelis Gevers, *Chargé d'affaires* from Holland to the United States. After her marriage she seldom visited her native country but made her home in Holland until her death a few years ago. Her son also entered the diplomatic service of his country and a few years ago was living in Washington.

After my father's death we continued as a family to live in our Houston Street home in New York, but in 1853 we found the character of the neighborhood, which had been so pleasant in years gone by, changing so rapidly that we sold our house and moved to Washington. We secured a pleasant old-fashioned residence on G Street, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth Streets, which in subsequent years became the Weather Bureau. Next door to us lived Mrs. Graham and her daughter, Mrs. Henry K. Davenport, the grandmother and mother respectively of Commodore Richard G. Davenport, U. S. N. Mrs. Graham was the widow of George Graham, who, for a time during Monroe's administration, acted as Secretary of War. While he was serving in this capacity, his brother, John Graham, was a member of the same cabinet, serving as Secretary of State. Mrs. Davenport was the mother of a family of sons known familiarly to the neighborhood as Tom, Dick and Harry. In the same block lived Mr. Jefferson Davis, who was then in the Senate from Mississippi. I remember hearing Mrs. Davis say that it was worth paying additional rent to live near Mrs. Graham, as she had such an attractive personality and was such a kind and attentive neighbor. A few doors the other side

of us resided Captain and Mrs. Henry C. Wayne, the former of whom was in the Army and was the son of James M. Wayne of Georgia, a Justice of the Supreme Court; while across the street was the French Legation. Next door, at the corner of G and Eighteenth Streets, lived Edward Everett. Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Wainwright lived on the next block in a house now occupied by General and Mrs. A. W. Greely. I attended the wedding of Miss Henrietta Wainwright, soon after we arrived in Washington, to William F. Syng of the British Legation. She was the aunt of Rear-Admiral Richard Wainwright, U. S. N., who, as Commanding Officer of the *Gloucester,* rendered such conspicuous service at the battle of Santiago. Not far away, on the corner of Twenty-first and G Streets, lived Lieutenant Maxwell Woodhull of the Navy and his wife; and their children still reside in the same house. On F Street, near Twenty-first Street, was the home of Colonel William Turnbull, U. S. A., whose wife was a sister of General George Douglas Ramsay, U. S. A., who was so well known to all old Washingtonians. General Ramsay was very social in his tastes, and many years before this time he and Columbus Monroe were the groomsmen at the wedding at the White House when John Adams, the son of John Quincy Adams, married his first cousin, Miss Mary Hellen. General and Mrs. Ramsay lived on Twenty-first Street, not far from his sister, Mrs. William Turnbull. Mrs. John Farley (Anna Pearson), a half-sister of Mrs. Carlisle P. Patterson, lived on F Street, near Twenty-first Street, and the latter's sister, Mrs. Peter Augustus Jay (Josephine Pearson), began her matrimonial life on the northwest corner of F and Twenty-first Streets.

William Thomas Carroll's residence on the corner of Eighteenth and F Streets witnessed a continuous scene of hospitality. Mrs. Carroll was never happier than when entertaining. She lived to an advanced age, and until

almost the very last, remained standing while receiving her guests. I have heard that she retained two sets of servants, one for the daytime and the other for the night. In her drawing-room hung many portraits of family ancestors arrayed in the antique dress of olden times. She was a daughter of Governor Samuel Sprigg of Maryland and was a handsome and accomplished woman. Her four daughters, who materially assisted her in dispensing hospitality, were very popular young women. Violetta Lansdale, the oldest, married Dr. William Swann Mercer of the well-known Virginia family; Sally is the present Countess Esterhazy; Carrie married the late T. Dix Bolles of the Navy; and Alida is the wife of the late John Marshall Brown of Portland, Maine. The Carroll house is still standing and became the residence of the late Chief Justice Melville Fuller of the U. S. Supreme Court. I have always heard that the Carroll house, a substantial structure with large rooms, was built by Tench Ringgold, who was U. S. Marshal of the District of Columbia longer than any of his predecessors. He occupied this position during the whole of President Monroe's administration, and I have heard it related in the Gouverneur family that, when Monroe was retiring from office, he asked his successor, John Quincy Adams, on personal grounds, to retain Mr. Ringgold. This request was granted and Mr. Monroe made the same appeal to Andrew Jackson shortly after the latter's inauguration, and received the cordial response, "Don't mention it, don't mention it." On the strength of this interview, Ringgold naturally assumed he was safe for another term, but, to the surprise of many, he was succeeded two years later by Henry Ashton, who retained the office for about three years. "Old Hickory," as everybody knows, had a mind of his own.

It was often very pleasant in my new surroundings to welcome to Washington some of my early New York friends; and among these none were more gladly received

than Frances and Julia Kellogg of Troy. My intimacy with these sisters goes back as far as my school days at Madame Chegaray's, where Frances Kellogg was a boarding pupil and in a class higher than mine when I was a day-scholar. It was the habit of these sisters to spend their winters in Washington and their summers at West Point; and it was during their sojourn at the latter place that Frances became engaged to George H. Thomas of the Army who, although a Virginian by birth, rendered such distinguished services during our Civil War as Commander of the Army of the Cumberland. Many years after General Thomas's death, his widow built a house on I Street, where she and Miss Kellogg presided during the remainder of their lives. During one of our many conversations, Mrs. Thomas told me that when her husband was informed that a house was about to be presented to him by admiring friends, in recognition of his conspicuous services during the Civil War, he at once declined the offer, saying that he had been sufficiently remunerated, and requested that the money raised for the purpose should be given in charity. A distinguished Union General, who had already accepted a house, remonstrated with him and said: "Thomas, if you refuse to accept that house it will make it awkward for us." General Thomas's characteristic response was: "You may take as many houses as you please, but I shall accept none."

At this time the house 14 Lafayette Square, now Jackson Place, still standing but very much altered, was owned and occupied by Purser and Mrs. Francis B. Stockton and the latter's sister, daughters of Captain James McKnight of the Marine Corps and nieces of Commodore Stephen Decatur. Purser Stockton once told me that he had purchased this home for seven thousand dollars. The house prior to his ownership had been the residence of a number of families of distinction, among others the Southards and Monroes.

After giving up our home in New York I made a visit of some weeks to my friends, the family of William Kemble, who was still residing on St. John's Park in New York. While there we were invited to an old-fashioned supper at the home of Mr. Peter Goelet, a bachelor, on the corner of Nineteenth Street and Broadway, presided over by his sister, Mrs. Hannah Greene Gerry. Upon the lawn of this house Mr. Goelet indulged his ornithological tastes by a remarkable display of various species of turkeys with their broods, together with peacocks and silver and golden pheasants. As can be readily understood, this was a remarkable sight in the heart of a great city, and caused much admiration from passers-by.

It has been said that at one time William W. Corcoran's father kept a shoe store in Georgetown, and that the son, one of the most conspicuous benefactors of the city of Washington, was very proud of the fact. I have also heard it said, although I cannot vouch for the truth of the statement, that the son cherished his father's business sign as one of his valued possessions. Whether or not these allegations agree or conflict with the explicit statement concerning his father made by William W. Corcoran himself, is left for others to judge. The latter wrote concerning his father: "Thomas Corcoran came to Baltimore in 1783, and entered into the service of his uncle, William Wilson, as clerk, beginning with a salary of fifty pounds sterling a year. . . . He brought his family to Georgetown and commenced the shoe and leather business on Congress Street," etc., etc. Be the facts as they may, a witticism of William Thomas Carroll was a *bon mot* of the day many years ago in Washington. Upon being asked upon one occasion whether he knew the elder Mr. Corcoran, he replied: "I have known him from first to *last* and from *last* to first." Mr. Carroll for thirty-six years was Clerk of the Supreme Court of the United States, and

Chief Justice Roger B. Taney paid him a well-earned tribute when he stated that he was "an accomplished and faithful officer, prompt and exact in business, and courteous in manner, and during the whole period of his judicial life discharged the duties of his office with justice to the public and the suitors, and to the entire satisfaction of every member of the Court."

At the period of which I am speaking, some of the clerical positions in the various departments of the government were filled by members of families socially prominent. Francis S. Markoe and Robert S. Chew, for example, were clerks in the State Department, and Archibald Campbell and James Madison Cutts held similar positions. For many years women were not employed by the government. It is said that the first one regularly appointed was Miss Jennie Douglas, and that she received her position through the instrumentality of Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, at the request of General Francis E. Spinner, Treasurer of the United States. She was assigned to the duty of cutting and trimming treasury-notes, a task that had hitherto been performed with shears by men. General Spinner subsequently stated that her first day's work "settled the matter in her and in women's favor." James Madison Cutts, at one time Second Comptroller of the Treasury under Buchanan, married Ellen Elisabeth O'Neill, who, with her sister Rose, subsequently Mrs. Robert Greenhow, resided in the vicinity of Washington. Both sisters possessed much physical beauty. Madison Cutts, as he was generally called, was a nephew of "Dolly" Madison, and his father, Richard Cutts, was once a Member of Congress from New Hampshire.

It is to the kindness of Mrs. Madison Cutts that I owe the memory of a pleasant visit to Mrs. Madison. She took me to call upon her one afternoon, and I shall never forget the impression made upon me by her turban and long earrings. Her surroundings were of a most inter-

esting character and her graceful bearing and sprightly presence, even in extreme old age, have left a lasting picture upon my memory. Her niece, "Dolly" Paine, was living with her at her residence on the corner of H Street and Madison Place, now forming a part of the Cosmos Club. Todd Paine, her son, unfortunately did not prove to be a source of much satisfaction to her. He survived his mother some years and eventually the valuable Madison manuscripts and relics became his property. At the time of his death in Virginia this interesting collection was brought to Washington, where, I am informed, some of it still remains as the cherished possession of the McGuire family. Mr. and Mrs. Madison Cutts were devotees of society and consequently they and Mrs. Madison met upon common ground. The afternoon of my memorable visit to this former mistress of the White House I remember meeting quite a number of visitors in her drawing-room, as temporary sojourners at the National Capital were often eager to meet the gracious woman who had figured so conspicuously in the social history of the country.

I knew Madison Cutts's daughter, Rose Adele Cutts, or "Addie" Cutts, as she was invariably called, when she first entered society. Her reputation for beauty is well known. I always associate her with japonicas, which she usually wore in her hair and of which her numerous bouquets were chiefly composed. Her father frequently accompanied her to balls, and in the wee small hours of the night, as he became weary, I have often been amused at his summons to depart—"Addie, *allons.*" As quite a young woman, Addie Cutts married Stephen A. Douglas, the "Little Giant," whom Lincoln defeated in the memorable presidential election of 1860. It is said that her ambition to grace the White House had much to do with the disruption of the Democratic party, as it was she who urged Douglas onward; and everyone knows that the di-

vision of the Democratic vote between Stephen A. Douglas and John C. Breckenridge resulted in the election of Lincoln. Some years after Douglas's death, his widow married General Robert Williams, U. S. A., by whom she had a number of children, one of whom is the wife of Lieutenant Commander John B. Patton, U. S. N.

Mrs. Madison Cutts's sister, Mrs. Robert Greenhow, was a woman of attractive appearance and unusual ability. Her husband was a Virginian by birth and a man of decided literary tastes. When I first knew her she was a widow, and but few romances can excel in interest one period of her career. She was a social favorite and her house was the rendezvous of the prominent Southern politicians of the day. This, of course, was before the Civil War, during a portion of which she made herself conspicuous as a Southern spy. At the commencement of the struggle her zeal for the Southern cause became so conspicuous and offensive to the authorities in Washington that she was arrested and imprisoned in her own house on Sixteenth Street, near K Street. Later she was confined in the "Old Capitol Prison." General Andrew Porter, U. S. A., whose widow still resides in Washington and is one of my cherished friends, was Provost Marshal of the District of Columbia at this time, and as such Mrs. Greenhow was in his charge during her imprisonment. This duty was made so irksome to him that, upon one occasion, he exclaimed in desperation that he preferred to resign his position rather than to continue such an uncongenial task. It has been stated that information conveyed by her to the Confederates precipitated the Battle of Bull Run, which was so disastrous to the Union Army. Her conduct, even in prison, was so aggressive that the government officials decided she was altogether too dangerous a character to remain in Washington. They accordingly sent her, accompanied by her young daughter Rose, within the Southern lines, fearing that even behind prison bars

her ingenuity might devise some method of communicating with the enemy. From the South she went to London, where she published, in 1863, a volume entitled, "My Imprisonment and the First Years of Abolition Rule at Washington," to which I have already referred. I have heard that this book had quite a circulation in Great Britain, but that an attempt was made to suppress it in the United States. The last year of the war, Mrs. Greenhow was returning to America with considerable money acquired by the sale of her book, which she carried with her in gold. She took passage upon a blockade-runner which, after pursuit, succeeded in reaching the port of Wilmington, North Carolina. She was descending from her ship into a small boat to go on shore when she made a false step and fell into the water. Her gold tied around her neck held her down and she was drowned. Her remains were recovered and brought to the town hall, where they laid in state prior to an imposing funeral service. She was regarded throughout the South as a martyr to its cause.

Old Washingtonians who recall Mrs. Greenhow's eventful career will associate with her, in a way, Mrs. Philip Phillips, who was also active in the Southern cause, and whose husband represented Alabama with much ability for one term in Congress. He subsequently remained in Washington, where he was known as a distinguished advocate before the Supreme Court. Mrs. Phillips's enthusiastic friendship for the South made serious trouble for herself and family. The first year of the war, all of them were sent across the Union lines, and went to New Orleans, where General Benjamin F. Butler was in command. A few days after her arrival she was brought before him charged with "making merry" over the passing funeral of Captain George Coleman De Kay of New York, an officer in the Union Army. When General Butler inquired why she laughed, she replied: "Because I was in a good

humor." Unable longer to suppress his indignation, Butler exclaimed: "If such women as you and Mrs. Greenhow are let loose, our lives are in jeopardy." Mrs. Phillips's reply was: "We of the South hire butchers to kill our swine." Another day a search was made in Mrs. Phillips's house for information concerning the Confederacy which she was thought to have. When personally searched and compelled to remove her shoes, she suggested that it was impossible for a Northern man to get his hand inside a Southern woman's shoe. General Butler finally ordered Mrs. Phillips to be confined on an island near New Orleans, and placed over her a guard whose duty it was to watch her night and day. I have often heard her give an account of her life under these trying circumstances. She said she lived in a large "shoe box"—whatever that meant—and that her meals were served to her three times a day upon a tin plate. From what I have already said, it is apparent that she was an exceedingly witty woman. One day, while walking on the streets in Washington, she was joined by a distinguished prelate of the Roman Catholic Church, and inquired whether he could lay aside his cloth long enough to listen to a conundrum? Upon receiving a favorable response, she asked: "Why is His Holiness, the Pope, like a goose?" The reply was: "Because he sticks to his Propaganda!"

I shall always recall with pleasure a dinner party I attended at the residence of Edward Everett. As Mrs. Everett was in very delicate health and seldom appeared in public, Mr. Everett presided alone. The invitations were for six o'clock, and dinner was served promptly at that hour. I was taken into the dining-room by Mr. Philip Griffith, one of the Secretaries of the British Legation. We had just finished our second course when, to the surprise of everyone, a tall and gaunt gentleman was ushered into the dining-room. It was Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia, then a member of Congress and sub-

sequently Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy. Mr. Everett at once arose and shook hands with Mr. Stephens and with an imperturbable expression of countenance motioned the butler to provide another seat at the table. For a moment there was a slight confusion, as the other guests were obliged to move in order to make room for the new comer; but everything was speedily arranged and Mr. Stephens began his dinner with the third course. No explanation was offered at the moment, but later, while we were drinking our coffee in the drawing-room, I noticed Mr. Everett and Mr. Stephens engaged in conversation.

A few days later, through Mr. Colin M. Ingersoll, a Representative in Congress from Connecticut, the cause of Mr. Stephens' late appearance at the dinner was made clear to me. It seems that Mr. Everett and the French Minister, the Count Eugène de Sartiges, his next door neighbor, were giving dinner parties the same evening. The dinner hour at the French Legation was half-past six o'clock, while Mr. Everett's was half an hour earlier. Through the mistake of a stupid coachman, Mr. Stephens was landed at the door of Count de Sartiges's home and entered it under the impression that it was Mr. Everett's residence. He walked into the drawing-room and suspected nothing, as nearly all the guests were familiar to him. Count de Sartiges, however, surprised at the presence of an unbidden guest, anxiously inquired of Mr. Ingersoll the name of the stranger, and upon being informed remarked: "I'll be very polite to him." Seating himself by Mr. Stephens' side, an animated conversation followed. Meanwhile other guests arrived and the Count de Sartiges became diverted, while Mr. Stephens, still unconscious of his mistake, turned to Mr. Ingersoll, who stood near, and in an irritated tone of voice said: "Who is this Frenchman who is tormenting me, and where is Mr. Everett?" Mr. Ingersoll explained that the Frenchman was the Count de

Sartiges, and that Mr. Everett was probably presiding over his own dinner in the adjoining house.

My *vis à vis* at Mr. Everett's table was Miss Ann G. Wight, a woman with an unusual history. She was born in Montgomery County, Maryland, and as a child was placed in a convent. She eventually became a nun and an inmate of the Convent of the Visitation in Georgetown, where she assumed the name of "Sister Gertrude." She was an intellectual woman and was deeply beloved by her associates. Without any apparent cause, however, she planned an escape from the convent and sought the residence of her relative, General John P. Van Ness, dropping her keys, as I have understood, in Rock Creek as she passed over the Georgetown bridge. Mrs. Charles Worthington, a Catholic friend of mine who was educated at this same convent, gave me the following explanation of her conduct: There was an election for Mother Superior, and Miss Wight, deeply disappointed that she was not chosen to fill the position, was dissatisfied and when it became her turn to answer the front-door bell, suddenly determined to leave. She was, however, recognized by one of the priests, who followed her to General Van Ness's residence, where he insisted upon seeing her. At first she refused to meet him, but, upon informing the General that he must learn from her own lips whether her departure was voluntary, she consented to see him in the presence of her relative. She admitted that she had in no way been influenced. When I first met Miss Wight she was more devoted to "the pride, pomp and circumstance" of the world than many who had not led such deeply religious lives. She was still living at the residence of General Van Ness, and I have heard that she always remained a Roman Catholic. During the Everett dinner my escort, Mr. Philip Griffith, remarked to me in an undertone: "We have an escaped nun here; are we going to have an *auto da fé?*" I responded that I believed it to be a

matter of record that *autos da fé* were solely a courtly amusement.

Mrs. Sidney Brooks, formerly Miss Fanny Dehon of Boston, was another of Mr. Everett's guests. She was a relative of our host, and it was her custom to make prolonged visits to the Everett home. Her presence in Washington was always hailed with delight. She was a pronounced blonde, and her reputation as a brilliant conversationalist was widely extended.

Rufus Choate was an occasional visitor in Washington subsequent to his brilliant senatorial career which ended in 1845. That I had the pleasure of intimately knowing this man of wit and erudition is one of the brightest memories of my life. His quaint humor was inexhaustible and some of his bright utterances will never perish. When a younger sister of mine was lying desperately ill in Washington in 1856 he called to inquire about her condition, and the tones of his sympathetic voice still linger in my ear. It has been fittingly said of Mr. Choate that even one's name uttered by him was in itself a delicate compliment. It is to him we owe the inspiring quotation, "Keep step to the music of the Union," which he uttered in his speech before the Whig convention of 1855. I have heard some of Mr. Choate's clients dwell upon his mighty power as an advocate, and it seems to me that words of law flowing from such lips might have been suggestive of the harmony of the universe. The chirography of Mr. Choate was equal to any Chinese puzzle; it was even more difficult to decipher than that of Horace Greeley. I once received a note from him and was obliged to call upon my family to aid me in reading it. He had a fund of humor which was universally applauded by an admiring public. Once, in replying to a toast on Yale College at the "Hasty-Pudding" dinner, he said that "everything is to be irregular this evening." He followed this remark by poking a little fun at the expense of the College

by reading a portion of the will of Lewis Morris, one of the Signers and the father of Gouverneur Morris. This document was executed in 1760 in New York, and in it he expresses his "desire that my son, Gouverneur Morris, may have the best education that is to be had in Europe or America, but my express will and directions are that he be never sent for that purpose to the Colony of Connecticutt, lest he should imbibe in his youth that low craft and cunning so incident to the People of that Colony, which is so interwoven in their Constitutions that all their art cannot disguise it from the World; though many of them, under the sanctifyed garb of Religion, have endeavored to impose themselves on the World for honest men." The laughter which followed the reading of this extract was as *regular* as the remarks were *irregular*. It may be added that Lewis Morris died two years after making this will, when his son Gouverneur was between ten and eleven years of age, and that his desires were respected, as his son was graduated from King's (now Columbia) College in New York in 1768, when only sixteen years old. His father, cold in the grave, had his revenge on the "Colony of Connecticutt" and the hatchet, for aught we know to the contrary, was forever buried, while old Elihu's college still survives in New Haven.

An anecdote relating to Gouverneur Morris still lingers in my memory. Before his marriage, quite late in life, to Miss Anne Cary Randolph, his nephew, Gouverneur Wilkins, was generally regarded as heir to his large estate. When a direct heir was born, Mr. Wilkins was summoned to the babe's christening. One of the guests began to speculate upon the name of the youngster, when Mr. Wilkins quickly said, "Why, *Cut-us-off-sky,* of course," in imitation of the usual termination of such a large number of Russian names.

In 1852 John F. T. Crampton was British Minister to the United States and I had the pleasure of knowing him

quite well. He was a bachelor of commanding presence, and it was rather a surprise to Washingtonians that he evaded matrimonial capture! He lived in Georgetown in an old-time and spacious mansion, surrounded by ample grounds. The proverbial tea-drinking period had not arrived, but Mr. Crampton, notwithstanding this fact, gave afternoon receptions for which his house, by the way, was especially adapted. In 1856, during the Crimean War, an unpleasantness arose between Great Britain and this country in connection with the charge that Crampton had been instrumental in recruiting soldiers in the United States for service in the British Army. Accordingly, in May of the same year, President Pierce broke off diplomatic relations with him and he was recalled. There was never, however, any severe reflection made upon him by his home Ministry, and after his return to England he was made a Knight of the Bath by Lord Palmerson, and a little later became the British Minister at St. Petersburg. In the autumn of 1856, while in Russia, he married Victoire Balfe, second daughter of Michael William Balfe, the distinguished musical composer, from whom he was divorced in 1863.

I frequently attended receptions at the British Legation, and I particularly recall those in the spring of the year when they took the form of *fêtes champêtres* upon the well-kept lawn. On these occasions the Diplomatic Corps was well represented, as well as the resident society. I have heard a curious story about Henry Stephen Fox, the English Minister in Washington from 1836 to 1844. He evidently represented the sporting element of his day, as it was said he was *en évidence* all night and seldom visible by daylight. He was, moreover, exceedingly careless about some of the reasonable responsibilities of life which rendered it difficult for his creditors to secure an audience. They, however, surrounded his house in the First Ward one evening and demanded in clamor-

ous tones that he should name a definite time when he would satisfy their claims. Fox appeared at a front window and pleasantly announced that, as they were so urgent in their demands, he would state a time which he hoped would meet with their satisfaction, and accordingly named in stentorian voice the "Day of Judgment."

One of the constant visitors at our home on G Street was John Savile-Lumley, who was appointed in 1854 as the Secretary of the British Legation under Crampton, and in the following year became the English *Chargé d'affaires* in Washington. I remember him as a fine looking gentleman and an especially pleasing specimen of the English race. He was the natural son of John Lumley-Savile, the eighth Earl of Scarborough, by a mother of French origin. After leaving Washington, he represented his country in Rome and other prominent courts of Europe, and, upon his retirement from the diplomatic service in 1888, was raised to the peerage as Baron Savile of Rufford in Nottinghamshire. The last I heard of him was through one of Lord Ronald Gower's charming books of travel, where it states that he was representing Great Britain at the court of Leopold I. in Belgium. He died in the fall of 1896. His younger brother lived in London where, for a period, he acted as a sort of major-domo in society, and but few entertainments were considered complete without him.

CHAPTER X

DIPLOMATIC CORPS AND OTHER CELEBRITIES

I HAVE already spoken of the Count de Sartiges, who so ably represented the French Government in the United States. He had not been very long in this country when he married Miss Anna Thorndike of Boston, and while residing in Washington they dispensed a lavish hospitality. Just before he came to this country, the Count spent several years in Persia, which was then regarded as an out-of-the-way post of duty. I recall quite an amusing incident which occurred at an entertainment given by the Countess de Sartiges to which I was accompanied by George Newell, brother-in-law of William L. Marcy. Mr. Newell had not been in Washington long enough to become acquainted with all the members of the Diplomatic Corps, and, crossing the room to where I stood, he inquired: "Who is the Aborigine who has been sitting next to me?" I looked in the direction indicated and recognized the well-known person of General Juan Nepomuceno Almonte, the Mexican Minister, whose features strongly portrayed the Indian type. Some matrimonial alliances in Mexico at this time, by the way, were more or less complicated; for example, General Almonte's wife was his own niece.

The first Secretary of the French Legation was Baron Goeffrey Boilleau, who remained in this country for several years. While stationed in Washington, he married Susan Benton, a daughter of Thomas H. Benton, U. S. Senator from Missouri and a political autocrat in his own State, another of whose daughters, Jessie Ann, was the

wife of General John C. Fremont. At a later day, both Boilleau and Fremont became involved in difficulties of a serious character in consequence of which the former, while Minister to Ecuador, was recalled to France, where, as I am informed, he was convicted and confined for a period in the *Conciergerie*. I am not fully acquainted with the exact details of the charges upon which he was tried, but they had their origin in the negotiation of certain bonds of the proposed Memphis and El Paso Railroad. In my opinion, however, no one who knew Baron Boilleau well ever doubted his integrity. He was a man of decidedly literary tastes and, like many persons of that character, possessed but meager knowledge of business. It seems that General Fremont had obtained from the Legislature of Texas a grant of state lands in the interests of the railroad just referred to, which was to be a portion of a projected transcontinental line from Norfolk, Virginia, to San Diego and San Francisco. It has been stated that "the French agents employed to place the land-grant bonds of this road on the market made the false declaration that they were guaranteed by the United States. In 1869 the Senate passed a bill giving Fremont's road the right of way through the territories, an attempt to defeat it by fixing on him the onus of the misstatement in Paris having been unsuccessful. In 1873 he was prosecuted by the French government for fraud in connection with this misstatement. He did not appear in person, and was sentenced by default to fine and imprisonment, no judgment being given on the merits of the case."

Prince Louis de Bearn, Secretary of the French Legation, was a gentleman of most pleasing personality. He was a strikingly handsome bachelor at the time I knew him and was much seen in the gay world. He was never called "Prince" in those days, but "Count"; but in a letter now before me, written in 1904 by his son, who was

recently an attaché of the French Embassy in Washington, he claims that both his father and grandfather were Princes by right of birth. He also states that the title was borne by his family before the Revolution of 1789. During his official life in Washington, Prince de Bearn married Miss Beatrice Winans, daughter of Ross Winans of Baltimore. Chevalier John George Hulsemann, the Austrian Minister, was a convivial old bachelor and was much esteemed at the Capital for his genial qualities. He lived on F Street, below Pennsylvania Avenue, and was stationed in Washington for many years.

Chevalier Giuseppe Bertinatti, the Italian Minister, commenced his diplomatic career in Washington as a bachelor. He did not occupy a house of his own, but lodged at the establishment of Mrs. Ulrich, which was the headquarters of many foreigners. Fifty years ago and more, the members of the Diplomatic Corps, with few exceptions, lived either in modest residences or in boarding houses, in striking contrast with many of the imposing mansions now occupied by the official representatives of foreign lands. His mission was a diplomatic success and while at the capital he married Mrs. Eugénie Bass, a handsome widow from Mississippi, and soon departed upon another mission, taking his American bride with him. Soon after the announcement of his prospective marriage, Count Bertinatti issued invitations to a large dinner given in honor of his *fiancée*. When the gala day arrived, Mrs. Bass, though quite indisposed, was persuaded to be present at the dinner, but, feeling decidedly ill, she retired from the table and in a short time became much nauseated. When this state of affairs was explained to General George Douglas Ramsay, one of the guests of the evening, his quick sally was, "a Bass relief!"

Baron Frederick Charles Joseph von Gerolt, whom I knew very well and who represented King William of Prussia, is still affectionately recalled by his few survivors

who cling to early associations. His departure from Washington with his family was more deeply regretted than that of some other foreign residents whom I remember, as they had made many friends and had lived in Washington so long that they were regarded almost as permanent residents. The Misses Bertha and Dorothea von Gerolt were graceful dancers and were very popular. Dorothea married into the Diplomatic Corps and accompanied her husband to Greece. I have heard that Bertha became deeply attached to the Chevalier A. P. C. Van Karnabeek, secretary of the Netherlands Legation, but that, owing to religious considerations, her parents frowned upon the alliance. She accordingly determined to enter upon a cloistered life and went to the Georgetown convent where she became a nun, and was known until the day of her death in 1890 as "Sister Angela." Baron von Gerolt was an intellectual man and, prior to his career in the United States, his name was much associated with Baron Alexander von Humboldt; but as neither he nor Madame von Gerolt were proficient English scholars when they first arrived they naturally depended upon others for instruction. I can vouch for the truth of the statement that upon one occasion they were advised by members of his own legation to greet those whom they met with the words, "I'm damned glad to see you."

Mr. Alfred Bergmans, Secretary of the Belgian Legation, married Lily Macalister, a Philadelphia heiress, who, in her widowhood, returned to this country and made Washington her home. Madame Bergmans was a devotee to society and was particularly fond of dancing. She was a *petite blonde,* and, even after it ceased to be fashion, she wore her light hair down her back in many ringlets. When George M. Robeson, President Grant's Secretary of the Navy, saw her for the first time one evening while she was dancing, he exclaimed, "That is the tripping of the light fantastic toe." She married quite late

in life J. Scott Laughton, who was considerably her junior, but did not long survive the alliance.

Many members of the Diplomatic Corps of this period married American women. Baron Guido von Grabow, one of the secretaries of the Prussian Legation whom I knew very well, married Mrs. Edward Boyce, whose maiden name was Nina Wood. She was a granddaughter of President Zachary Taylor and was well known and beloved by old Washingtonians. Her marriage to Baron von Grabow offers strong encouragement to persistent suitors. He was deeply in love with her prior to her first marriage, but she rejected him for Edward Boyce, who was a member of a prominent Georgetown family. Mr. Boyce lived only a few years, and her subsequent married life with Baron von Grabow was long and happy.

Alexandre Gau, *Chancelier* of the Prussian Legation, married my younger sister, Margaret, who was regarded as a remarkable beauty as well as an accomplished linguist and pianist. Her wedding took place in our G Street home in the same room where five months later her funeral services were held. Mr. Gau did not long survive her and was interred by her side in my father's old burial plot in Jamaica, Long Island.

Don Calderon de la Barca, the Spanish Minister to the United States, together with his wife, who was Miss Fanny Inglis, and her sister, Miss Lydia Inglis, were presiding social spirits in Washington for many years. The latter married a Mr. McLeod, and, becoming financially embarrassed, established on Staten Island a school for girls which was ably conducted. These sisters were members of a Scotch family of distinguished lineage. One of Mrs. McLeod's pupils was Mary E. Croghan, a prominent heiress from Pittsburgh. She was still attending school on Staten Island when Captain Edward W. H. Schenley of the Royal Navy, a Scotch relative of Mrs. McLeod, came to America to visit her. In inviting him to be her guest

she felt that, as he was an elderly man, he would prove to be quite immune to the attractions of mere school girls. I met Captain Schenley about this same time in New York, and his "make up" was of such a remarkable character that it was a favorite *on dit* that, when he was dressed for standing, a sitting posture was quite an impossibility. Young Miss Croghan must have discovered fascinations in this Scotchman as she eloped with him from Mrs. McLeod's school and after a brief period accompanied him to England, where she spent the remainder of her life. Mrs. McLeod was severely criticised by her patrons for carelessness, and her school was somewhat injured by Miss Croghan's matrimonial adventure.

Don Leopoldo Augusto De Cueto was another Spanish Minister, whom I regarded as an agreeable acquaintance. During his *régime* filibustering against Spanish possessions, and especially Cuba, was a favorite pastime of American citizens and rendered the position of the Spanish Minister in Washington one of delicacy and difficulty. Residing in Washington during De Cueto's tenure of office was a Cuban named Ambrosio José Gonzales, who, in the Civil War, became Inspector General of Artillery in the Confederate Army, under General Beauregard. As he was well versed in music and had a remarkable voice, he frequently, upon request, sang selections from the popular operas then in vogue. Among the songs frequently heard in drawing-rooms was "Suoni la Tromba," from Bellini's opera "I Puritani di Scozia," which had been interdicted by the Spanish Government. One evening when De Cueto was spending an informal evening with my sisters and myself at our G Street home, Mr. Gonzales happened to call and was asked to sing. He seated himself at the piano and for sometime sang various airs for us. Finally, not knowing that "Suoni la Tromba" was under the Spanish ban, I asked him to sing it. During the song De Cueto was politely attentive,

and at its conclusion had the politeness to applaud it. Imagine, however, my surprise when I heard a few days later, through a mutual friend, that Gonzales had boasted that he sang the song in De Cueto's presence, proudly adding that he had looked the Spaniard full in the eye when he uttered the word *libertă.*

Mr. José de Marcoleta, the Nicaraguan Minister to the United States, was an elderly and punctilious Spaniard. He was indefatigable in the observance of all social duties, and I met him wherever I went. He was a bachelor but, soon after his arrival in Washington, announced his engagement to Miss Mary West of Boston, who unfortunately died before her wedding day. I am under the impression that he eventually married another American. I remember once when he called to see us I asked him to tell me something about Nicaragua, which was then an almost unknown country. My surprise can hardly be described when he told me he had never seen the country which he represented, but was a native of Spain.

Baron Waldemar Rudolph Raasloff represented Denmark in a manner creditable both to his country and our own. He told me that some years previous to his mission to America he came to New York in the capacity of an engineer and was engaged on work in New York harbor, "blowing up rocks." Possibly he was thus employed at "Hell Gate," at that time one of the most dangerous obstacles to navigation in that vicinity.

The well-known "Octagon," as the old Tayloe home on the corner of New York Avenue and Eighteenth Street is still called, during my early residence in Washington was closed. Many superstitious persons regarded it with fear, as its reputation as a haunted house was then, in their opinion, well established. I have been told by the daughters of General George D. Ramsay that upon one occasion their father was requested by Colonel John Tayloe, the father of Benjamin Ogle Tayloe, to remain at the Octagon

over night, when he was obliged to be absent, as a protection to his daughters, Anne and Virginia. While the members of the family were at the evening meal, the bells in the house began to ring violently. General Ramsay immediately arose from the table to investigate, but failed to unravel the mystery. The butler, in a state of great alarm, rushed into the dining-room and declared that it was the work of an unseen hand. As they continued to ring, General Ramsay held the rope which controlled the bells, but, it is said, they were not silenced. The architect of the Octagon was Dr. William Thornton, of the West Indies, who designed the plans of the first capitol in Washington and who was the controlling spirit of the three Commissioners appointed by Congress to acquire a "territory not exceeding ten miles square" for the establishment of a permanent seat of government. These men were Daniel Carroll, Thomas Johnson, first Governor of the State of Maryland, and David Stuart. Most of this land, which included Georgetown and Alexandria, was primeval forest and was owned chiefly by Daniel Carroll, Notley Young, Samuel Davidson and David Burns.

The Commissioners had great difficulty in dealing with Burns, who owned nearly all of what is now the northwestern section of the city, as he was a closefisted and hardheaded Scotchman, who was unwilling to part with his lands without being roundly paid for them. When argument with him proved fruitless, it is said that General Washington, realizing the gravity of the situation, rode up several times from Mount Vernon to discuss the situation with "stubborn Mr. Burns." At length, in despair, he remarked: "Had not the Federal City been laid out here, you would have died a poor planter." "Ay, mon," was Burns's ready response, "and had you no married the widder Custis wi' a' her nagres ye'd ha'e been a land surveyor the noo', an' a mighty poor ane at that!" It is further related that Washington finally succeeded in

winning Burns over to his way of thinking, and that the canny Scotchman, realizing how largely he was to profit by the transaction, actually became generous and gave to the Commissioners, in fee simple, his apple orchard which is now the beautiful Lafayette Square.

In passing through Lafayette Square, I have often sat down upon a bench to rest near the "wishing tree," a dwarf chestnut so well known to residents of the District, and I have been impressed by the many superstitious persons, both men and women, who have stopped for a moment and silently stood under its branches. Many are the credulous believers in its power to satisfy human desires, and the season when its branches are full of nuts is regarded by these as a specially propitious time for their realization. With many persons this tree is the basis of their only superstition.

I remember the case of a young girl who had been working very hard to obtain a position in one of the departments but without success and who, thoroughly discouraged, came to the tree early one morning and made the wish that to her and her family meant the actual necessities of life. She then sat down to rest upon a near-by bench before going home, and while there became engaged in conversation with a pleasing looking woman, to whom she poured forth her heart as she related her hopes and disappointments about obtaining a government position. As her listener was a sympathetic person, she asked the young woman her name and address, and in a few days the poor girl received a notice to go to a certain department for examination. It seems that her companion under the tree was the wife of an influential Senator, who was so touched by the young woman's efforts, as well as by her childish faith in the "wishing tree," that she took pleasure in seeing that her great desire was gratified.

At this time Washington was not far behind other

large cities in games of chance, and gambling was frequently indulged in quite openly. Edward Pendleton's resort, a luxurious establishment down town, was regarded as quite *à la mode,* and I have heard it said that he had able assistance from social ranks. I have often wondered why a man who indulged in this sport was called a gambler, as the term "gamester," used many years ago, seems decidedly more appropriate. I own two volumes of a very old book, published in the eighteenth century, entitled "The Gamesters," in which the heroes are professional gamblers. I have seen Mrs. Pendleton's costly equipage, drawn by horses with brilliant trappings and followed by blooded hounds, coursing the length of Pennsylvania Avenue, while its owner seemed entirely unconscious of the aching hearts which had contributed to all her grandeur. Cards were universally played in private homes and whist was the fashionable game, General Scott being one of its chief devotees. I have often thought how much the old General would have enjoyed "bridge," as there was nothing that gave him more pleasure than playing the "dummy hand."

My old friend, Mrs. Diana Bullitt Kearny, the widow of General "Phil" Kearny, in our many chats in her latter days, gave me many reminiscences of Washington at a time when I was not residing there. She described a fancy-dress ball given by her while residing in the old Porter house on H Street, which must have been about 1848, as General Kearny had just returned from the Mexican War. She dwelt particularly upon the costume of Emma Meredith, one of her guests and the daughter of Jonathan Meredith of Baltimore, who came to Washington to attend the party. She represented a rainbow and her appearance was so gorgeous that Mrs. Kearny said the Heavenly vision seemed almost within the grasp of common mortals. Miss Meredith's supremacy as a belle has never been eclipsed. I recall a painful incident connected

with her life. A young naval officer was deeply in love with her and, it is said, was under the impression that she intended to marry him. At a theater party one evening he discovered his mistake and, taking the affair to heart, returned to his quarters and the same evening swallowed a dose of corrosive sublimate. Physicians were immediately summoned and, although he regretted the act and expressed a desire to live, they were unable to save him. It is said that about the same time Miss Meredith left her home in Baltimore to visit her sister, Mrs. Gardiner G. Howland, whose husband was one of the merchant princes of New York, and that, as she crossed the Jersey City Ferry, one of the first objects which met her eyes was the funeral cortege of her disappointed lover *en route* to his final resting place. Subsequent to this tragedy, I met Miss Meredith in Saratoga, surrounded by the usual admiring throng. She never married. I heard of her in recent years, at a summer resort near Baltimore, and, although advanced in years, I understood she still possessed exceptional powers of attraction. Only a short time ago I heard a young man remark that he knew her very well and that he would rather converse with her than with women many years her junior.

Mrs. Kearny was said to be the last of the "Lafayette girls." In 1825, when Lafayette made his memorable visit to the United States as the guest of the nation, she was living with her parents in Louisville, and at the tender age of five strewed flowers in the pathway of the distinguished Frenchman. She remembered the incident perfectly and in our numerous conversations I have repeatedly heard her allude to it. She told me that, seated at General Lafayette's side in the carriage which conveyed him through the city, was the great-uncle, Colonel Richard C. Anderson, who led the advance of the American troops at the Battle of Trenton. General Robert Anderson, U. S. A., whose memory the country honors as the

defender of Fort Sumpter, was his son. The General's widow, a daughter of General Duncan L. Clinch, U. S. A., resided in Washington until her death a few years ago. She was a woman of rare intelligence and, although a great invalid for many years, gathered around her an appreciative circle of friends, who were always charmed by her attractive personality.

In my earliest recollection of Washington the old Van Ness house was still sheltered by many trees. The foliage was so dense that it may have been the desire of the occupants to shield themselves in this manner from public view. When I first knew the landmark it was occupied by Thomas Green, an old-time resident of the District. He married, as his second wife, Ann Corbin Lomax, a daughter of Major Mann Page Lomax of the Ordnance Department of the Army. During the Civil War, Mr. Green's sympathies were with the South, but he took no active part in the conflict. One of his idiosyncrasies was to pick up, on and around his spacious grounds, scraps of old iron, such as horse shoes, hay rakes and the like, which were placed in a corner of his capacious cellar. Suspicion was centered upon his house by information given to the government by an old family servant who thought he was doing the country a service, and directions were accordingly given that it should be searched. While this order was in process of execution, the discovery of the scrap-iron is said to have played an important part and in some unaccountable manner to have aroused further suspicion. Whatever the logic of the situation may have been is not intelligible, but the fact remains that Mr. and Mrs. Green and the latter's sister, Miss Virginia Lomax, were arrested in a summary manner and taken to the Old Capital Prison, where for a time they were kept in close confinement, during which Miss Lomax suffered severe indisposition and, as is said, never entirely recovered from the effects of her incarceration. About

twenty-five years after the War, while staying at the same house with her in Warrenton, Virginia, I quite longed to hear her reminiscences of prison life; but when I expressed my desire to a member of her family, I was requested not to broach the subject as, even at this late day, it was painful to her as a topic of conversation.

During the War of 1812, Major Lomax was sent upon a mission to Canada by the U. S. Government and, one day during his brief sojourn, dined in company with some British officers. During the dinner a toast was offered by one of the sons of John Bull: "To President Madison, dead or alive." The responding toast by Major Lomax was: "To the Prince Regent, drunk or sober." The British officer who had proposed the toast to Madison immediately sprang to his feet and with much indignation inquired: "Do you mean to insult me, sir?" The quick rejoinder was: "I am responding to an insult!"

I met Charles Sumner soon after his first appearance in the United States Senate as the successor of Daniel Webster, who had become Secretary of State. He was a man of striking appearance and bore himself with the dignity so characteristic of the statesmen of that period. "Sumner is one of them literary fellows," was the facetious criticism of the Hon. Zachariah Chandler of Michigan, who a few years later became one of his colleagues in the Senate, and who in earlier life was accumulating a large fortune while Mr. Sumner, in his Massachusetts home, was engaged in those intellectual and scholarly pursuits which eventually made him one of the ripest and most accomplished students in the land. Chandler, however, in his own way, furnished a conspicuous example to aspiring youths of the day, both by his earlier and subsequent life, of what may be accomplished by determined application.

For a decade or more preceding the Civil War the political sentiment of Washington, especially in reference to

the violent anti-slavery agitation then engrossing the thought of the country, was decidedly in sympathy with the attitude of the South. It is not, therefore, surprising that Sumner, whose radical views were known from Maine to Texas, should have been received at first in Washington society with but little cordiality. As the years passed along, he was rapidly forging himself ahead to the leadership of his party in the Senate and, of course, became strongly inimical to Buchanan's administration. He was regarded with confidence and esteem by his own party, and, although naturally both disliked and feared by his political opponents, it could be truthfully said of him that he was

> A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
> Hast ta'en with equal thanks,

and that no attempts to socially ostracize or to deride him for his political views and his intense application to his sense of duty deterred the great Massachusetts statesman from pursuing the "even tenor of his way."

An anecdote went the rounds of the Capital to the effect that, one morning when a gentleman called to see Sumner at his rooms on Pennsylvania Avenue, a colored attendant answered the door and after glancing at his card informed him that it would be impossible to disturb his master, as he was rehearsing before a looking-glass a speech which he expected to deliver the following morning. Whether this was originally told by a friend or foe of Mr. Sumner is not known. Mr. Sumner once requested me to take him to see a young Washington belle who combined Parisian grace with Kentucky dash. I refer to Miss Sally Strother, an acknowledged beauty of decidedly Southern views, who lived on Seventh Street near F Street, now a commercial center. Mr. Sumner and I walked to her house from my home on G Street and found several guests in her drawing-room, where the topic of conversa-

tion, in the course of the evening, drifted to the subject of spiritualism. It was announced that at a recent *séance* the spirit of Washington had appeared and uttered the usual platitudes, whereupon Miss Strother, without a moment's hesitation, remarked: "I wonder what General Washington would say about Mr. Sumner?" Someone undertook to define Washington's views, but Miss Strother interrupted and said: "I know just what he would say —that he was a very intelligent, a very handsome, but a very bad man." This remark was naturally productive of much mirth, but failed to arouse any manifestation of feeling or disapprobation on the part of Mr. Sumner. Later, as we were walking homeward he remarked: "I have *l'esprit d'escalier* and my retorts do not come until I am well-nigh down the flight of stairs." Sally Strother went abroad, where she married Baron Fahnenberg of Belgium, and shared a fate similar to that of many of her country-women, as she was finally separated from her husband. She cherished, however, a pride of title and bequeathed $60,000 to erect in Spa, Belgium, a handsome chapel as well as a vault to contain the remains of her mother, brother and herself. Her Kentucky relatives, however, including the family of Mrs. Basil Duke, succeeded in breaking the will on the ground that her mother's will, through which she had inherited her property, did not permit it to leave the family. The chapel and vault, accordingly, were not built, and all her property reverted to her relatives.

In addition to his commanding presence, nature bestowed upon Mr. Sumner a clear and melodious voice, which rendered it quite unnecessary for him to resort to Demosthenic methods of cultivation. For many years his inspiring words could be heard upon the floor of the Senate in all of the leading debates of the day, and his masterly orations will go down to posterity as an important contribution to the history of many national administrations.

I well remember Preston S. Brooks's cowardly assault upon Charles Sumner in the Senate Chamber in the spring of 1856. Public indignation ran very high, and his political opponents referred to him thereafter as "Bully Brooks." Socially, as well as politically, he was popular. He possessed a gentle and pleasing bearing and it would have been difficult for anyone to associate him with such a cruel outrage. His uncle, Andrew P. Butler, who was in the U. S. Senate from South Carolina at the same time, was a fine-looking and venerable gentleman, but he was one of the class then designated as "fire-eaters."

There existed between Mr. Sumner and Henry W. Longfellow a strong friendship which was contracted in early life. I have often heard the Massachusetts statesman recite some of his friend's poetical lines, which seemed to me additionally beautiful when rendered in his deep and sonorous voice. In the latter years of his life he resided in the house which is now the Arlington Hotel Annex, where he surrounded himself with his remarkable collection of books and articles of *virtu* which he exhibited with pride to his guests. I especially recall an old clock presented to him by Henry Sanford, Minister to Belguim, as an artistic work of exceptional beauty. Mr. Sumner, by the way, was an accomplished connoisseur in art. I have heard him strongly denounce Clark Mills's equestrian statue of General Andrew Jackson, now standing in the center of Lafayette Square. He told me that on one occasion he was conducting a party of Englishmen through the streets of the National Capital and, as they were driving along Pennsylvania Avenue, he seated himself in such a position as to entirely obstruct the view of what he called this "grotesque statue," calling the attention of his guests, meanwhile, to the White House on the other side of the street.

I felt honored in calling Charles Sumner my friend, and I take especial pleasure in repeating the encomium

that "to the wisdom of the statesman and the learning of the scholar he joined the consecration of a patriot, the honor of a knight and the sincerity of a Christian." George Sumner, his brother, did not appear in the land of his birth as a celebrity, but he had a remarkable career abroad. He hobnobbed with royalty throughout the European continent and was highly regarded for his profound learning. He studied at the Universities of Heidelberg and Berlin and traveled extensively through Europe, Asia and Africa. He never tarried long in his "native heath," and furnished conspicuous evidence that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country." Alexander von Humboldt praised the accuracy of his researches and Alexis de Tocqueville referred to him as being better acquainted with European politics than any European with whom he was acquainted.

While Sumner was in the Senate, George T. Davis of Greenfield, Massachusetts, was a member of the House of Representatives. I knew him very well and he was a constant visitor at our home. He was celebrated for his flashes of wit, which sometimes stimulated undeveloped powers in others, and I have often seen dull perceptions considerably sharpened at his approach. Oliver Wendell Holmes speaks of his witty sayings in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," and his conversational powers were so brilliant that they won the admiration of Thackeray. Robert Rantoul, also from Massachusetts, and a colleague of Davis, was a "Webster Whig" and a powerful exponent of the "Free-Soil" faith. Davis, who was so bright and clever in the drawing-room, could not, however, compete with Rantoul on the floor of the House in parliamentary debate. The epitaph on Rantoul's monument says that "He died at his post in Congress, and his last words were a protest in the name of Democracy against the Fugitive-Slave Law." One of the verses of Whittier's poem, entitled "Rantoul," reads as follows:—

Through him we hoped to speak the word
Which wins the freedom of a land;
And lift, for human right, the sword
Which dropped from Hampden's dying hand.

I first met the eccentric Count Adam Gurowski at the convivial tea table of Miss Emily Harper in Newport, upon one of those balmy summer evenings so indelibly impressed upon my memory. He was, perhaps, in many respects, one of the most remarkable characters that Washington has ever known. He was a son of Count Ladislas Gurowski, an ardent admirer of Kosciusko, and was active in revolutionary projects in Poland in consequence of which he was condemned to death by the Russian authorities. He managed, however, to escape and in 1835 published a work entitled "La Verité sur la Russie," in which he advocated a union of the various branches of the Slavic race. This book was so favorably regarded in Russia that its author was recalled and employed in the civil service. He came to this country in 1849, and, after being employed on the staff of *The New York Tribune,* came to Washington, where his linguistic attainments and the aid of Charles Sumner secured for him a position as translator in the State Department, which he held from 1861 to 1863.

The Count was a medley of strange whims and idiosyncrasies that almost baffle description. Together with his strong individuality, he possessed a trait which made many enemies and ultimately proved his undoing. I refer to his uncontrollable desire to contradict and to antagonize. It was simply impossible to find a subject upon which he and anyone else could agree. There were, however, extenuating circumstances. "Chill penury," forced upon him by the state of his financial affairs, had much to do with his cynical and acrimonious spirit. Prosperity is certainly conducive to an amiable bearing, and I believe that Gurowski would have been more conciliatory

if adversity had not so persistently attended his pathway. It is highly probable, too, that Gurowski would have retained his position under the government indefinitely but for his unfortunate disposition. He wrote a diary from 1861 to 1863 which he was so indiscreet as to keep in his desk in the State Department; and, unknown at first to him, some of its pages were brought to the attention of certain officials of the government. They contained anything but complimentary references to his chief, William H. Seward, Secretary of State, and he was discharged. Meanwhile he had antagonized his benefactor, Mr. Sumner, by opposing, in a caustic manner, his views in reference to the conduct of the Civil War, and by other similar indiscretions was making new enemies almost every day.

The intense bitterness and intemperance of Gurowski in the expression of his views is well illustrated in a conversation quoted by one of his friends in *The Atlantic Monthly* more than forty years ago. It had reference to a period preceding the Civil War when the "Fugitive-Slave Law" was engrossing the attention of the country. "What do I care for Mr. Webster," he said. "I can read the Constitution as well as Mr. Webster." "But surely, Count, you would not presume to dispute Mr. Webster's opinion on a question of constitutional law?" "And why not? I tell you I can read the Constitution as well as Mr. Webster, and I say that the 'Fugitive-Slave Law' is unconstitutional—is an outrage, and an imposition of which you will all soon be ashamed. It is a disgrace to your humanity and to your republicanism, and Mr. Webster should be hung for advocating it. He is a humbug or an ass—an ass, if he believes such an infamous law to be constitutional, and if he does not believe it, he is a humbug and a scoundrel for advocating it."

The Count's sarcastic reference to Secretary Seward is

equally amusing. It seems that one of his duties, while in the State Department, was to keep a close watch upon the European newspapers for matters of interest to our government, and also to furnish the Secretary of State, when requested, with opinions on diplomatic questions, or, as Gurowski expressed it, "to read the German newspapers and keep Seward from making a fool of himself." The first duty, he said, was easy enough, but the latter was rather difficult!

In 1854 Gurowski published his book, "Russia as it is," which was soon followed by another work entitled, "America and Europe." Both of them met with a favorable reception, but, after losing his government position, it became a difficult matter for him to eke out a maintenance, and his disposition, if possible, became still more embittered. At an evening party I took part by chance in an animated discussion upon the subject of dueling. Suddenly my eye lighted upon Count Gurowski, who had just entered the room. Calling him to my side I asked him in facetious tones how many men he had killed. He quickly responded, "Wonly (only) two!"

Count Gurowski's fund of knowledge was in many ways highly remarkable, especially upon his favorite theme of royalty and nobility, past and present. He was intensely disliked by the Diplomatic Corps in Washington, many of whose members regarded him as a Russian spy, a suspicion which, of course, was without the slightest foundation. Baron Waldemar Rudolph Raasloff, the Danish Minister, once refused to enter a box at the opera where I was seated because Gurowski was one of the party. The Count seemed to be in touch with sources of information relating to diplomats and their affairs which were unknown to others—a fact which naturally aroused dislike and jealousy. He once announced to me, for example, that the *attachés* of the French Legation were in a state of great good humor, as their salaries had been

raised that day. I once heard a member of a foreign legation say to another: "Gurowski is an emanation of the Devil." "The Devil, you say," was the response, "why, he is the Devil himself." In discussing with a foreigner the Count's exile by the Russian government, I said that I knew of relatives of his in high position in Russia. Evidently controlled by his prejudices, he replied: "It must be a family of contrasts, as his position in this country is certainly a low one." If he intended to convey the impression that the Count was "low" in his pocket, his statement was certainly correct, but not otherwise. It is true that his unhappy disposition made him more enemies than friends, but he was by no means devoid of admirable traits, even if he so frequently preferred to conceal them. The finer side of his nature and his pleasing qualities only were presented to my sister, Mrs. Eames, who always welcomed him to her house. One day when he called the condition of his health seemed so precarious that she insisted upon his becoming her guest. He accepted the invitation, but did not long survive, and in the spring of 1866 his turbulent spirit passed away while under my sister's roof. Much respect was paid to his memory and the most distinguished men and women in Washington attended his funeral. He is buried in the Congressional Cemetery, where a crested tablet surmounts his grave. Little was generally known of his immediate family relations, but Robert Carter, one of his most intimate friends and the author of the article in *The Atlantic Monthly,* already referred to, states that he was a widower and had a son in the Russian Navy and a married daughter in Switzerland.

Early in life his brother, Count Ignatius Gurowski, met the Infanta Isabella de Bourbon, sister of the Prince Consort of Spain, while she was receiving her education at the *Sacre Coeur* in Paris, and eloped with her. They were pensioned by the Spanish government for a while

under Queen Isabella's reign and made their home in Brussels. I have heard, however, that when Isabella was forced from the throne the pension ceased and their circumstances became quite reduced. It is said that the Prince Consort, Ignatius Gurowski's brother-in-law, suggested to him soon after his marriage that it might be well for him to be created a Duke of the realm. This friendly offer was declined with indignation. "I would prefer," said Gurowski, "being an old Count to a new Duke!"

Sometime ago I saw the statement in a newspaper to the effect that descendants of Ignatius Gurowski were living in the United States. This suggests, although remotely, the inquiry heard many years ago: "Have we a Bourbon among us?"—referring, of course, to the last Dauphin, whom many believed to exist in the person of the Rev. Eleazer Williams, who resided in St. Lawrence County, New York. The Rev. Dr. Francis L. Hawks had such an abiding faith that Williams was actually the Dauphin that he wrote an article in 1853 for *Putnam's Magazine* expressive of his views. If the newspaper story and Dr. Hawks's claims be true, this country has accordingly been the retreat of more than one member of the ill-fated Bourbon family. Several years ago I was surprised to hear it stated that the father of Kuroki, the famous Japanese General, was a brother of Adam and Ignatius Gurowski. This information, I am informed, came from a nephew of General Kuroki who was receiving his education in Europe. "My uncle Kuroki," he is said to have written, "is of Polish origin. His father was a Polish nobleman by the name of Kourowski, who fled from Russia after the Revolution of 1831. He finally went to Japan and married a Japanese. As the name of Kourowski is difficult to pronounce in Japanese, my uncle pronounced it Kuroki. The General's father, upon his death bed said to him that perhaps some day he would

be able to take vengeance upon the Russians for their cruel treatment of unhappy Poland."

One of the most notable men of my acquaintance in Washington was Caleb Cushing. I first met him when he was Attorney-General in President Pierce's Cabinet, and the friendship formed at that time lasted for many years. He was among the guests at my wedding, and Miss Emily Harper, whom he accompanied, told me that he especially commented upon that portion of the service which reads, "those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." His remarks evidently appealed to her as an ardent Roman Catholic. Ralph Waldo Emerson declared Mr. Cushing to be the most eminent scholar of the country, and Wendell Phillips went still further and said: "I regard Mr. Cushing as the most learned man living." His habit was one of constant acquirement. He was what I should call "a Northern man with Southern principles," an expression which originated in 1835, and was first applied to Martin Van Buren. I have heard Cushing defend slavery with great eloquence and although, like him, I was born and bred in the North, I regarded that institution, in some respects, as far less iniquitous than the infamous opium trade which so enriched British and American merchants, and of which I saw so much during my life in China.

It must have been from his Pilgrim forefather that Mr. Cushing inherited a decided antipathy for Great Britain, and it was once said that he carried this prejudice so far that he refused to visit England. This statement, however, is untrue, as I have before me an amusing article, written many years ago by his private secretary, during his mission to Spain, which contradicts it. He gives some amusing incidents connected with his visit of a few days in London when he and Mr. Cushing were *en route* to Spain. "Mr. Cushing's headwear," he writes, "was a silk hat which must have been the fashion of about the

time he discarded umbrellas. It was slightly pointed at the top and there was, so to say, no back or front to it and there was no band for it. As I knew he intended paying several visits, I asked him if he would not exchange his hat, which at the time was thoroughly soaked, for a new and lighter one. The old man took off his ancient hat, examined it critically and then said slowly and deliberately, as if delivering an opinion on the bench, 'No, sir, I think that I shall wait and see what the fashions are in Madrid.' It was said with much earnestness, as if it had been a state question. A third person would have found it irresistibly funny, but there was nothing laughable in it to General Cushing. In fact, his sense of humor was of a very grim order." He also writes: "The old man was an inveterate smoker, and yet, during the whole period of my intercourse with him, I did not see him light a score of fresh cigars. He bought them, that is certain, but he must have been averse to lighting them in public for he almost invariably had a stump between his lips. Ask him if he would have a cigar and the answer would be, 'Thank you, sir, I think I have one,' and out would come a dilapidated case, from which he would shake from one to half a dozen butts as the supply ran."

While Cushing was Attorney-General under President Pierce, he formed a friendship with Madame Calderon de la Barca, of whom I have already spoken, who, upon his arrival in Madrid, was one of the first persons to greet him. She was then a widow and occupied a high social position at the Spanish court. Cushing and she thoroughly enjoyed the renewal of their earlier friendship in Washington, and the last visit he made in Madrid was when he bade her a final farewell. In 1843, and prior to his mission to Spain, Mr. Cushing was appointed by President Tyler Minister to China, where his able diplomacy has been the subject of recognition and admiration to this

day. He carried with him the following remarkable letter which he was charged by the President to deliver in person to the Emperor. It may have been—who knows?—the first lesson in occidental geography submitted to the "Brother of the Sun and the Sister of the Moon and Stars." Had the President of the United States been called upon to address a country Sunday School, he could hardly have exhibited a more conscious effort to adapt himself to the level of his hearers. This is the letter:—

I, John Tyler, President of the United States of America—which states are Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Vermont, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Louisiana, Indiana, Mississippi, Illinois, Alabama, Missouri, Arkansas and Michigan—send this letter of peace and friendship, signed by my own hand.

I hope your health is good. China is a great empire, extending over a great part of the world. The Chinese are numerous. You have millions and millions of subjects. The twenty-six United States are as large as China, though our people are not so numerous. The rising sun looks upon the great mountains and great rivers of China. When he sets he looks upon mountains and rivers equally large in the United States. Our territories extend from one great ocean to the other; and on the west we are divided only from your domain by the sea. Leaving the mouth of one of our great rivers and going constantly towards the setting sun we sail to Japan and the Yellow Sea.

Now, my words are that the governments of two such great countries should be at peace. It is proper and according to the will of heaven that they should respect each other and act wisely. I therefore send to your Court Caleb Cushing one of the wise and learned men of this country. On his first arrival in China he will inquire for your health. He has strict orders to go to your great city

of Pekin and there to deliver this letter. He will have with him secretaries and interpreters.

The Chinese love to trade with our people and sell them tea and silk for which our people pay silver and sometimes other articles. But if the Chinese and Americans will trade there should be rules so that they shall not break your laws or our laws. Our minister, Caleb Cushing, is authorized to make a treaty to regulate trade. Let it be just. Let there be no unfair advantage on either side. Let the people trade not only at Canton, but also at Amoy, Ningpo, Shanghai, Fushan and all such other places as may offer profitable exchanges both to China and the United States, provided they do not break your laws or our laws. We shall not take the part of the evil doers. We shall not uphold them that break your laws. Therefore we doubt that you will be pleased that our messenger of peace, with this letter in hand, shall come to Pekin and there deliver it, and that your great officers will, by your order, make a treaty with him to regulate the affairs of trade, so that nothing may happen to disturb the peace between China and America. Let the treaty be signed by your own imperial hand. It shall be signed by mine, by the authority of the great council, the Senate.

And so may your health be good and may peace reign.

Written at Washington this twelfth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-three. Your good friend,

JOHN TYLER,
President.

Mr. Cushing accordingly negotiated our first treaty with China on the 3d of July of the following year, and his ability at that time, as well as thereafter, won for him, irrespective of party affiliations, an enviable place in the history of American diplomacy. He was sent upon his mission to Spain in 1874 by the party which he had opposed from its first organization, and his diplomatic erudition was indispensable to the State Department during the Grant administration.

Certain events in the career of Mr. Cushing serve to recall the days of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Pierce, whose lives were clouded by a grief that saddened the whole of their subsequent career. A short time before Pierce's inauguration, the President-elect with Mrs. Pierce and their only son, a lad of immature years, were on their way to Andover in Massachusetts, when the child was accidentally killed. Mrs. Pierce never could be diverted from her all-absorbing sorrow, and I shall always remember the grief-stricken expression of this first Lady of the Land. Her maiden name was Jane Means Appleton, and she was the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Jesse Appleton, President of Bowdoin College. During the Pierce administration, Judge John Cadwalader, the father of the present John Cadwalader of Philadelphia, was a member of Congress. The son was then a mere lad, but he bore such a strong resemblance to the President's son that one day when Mrs. Pierce met him she was completely overcome. After this boy had become a man and had attained exceptional eminence at the bar, he feelingly alluded to this touching incident of his earlier days.

I was very intimately acquainted with Elizabeth and Fanny MacNeil, President Pierce's nieces, who were occasional visitors at the White House. They were daughters of General John MacNeil, U. S. A., who had acquitted himself with distinction in the War of 1812. Elizabeth married, as before stated, General Henry W. Benham of the Engineer Corps of the Army, and Fanny became the wife of Colonel Chandler E. Potter, U. S. A. Dr. Thomas Miller was our family physician for many years. He came to Washington from Loudoun County, Virginia, and married Miss Virginia Collins Jones, daughter of Walter Jones, an eminent lawyer. During the Pierce administration he was physician to the President's family.

CHAPTER XI

MARRIAGE AND CONTINUED LIFE IN WASHINGTON

I MET my future father-in-law, Samuel L. Gouverneur, Sr., for the first time in Cold Spring, New York. Mr. Gouverneur, accompanied by his second wife, then a bride, who was Miss Mary Digges Lee, of Needwood, Frederick County, Maryland, and a granddaughter of Thomas Sim Lee, second Governor of the same state, was the guest of Gouverneur Kemble. When I first knew Mr. Gouverneur he possessed every gift that fortune as well as nature can bestow. To quote the words of Eliab Kingman, a lifelong friend of his and who for many years was the Nestor of the Washington press, "he even possessed a seductive voice." General Scott, prior to my marriage into the family, remarked to me that there "was something in Mr. Gouverneur lacking of greatness."

The history of my husband's family is so well known that it seems almost superfluous to dwell upon it, but, as these reminiscences are purely personal, I may at least incidentally refer to it. Samuel L. Gouverneur, Sr., was the youngest child of Nicholas Gouverneur and his wife, Hester Kortright, a daughter of Lawrence Kortright, a prominent merchant of New York and at one time president of its Chamber of Commerce. He was graduated from Columbia College in New York in the class of 1817, and married his first cousin, Maria Hester Monroe, the younger daughter of James Monroe. This wedding took place in the East Room of the White House. My husband, Samuel L. Gouverneur, Jr., was the youngest child

of this alliance. *The National Intelligencer* of March 11, 1820, contained the following brief marriage notice:

Married

On Thursday evening last [March 9th], in this City, by the Reverend Mr. [William] Hawley, Samuel Laurence Gouverneur, Esq., of New York, to Miss Maria Hester Monroe, youngest daughter of James Monroe, President of the United States.

For a number of years Samuel L. Gouverneur, Sr., was private secretary to his father-in-law, President Monroe. In 1825 he was a member of the New York Legislature, and from 1828 to 1836 Postmaster of the City of New York. For many years, like the gentlemen of his day and class, he was much interested in racehorses and at one time owned the famous horse, *Post Boy.* He was also deeply interested in the drama and it was partially through his efforts that many brilliant stars were brought to this country to perform at the Bowery Theater in New York, of which he was a partial owner. Among its other owners were Prosper M. Wetmore, the well-known author and regent of the University of the State of New York, and General James A. Hamilton, son of Alexander Hamilton and acting Secretary of State in 1829, under Jackson. Mr. Gouverneur was a man of decidedly social tastes and at one period of his life owned and occupied the De Menou buildings on H Street in Washington, where, during the life of his first wife, he gave some brilliant entertainments. It was from this house that his son, and my future husband, went to the Mexican War. Many years subsequent to my marriage I heard Rear Admiral John J. Almy, U. S. N., describe some of the entertainments given by the Gouverneur family, and he usually wound up his reminiscences by informing me that sixteen baskets of champagne were frequently consumed by the guests during a single evening. My old friend, Emily Mason, loved to refer to these parties and told me that she made her *début* at one

of them. The house was well adapted for entertainments, as there were four spacious drawing-rooms, two on each side of a long hall, one side being reserved for dancing.

At the time of the Gouverneur-Monroe wedding the bride was but sixteen years of age, and many years younger than her only sister, Eliza, who was the wife of Judge George Hay of Virginia, the United States District-Attorney of that State, and the prosecuting officer at the trial of Aaron Burr. Mrs. Hay was educated in Paris at Madame Campan's celebrated school, where she was the associate and friend of Hortense de Beauharnais, subsequently the Queen of Holland and the mother of Napoleon III. The Rev. Dr. William Hawley, who performed the marriage ceremony of Miss Monroe and Mr. Gouverneur, was the rector of old St. John's Church in Washington. He was a gentleman of the old school and always wore knee breeches and shoe buckles. In the War of 1812 he commanded a company of divinity students in New York, enlisted for the protection of the city. It is said that when ordered to the frontier he refused to go and resigned his commission, and I have heard that Commodore Stephen Decatur refused to attend St. John's Church during his rectorship, because he said he did not care to listen to a man who refused to obey orders.

Only the relatives and personal friends attended the Gouverneur-Monroe wedding at the White House; even the members of the Cabinet were not invited. The gallant General Thomas S. Jesup, one of the heroes of the War of 1812 and Subsistance Commissary General of the Army, acted as groomsman to Mr. Gouverneur. Two of his daughters, Mrs. James Blair and Mrs. Augustus S. Nicholson, still reside at the National Capital and are prominent "old Washingtonians." After this quiet wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Gouverneur left Washington upon a bridal tour and about a week later returned to the White House, where, at a reception, Mrs. Monroe gave up her

MRS. JAMES MONROE, NÉE KORTRIGHT, BY BENJAMIN WEST.

Original portrait owned by Mrs. Gouverneur.

place as hostess to mingle with her guests, while Mrs. Gouverneur received in her place. Commodore and Mrs. Stephen Decatur, who lived on Lafayette Square, gave the bride her first ball, and two mornings later, on the twenty-second of March, 1820, Decatur fought his fatal duel with Commodore James Barron and was brought home a corpse. "The bridal festivities," wrote Mrs. William Winston Seaton, wife of the editor of *The National Intelligencer,* "have received a check which will prevent any further attentions to the President's family, in the murder of Decatur." The invitations already sent out for an entertainment in honor of the bride and groom by Commodore David Porter, father of the late Admiral David D. Porter, U. S. N., were immediately countermanded.

I never had the pleasure of knowing my mother-in-law, Mrs. Maria Hester Monroe Gouverneur, as she died some years before my marriage, but I learned to revere her through her son, whose tender regard for her was one of the absorbing affections of his life and changed the whole direction of his career. At an early age he was appointed a Lieutenant in the regular Army and served with distinction through the Mexican War in the Fourth Artillery. On one occasion subsequent to that conflict, while his mother was suffering from a protracted illness, he applied to the War Department for leave of absence in order that he might visit her sick bed; and when it was not granted he resigned his commission and thus sacrificed an enviable position to his sense of filial duty. Many years later, after my husband's decease, in looking over his papers I found these lines written by him just after his mother's death:—

"A man through life has but *one* true friend and that friend generally leaves him early. Man enters the lists of life but ere he has fought his way far that friend falls by his side; he never finds another so fond, so true, so faithful to the last—*His Mother!*"

Mrs. Gouverneur was somewhat literary in her tastes and, like many others of her time, regarded it as an accomplishment to express herself in verse on sentimental occasions. One of my daughters, whom she never saw, owns the original manuscript of the following lines written as a tribute of friendship to the daughter of President John Tyler, at the time of her marriage:—

TO MISS TYLER ON HER WEDDING DAY.

The day, the happy day, has come
That gives you to your lover's arms;
Check not the tear or rising bloom
That springs from all those strange alarms.

To be a blest and happy wife
Is what all women wish to prove;
And may you know through all your life
The dear delights of wedded love.

'Tis not strange that you should feel
Confused in every thought and feeling;
Your bosom heave, the tear should steal
At thoughts of all the friends you're leaving.

Happy girl may your life prove,
All sunshine, joy and purest pleasure;
One long, long day of happy love,
Your husband's joy, his greatest treasure.

Be to him all that woman ought,
In joy and health and every sorrow;
Let his true pleasures be only sought
With you to-day, with you to-morrow.

Believe not that in palace walls
'Tis only there that joy you'll find;
At home with friends in your own halls
There's more content and peace of mind.

More splendor you may find 'tis true,
And glitter, show, and elevation,
But if the world of you speak true,
You prize not wealth or this high station.

Your heart's too pure, your mind too high,
To prize such empty pomp and state;
You leave such scenes without a sigh
To court the joys that on you wait.

After meeting Mr. and Mrs. Gouverneur, my future husband's father and his second wife, at Cold Spring, I renewed my acquaintance with them in Washington, where they were living in an old-fashioned house on New York Avenue, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth Streets. We often welcomed Mrs. Gouverneur as a guest at our Washington home and I was subsequently invited to visit her at their country seat, Needwood, Frederick County, Maryland, located upon a tract of land chiefly composed of large farms at one time owned exclusively by the Lee family. I quote Mrs. Gouverneur's graceful letter of invitation:—

My dear Miss Campbell,

I can not refrain from writing to remind you of your promise to us; this must be about the time fixed upon, (at least we all feel as if it was), and the season is so delightful, not to mention the strawberries which will be in great perfection this week—these reasons, together with our great desire to see you, determined me to give you warning that we are surely expecting you, and hope to hear very soon from you to say when we may send to the *Knoxville* depot for you. I would be so much gratified if Mrs. Eames would come with you; it would give us all the sincerest pleasure, and I do not think that such a journey would be injurious. You leave Washington to come here on the early (6 o'clock) train, get out at the Relay House, and wait until the western cars pass, (about 8 o'clock), get into them, and reach Knoxville at 12 o'clock. So you see that altogether you have only six hours, and you rest more than half an hour at the Relay House. From Knoxville our carriage brings you to "Needwood" in less than an hour. If there is any gentleman you would like to

come as an escort Mr. G. and myself will be most happy to see him. Dr. Jones, you know, does intend to travel about a little and said he would come to see us; perhaps he will come with you, or Mr. Hibbard I should be most happy to see—anyone in short whom you choose to bring will be most welcome. Tell Mr. Hibbard I read his speech and admired it as I presume everyone does. Good-bye, dear Miss Campbell. I hope you will aid me in persuading Mrs. Eames to come with you. My warmest regards to Mrs. Campbell and your sisters, in which my sister [Mrs. Eugene H. Lynch] and Mr. Gouverneur unite.

Believe me, yours most truly,

M. D. GOUVERNEUR.

Needwood, May 22nd, 1854.

I accepted the invitation and, while I was Mrs. Gouverneur's guest, my sister Margaret was visiting one of the adjoining places at the home of Colonel John Lee, whose wife's maiden name was Harriet Carroll. She was a granddaughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and their home was the former residence of another ancestor, Governor Thomas Sim Lee of Maryland. During my visit at Needwood I renewed the acquaintance of my future husband, which I had formed a number of years before at the wedding of Miss Fanny Monroe and Douglas Robinson, of which I have previously spoken. It is unnecessary to refer to his appearance, which I have already described, but I am sure it is not unnatural for me to add that a year after the conclusion of the Mexican War he was brevetted for gallantry and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco. While his general bearing spoke well for his military training, his mind was a storehouse of information which I learned to appreciate more and more as the years rolled by. But of all his fine characteristics I valued and revered him most for his fine sense of honor and sterling integrity. Like his mother, Mr. Gouverneur was literary in his tastes and occasionally

gave vent to his feelings in verse. In 1852 Oak Hill, the stately old Monroe place in Virginia where he had spent much of his early life, was about to pass out of the family. He was naturally much distressed over the sale of the home so intimately associated with his childhood's memory, and a few days prior to his final departure wrote the following lines. In after years nothing could ever induce him to visit Oak Hill.

FAREWELL TO OAK HILL, 1852, ON DEPARTING THENCE.

The autumn rains are falling fast,
Earth, the heavens are overcast;
The rushing winds mournful sigh,
Whispering, alas! good-bye;
To each fond remembrance farewell and forever,
Oak Hill I depart to return to thee never!

The mighty oaks beneath whose shade
In boyhood's happier hours I've played,
Bend to the mountain blast's wild sweep,
Scattering spray they seem to weep;
To each moss-grown tree farewell and forever,
Oak Hill I depart to return to thee never!

The little mound now wild o'ergrown,
On the bosom of which my tears have oft flown,
Where my mother beside her mother lies sleeping,
O'er them the rank grass, bright dew drops are weeping;
To that hallowed spot farewell and forever,
Oak Hill I depart to return to thee never!

Oh, home of my boyhood, why must I depart?
Tears I am shedding and wild throbs my heart;
Home of my manhood, oh! would I had died
And lain me to rest by my dead mother's side,
Ere my tongue could have uttered farewell and forever,
Oak Hill I depart to return to thee never!

Mr. Gouverneur's pathetic allusion to the graves of his mother and grandmother affords me an opportunity of saying that in 1903 the Legislature of Virginia appropri-

ated a sum of money sufficient to remove the remains of Mrs. Monroe and her daughter, Mrs. Gouverneur, from Oak Hill. They now rest in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia, on opposite sides of the grave of James Monroe.

The friendship of Mr. Gouverneur and myself ripened into a deep affection, and the winter following my visit to Needwood we announced our engagement. I was warmly welcomed into the Gouverneur family, as will appear from the following letter:

I can not longer defer, my dear Marian, expressing the great gratification I experienced when Sam informed me of his happiness in having gained your heart. It is most agreeable to me that you of all the women I know should be the object of his choice. How little I anticipated such a result from the short visit you made us last summer. Sam is in an Elysium of bliss. I have lately had a charming letter from him, of course all about his lady love. I think you too have every reason to anticipate a life of happiness, not more marred than we must all look for in this world. Sam is very warm-hearted and affectionate and possesses a fine mind, as you know, and when he marries, you will have nothing to wish for. These are his own sentiments and I assure you I entirely agree with him.

Mr. Gouverneur is greatly gratified and both wrote and told me how nobly you expressed yourself to him.

I am going to Baltimore today to meet Mr. G. and perhaps may go to Washington. If I do you will see me soon after I arrive there. I feel as if I should like so much to talk to my future daughter. I take the warmest interest in everything concerning Sam's happiness, and my heart is now overflowing with thankfulness to you for having contributed so much to it.

Please remember me in the kindest manner to your mother, whose warm hospitality I have not forgotten, and to the girls. My sincere congratulations to Margaret who

Mary [Lee] writes me is as happy as the day is long. Ellen desires me to present her congratulations to you and Margaret.

Believe me, very sincerely yours,

M. D. GOUVERNEUR.

Needwood, Feb. 14th.

I was married in Washington in the old G Street house, and the occasion was made especially festive by the presence of many friends from out of town. We were married by the Rev. Dr. Smith Pyne, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, and I recall his nervous state of mind, owing to the fact that he had forgotten to inquire whether a marriage license had been procured; but when he was assured that everything was in due form he was quite himself again. Among those who came from New York to attend the wedding were General Scott; my father's old friend and associate, Hugh Maxwell; his daughter, now the wife of Rear Admiral John H. Upshur, U. S. N.; and Miss Sally Strother and her mother. Miss Emily Harper and Mrs. Solomon B. Davies, who was Miss Bettie Monroe, my husband's relative, came from Baltimore and, of course, Mr. and Mrs. Gouverneur and Miss Mary Lee from Needwood were also present.

My own family circle was small, as my sister, Mrs. Eames, and her young children were in Venezuela, where her husband was the U. S. Minister; but I was married in the presence of my mother, my two younger sisters, Margaret and Charlotte, and my brothers, James and Malcolm. Mr. Gouverneur's only sister, Elizabeth, who some years before had married Dr. Henry Lee Heiskell, Assistant Surgeon General of the Army, accompanied by her husband and son, the late James Monroe Heiskell, of Baltimore, a handsome and promising youth, were also there. Among the other guests were Charles Sumner, Caleb Cushing and Stephen A. Douglas, none of whom at that time

were married; Peter Grayson Washington, then Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and a relative of my husband; Miss Katharine Maria Wright, who shortly thereafter married Baron J. C. Gevers, *Chargé d'affaires* from Holland; her brother, Edward Wright, of Newark; John G. Floyd of Long Island; James Guthrie, Secretary of the Treasury, and his two daughters; William L. Marcy, Secretary of State, and his wife; their daughter, Miss Cornelia Marcy, subsequently Mrs. Edmund Pendleton; Baron von Grabow and Alexandre Gau of the Prussian Legation, the latter of whom married my sister, Margaret, the following year; Mr. and Mrs. William T. Carroll; Lieutenant (subsequently Rear Admiral) James S. Palmer of the Navy; Jerome E. Kidder of Boston, and General William J. Hardee, U. S. A.

A few days before my marriage I received the following letter from Edward Everett:—

BOSTON, 23 Feb.

My dear Miss Campbell,

I had much pleasure in receiving this morning Mrs. Campbell's invitation and your kind note of the 20th. I am greatly indebted to you for remembering me on an occasion of so much interest and importance, and I beg to offer you my sincere congratulations.

Greatly would it rejoice me to be able to avail myself of your invitation to be present at your nuptials.

But the state of my health and of my family makes this impossible. But I shall certainly be with you in spirit, and with cordial wishes for your happiness.

Praying my kindest remembrance to your mother and sisters, I remain,

my dear Miss Campbell,

Sincerely your friend,

EDWARD EVERETT.

P. S. I suppose you saw in the papers a day or two ago that poor Miss Russell is gone.

The Miss Russell referred to by Mr. Everett was Miss

Ida Russell, one of three handsome and brilliant sisters prominent in Boston in the society of the day.

Soon after my marriage my husband and I made a round of visits to his numerous family connections. It is with more than usual pleasure that I recall the beautiful old home of Mr. Gouverneur's aunt, Mrs. Thomas Cadwalader, near Trenton, which a few years later was destroyed by fire. A guest of the Cadwaladers at the same time with ourselves was my husband's first cousin, the Rev. Robert Livingston Tillotson of New York, who studied for the Episcopal ministry and subsequently entered the Roman Catholic priesthood.

From Trenton, we journeyed to Yonkers, New York, to visit the Van Cortlandt family at the historic manor-house in that vicinity. It was then owned and occupied by Mr. Gouverneur's relatives, Dr. Edward N. Bibby and his son, Augustus, the latter of whom had recently changed his name from Bibby to Van Cortlandt, as a consideration for the inheritance of this fine old estate. Dr. Bibby married Miss Augusta White of the Van Cortlandt descent, and for many years was a prominent physician in New York City. When I visited the family, he had retired from active practice and was enjoying a serene old age surrounded by his children and grandchildren. Henry Warburton Bibby, the Doctor's second son, was also one of this household at the time of our visit. He never married but retained his social tastes until his death a few years ago.

In the drawing-room of the Van Cortlandt home stood a superb pair of brass andirons in the form of lions, which had been presented to Mrs. Augustus Van Cortlandt by my husband's mother as a bridal present. They had been brought by James Monroe upon his return from France, where he had been sent upon his historic diplomatic mission by Washington. The style of life led by the Van Cortlandt family was fascinating to me as, even at this

late date, they clung to many of the old family customs inherited from their ancestors. Our next visit was to the cottage of William Kemble in Cold Spring, and it seemed to me like returning to an old and familiar haunt. My marriage into the Gouverneur family added another link in the chain of friendship attaching me to the members of the Kemble family, as they were relatives of my husband. I was entertained while there by the whole family connection, and I recall with especial pleasure the dinner parties at Gouverneur Kemble's and at Mrs. Robert P. Parrott's. Martin Van Buren was visiting "Uncle Gouv" at the time, and I was highly gratified to meet him again, as his presence not only revived memories of childhood's days during my father's lifetime in New York, but also materially assisted in rendering the entertainments given in my honor at Cold Spring unusually delightful. From Cold Spring we drove to The Grange, near Garrison's, another homestead familiar to me in former days, and the residence of Frederick Philipse, where I renewed my acquaintance with old friends who now greeted me as a relative. At this beautiful home I saw a pair of andirons even handsomer than those at the Van Cortlandt mansion. They were at least two feet high and represented trumpeters. The historic house was replete with ancestral furniture and fine old portraits, one of which was attributed to Vandyke.

The whole Philipse and Gouverneur connection at Garrison's were devoted Episcopalians and were largely instrumental in building a fine church at Garrison's, which they named St. Philips. In more recent years a congregation of prominent families has worshiped in this edifice—among others, the Fishes, Ardens, Livingstons, Osborns and Sloanes. For many years the beloved rector of this church was the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Hoffman, a gentleman of great wealth and much scholarly ability. He and his brother, the late Rev. Dr. Eugene A. Hoffman,

Dean of the General Theological Seminary in New York, devoted their lives and fortunes to the cause of religion. Residents of New York are familiar with All Angels Church, built by the late Rev. Dr. Charles F. Hoffman on West End Avenue, of which he was rector for a number of years. During his life at Garrison's, both Dr. and Mrs. Hoffman were very acceptable to my husband's relatives, especially as the Doctor was connected with the family by right of descent from a Gouverneur forbear. Charles F. Hoffman married Miss Eleanor Louisa Vail, a daughter of David M. Vail of New Brunswick, New Jersey, who in every way proved herself an able helpmeet to him. Mrs. Hoffman was educated at Miss Hannah Hoyt's school in New Brunswick, a fashionable institution of the day, and at a reunion of the scholars held in recent years, she was mentioned in the following appropriate manner: "Nearly half a century ago, in the well-known Miss Hoyt's school, was Eleanor Louisa Vail who was noted for her good lessons and considerate ways towards all. She never overlooked those who were less fortunate than herself, but gave aid to any who needed it, either in their lessons or in a more substantial form. In the wider circle of New York the benevolent Mrs. Hoffman, the wife of the late generous rector of All Angels Church, but fulfilled the promise made by the beautiful girl of former days." Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Hoffman's daughter, Mrs. J. Van Vechten Olcott, is as beloved in her generation as her mother was before her.

Samuel Mongan Warburton Gouverneur, a younger brother of Frederick Philipse, was living at The Grange at the time of my visit. Some years later he built a handsome house in the neighborhood which he called "Eagle's Rest," and resided there with his sister, Miss Mary Marston Gouverneur. After his death, the place was sold to the late Louis Fitzgerald, who made it his home.

After six months spent in the mountainous regions of

Maryland, not far from Cumberland, on property owned by my husband's family, Mr. Gouverneur and I returned to Washington and began our married life in my mother's home. Soon after we had settled down, my eldest daughter was born. The death of my sister, Mrs. Alexandre Gau, from typhoid fever soon followed. It was naturally a terrible shock to us all and especially to me, as we were near of an age and our lives had been side by side from infancy. My mother, in her great affliction, broke up her home and Mr. Gouverneur and I rented a house on Twelfth Street, near N Street, a locality then regarded as quite suburban. Here I endeavored to live in the closest retirement, as the meeting with friends of former days only served to bring my sorrow more keenly before me.

Meanwhile my whole life was devoted to the little girl whom we had named Maud Campbell, and who, of course, had become "part and parcel" of my quiet life. Mr. Gouverneur was the last surviving member of his family in the male line, and the whole family connection was looking to me to perpetuate his name. Soon after the birth of my daughter my husband received the following characteristic letter from Mr. Gouverneur's aunt, Mrs. David Johnstone Verplanck, who before her marriage was Louisa A. Gouverneur, a gifted woman whose home was in New York:

THURSDAY, April 10th.

My dear Sam,

In return for your kind recollections I hasten to offer my most sincere congratulations to yourself and Mrs. G. As husband and father you have now realized all the romance of life, the pleasures of which I have little doubt you already begin to feel deeply intermingled with many anxious hours. It is wisest and best to enjoy all that good fortune sends and fortify ourselves to meet and endure the trials to which our Destiny has allotted.

Tell Mrs. G. that we must send for the girdle the old woman sent the Empress Eugénie. She had a succession

of seven sons, and requested her to wear it for luck. As it was very dirty the royal lady sent it back. It might be procured and undergo the purifying influence of water. All I can say at present to console your disappointment I hope a son will soon consummate all your joys and wishes. You know it rests with you to keep the name of Gouverneur in the land of the living. It is nearly extinct and you its only salvation.

I regret to hear your father is unwell at Barnum's [Hotel, Baltimore]. I hope he will soon be with us. I long to see him.

Believe me always your friend,

LOUISA VERPLANCK.

I also append a letter received by Mr. Gouverneur from Mrs. William Kemble (Margaret Chatham Seth), which recalled many tender associations.

NEW YORK 11th April.

I need not tell you, my dear friend, how much we were all gratified by your kind remembrance of us, in the midst of your own anxiety and joy, to give us the first news of our dear Marian's safety. Give my very best love to her and a kiss to Miss Gouverneur with whom I hope to be better acquainted hereafter.

Mr. and Mrs. Nourse with our dear little Charlie left us yesterday for Washington. You will probably see them before you receive this. I feel assured that Marian is blessed in being with her mother who has every experience necessary for her. Therefore it is idle for me to give my advice but I must say, keep her quiet, not to be too smart or anxious to show her baby—at first—and she will be better able to do it afterwards. May God bless you all three and that this dear pledge committed to your charge be to you both every comfort and joy that your anxious hearts can wish. Please to give my best regards and wishes to Mrs. Campbell and her daughter from

your sincerely attached friend and cousin,

M. C. KEMBLE.

On the corner of Fourteenth and P Streets, and not far from our home, was the residence of Eliab Kingman, an intimate friend of Mr. Gouverneur's father. This locality, now such a business center, was decidedly rural, and Mr. Kingman's quaint and old-fashioned house was in the middle of a small farm. It was an oddly constructed dwelling and the interior was made unusually attractive by its wealth of curios, among which was a large collection of Indian relics. After his death I attended an auction held in the old home and I remember that these curiosities were purchased by Ben Perley Poore, the well-known journalist. Although many years his senior, my husband found Mr. Kingman and his home a source of great pleasure to him, and he formed an attachment for his father's early friend which lasted through life. The Kingman house was the rendezvous of both literary and political circles. William H. Seward was one of its frequent visitors and I once heard him wittily remark that it might appropriately be worshiped, as it resembled nothing "that is in the Heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or the water under the earth." For a number of years Mr. Kingman was a correspondent of *The Baltimore Sun* under the *nom de plume* of "Ion." His communications were entirely confined to political topics and he was such a skilled diplomatist that the adherents of either party, after perusing them, might easily recognize him as their own advocate. Thomas Seaton Donoho, of whom I shall speak presently, was a warm friend of Mr. Kingman and the constant recipient of his hospitality. Among his poems is a graceful sonnet entitled

E. KINGMAN.

Ever will I remember with delight
  Strawberry Knoll; not for the berries red,
  As, ere my time, the vines were out of bed,
And gone; but many a day and many a night
Have given me argument to love it well,

Whether in Summer, 'neath its perfumed shade,
Whether by moonlight's magic wand arrayed,
Or when in Winter's lap the rose leaves fell,
For pleasant faces ever there were found,
For genial welcome ever met me there,
And thou, my friend, when thought went smiling round,
Madest her calm look, reflecting thine, more fair.
Those who have known thee as a Statesman, know
Thy noon-day: I have felt thy great heart's sunset glow!

Mr. Kingman married Miss Cordelia Ewell of Virginia, a relative of General Richard S. Ewell of the Confederate Army. She was in some respects a remarkable character, a "dyed-in-the-wool" Southerner and a woman of unusual personal charm and ability. In dress, manner and general appearance she presented a fitting reminder of the *grande dame* of long ago. Her style of dress reminded one of the Quaker school. Her gray gown with a white kerchief crossed neatly upon her breast and her gray hair with puffs clustered around her ears, together with her quaint manner of courtesying as she greeted her guests, suggested the familiar setting of an old-fashioned picture. She was an accomplished performer upon the harp as well as an authority upon old English literature. In all the years I knew her I never heard of her leaving her house. She had no children and her constant companion was a venerable parrot.

John Savage, familiarly known as "Jack" Savage, was an intimate friend of the Kingmans and also a frequent guest of ours. He was an Irish patriot of 1848 and was remarkable for his versatility. He had a fine voice, and I remember seeing him on one occasion hold his audience spell-bound while singing "The Temptation of St. Anthony." He was an accomplished journalist and the author of several books, one of which, "The Modern Revolutionary History and Literature of Ireland," has been pronounced the best work extant "on the last great revolutionary era of the Irish race."

After the Civil War I often met at Mr. Kingman's house General Benjamin F. Butler, whose withering gift of sarcasm is still remembered. Simon Cameron, Lincoln's first Secretary of War, was also a frequent visitor there. He was an unusually genial and cordial gentleman, and some years later Mr. Kingman and my husband, upon his urgent invitation, visited him at his handsome country place, Lochiel, in Pennsylvania. His fine graperies made such a vivid impression upon my husband that his description of them almost enabled me to see the luscious fruit itself before me.

My old friends, Purser Horatio Bridge, U. S. N., and his wife, lived on the corner of K and Fourteenth Streets at a hotel then known as the Rugby House. Mrs. Bridge was a sister of the famous beauty, Miss Emily Marshall, who married Harrison Gray Otis of Boston. Mr. Bridge, while on the active list, had been stationed for a time in Washington and, finding the life congenial and attractive, returned here after his retirement and with his wife made his home at the Rugby House. While there the hotel was offered for sale and was bought by Mr. Bridge, who enlarged it and changed its name to The Hamilton, in compliment to Mrs. Hamilton Holly, an intimate friend of Mrs. Bridge and the daughter of Alexander Hamilton. Mrs. Holly, my old and cherished friend, lived in a picturesque cottage on I Street, on the site of the present Russian embassy, where so many years later the wife and daughter of Benjamin F. Tracy, Harrison's Secretary of the Navy, lost their lives in a fire that destroyed the house. Among the attractions of this home was a remarkable collection of Hamilton relics which subsequent to Mrs. Holly's death was sold at public auction. The sale, however, did not attract any particular attention, as the craze for antiques had not yet developed and the souvenir fiend was then unknown.

It was while I was living on Twelfth Street that I first

met Miss Margaret Edes, so well known in after years to Washingtonians. She was visiting her relatives, the Donoho family, which lived in my immediate vicinity. Her host's father was connected with *The National Intelligencer,* and the son, Thomas Seaton Donoho, was named after William Winston Seaton, one of its editors. Thomas Seaton Donoho was a truly interesting character. He was decidedly romantic in his ideas and many incidents of his life were curiously associated with the ivy vine. He planted a sprig of it in front of his three-story house, which was built very much upon the plan of every other dwelling in the neighborhood, and called his abode "Ivy Hall"; while his property in the vicinity of Washington he named "Ivy City," a locality so well known to-day by the same name to the sporting fraternity. His book of poems, published in Washington in 1860, is entitled "Ivywall"; and, to cap the climax, when a girl was born into the Donoho family she was baptized in mid-ocean as "Atlantic May Ivy." In addition to his poems, he published, in 1850, a drama in three acts, entitled, "Goldsmith of Padua," and two years later "Oliver Cromwell," a tragedy in five acts.

Soon after my marriage, Mr. Gouverneur acted as one of the pallbearers at the funeral of his early friend, Gales Seaton, the son of William Winston Seaton, and a most accomplished man of affairs. In those days honorary pallbearers were unknown and the coffin was borne to the grave by those with whom the deceased had been most intimately associated. The Seatons owned a family vault, and the body was carried down into it by Mr. Seaton's old friends. After the funeral I heard Mr. Gouverneur speak of observing a coffin which held the remains of Mrs. Francis Schroeder, who was Miss Caroline Seaton, and whose husband, the father of Rear Admiral Seaton Schroeder, U. S. N., was at one time U. S. Minister to Sweden and Norway. Seaton Munroe, a nephew of Gales Seaton, was

prominent in Washington society. He never married and many persons regarded him as the Ward McAllister of the Capital. When Colonel Sanford C. Kellogg, U. S. A., then military *attaché* of the U. S. Embassy in Paris, heard of Munroe's death, he wrote to a mutual friend: "I do not believe the man lives who has done more for the happiness and welfare of others than Seaton Munroe." He was one of the prominent founders of the Metropolitan Club, which commenced its career in the old Morris house on the corner of Vermont Avenue and H Street; and later, when it moved to the Graham residence on the corner of Fifteenth and H Streets, he continued to be one of its most popular and influential members.

In April, 1858, occurred the famous Gwin ball, so readily recalled by old Washingtonians. It was a fancy-dress affair, and it was the intention of Senator and Mrs. William McKendree Gwin of California that it should be the most brilliant of its kind that the National Capital had ever known. Of course Mr. Gouverneur and I did not attend, owing to my deep mourning, but I shall always remember the pleasure and amusement we derived in dressing Mr. Kingman for the occasion. We decked him out in the old court dress which Mr. Gouverneur's grandfather, James Monroe, wore during his diplomatic mission in France. As luck would have it the suit fitted him perfectly, and the next day it was quite as gratifying to us as to Mr. Kingman to hear that the costume attracted marked attention.

The ball was rightly adjudged a brilliant success. Among the guests was President Buchanan, though not, of course, in fancy dress. Senator Gwin represented Louis Quatorze; Ben Perley Poore, "Major Jack Downing"; Lord Napier, George Hammond—the first British Minister to the United States; Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas, Aurora; Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Madame de Staël; and so on down the list. It is probable that the wife of Senator

Clement C. Clay, of Alabama, who represented Mrs. Partington, attracted more attention and afforded more amusement than any other guest. Washington had fairly teemed with her brilliant repartee and other bright sayings, and upon this occasion she was, if possible, more than ever in her element. She had a witty encounter with the President and a familiar home-thrust for all whom she encountered. Many of the public characters present, when lashed by her sparkling humor, were either unable or unwilling to respond. She was accompanied by "Ike," Mrs. Partington's son, impersonated by a clever youth of ten years, son of John M. Sandidge of Louisiana. Mr. John Von Sonntag Haviland, formerly of the U. S. Army, wrote a metrical description of this ball, and in referring to Mrs. Clay, thus expresses himself:—

> Mark how the grace that gilds an honored name,
> Gives a strange zest to that loquacious dame
> Whose ready tongue and easy blundering wit
> Provoke fresh uproar at each happy hit!
> Note how her humour into strange grimace
> Tempts the smooth meekness of yon Quaker's face.
> . . . . .
> But—denser grows the crowd round Partington;
> 'Twere vain to try to name them one by one.

Mr. Haviland added this to the above:—"Mrs. Senator Clay, with knitting in hand, snuff-box in pocket, and 'Ike, the Inevitable,' by her side, acted out her difficult character so as to win the unanimous verdict that her personation of the loquacious *mal-aprops* dame was the leading feature of the evening's entertainment. Go where she would through the spacious halls, a crowd of eager listeners followed her footsteps, drinking in her instant repartees, which were really superior in wit and appositeness, and, indeed, in the vein of the famous dame's *cacoëthes*, even to the original contribution of Shillaber to the nonsensical literature of the day."

One of the guests at this ball was the wife of the late Major General William H. Emery, U. S. A., whose maiden name was Matilda Bache. She was arrayed for the evening in the garb of a Quakeress, and it is to her that Mr. Haviland alludes in his reference to the "smooth meekness of yon Quaker's face."

At the commencement of the Civil War, Senator Gwin was arrested on a charge of disloyalty and imprisoned until 1863. He then went to Paris, where he became interested in a scheme for the colonization by Southerners of the State of Sonora in Mexico, in consequence of which he was sometimes facetiously called the "Duke of Sonora." While thus engaged, he was invited to meet the Emperor, Napoleon III., in private audience, and succeeded in enlisting his sympathies. It is said that, upon the request of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, he formulated a plan for the colony which, after receiving the Emperor's approval, was submitted to Maximilian. The latter was then in Paris and requested Mr. Gwin's attendance at the Tuileries where, after diligent inquiry, the scheme received the approbation of Maximilian. Two weeks after the departure of the latter for Mexico, Mr. Gwin left for the same country, carrying with him an autograph letter of Napoleon III. to Marshal Bazaine. The scheme, however, received no encouragement from the latter, and Maximilian failed to give him any satisfactory assurances of his support. Returning to France in 1865, he secured an audience with the Emperor, to whom he exposed the condition of affairs in Mexico. Napoleon urged him to return to that country immediately with a peremptory order to Marshal Bazaine to supply a military force adequate to accomplish the project. This request was complied with but Mr. Gwin, after meeting with no success, demanded an escort to accompany him out of the country. This was promptly furnished, and he returned to his home in California.

It seems fitting in this connection to speak of a brilliant ball in Washington in 1824. Although, of course, I do not remember it, I have heard of it all my life and have gathered here and there certain facts of interest concerning it, some of which are not easily accessible. I refer to the ball given by Mrs. John Quincy Adams, whose husband was then Secretary of State under Monroe. Mrs. Adams' maiden name was Louisa Catharine Johnson and she was a daughter of Joshua Johnson, who served as our first United States Consul at London, and a niece of Thomas Johnson of Maryland. She gave receptions in Washington on Tuesday evenings which were attended by many of the most distinguished men and women of the day. This period, in fact, is generally regarded as, perhaps, the most brilliant era in Washington society. A generous hospitality was dispensed by such men as Madison, Monroe, Adams, Calhoun, Wirt, Rush, Southard, General Winfield Scott and General Alexander Macomb. The British *Chargé d'affaires* at this time was Henry Unwin Addington. The Russian Minister was the Baron de Tuyll; while France, Spain and Portugal were represented by gentlemen of distinguished manners and rare accomplishments. The illustrious John Marshall was Chief Justice, with Joseph Story, Bushrod Washington, Smith Thompson and other eminent jurists by his side. In Congress were such men as Henry Clay, William Gaston, Rufus King, Daniel Webster, Andrew Jackson, Thomas H. Benton, William Jones Lowndes, John Jordan Crittenden and Harrison Gray Otis; while the Navy was represented by Stephen Decatur, David Porter, John Rodgers, Lewis Warrington, Charles Stewart, Charles Morris and others, some of whom made their permanent home at the Capital.

The ball given by the Secretary of State and Mrs. Adams was in honor of General Andrew Jackson, and was not only an expression of the pleasant personal re-

lations existing between John Quincy Adams and Jackson only shortly before the former defeated the latter for the Presidency, but also a pleasing picture of Washington society at that time. General Jackson was naturally the hero of the occasion, and there was a throng of guests not only from Washington but also from Baltimore, Richmond and other cities. A current newspaper of the day published a metrical description of the event, written by John T. Agg:

MRS. ADAMS' BALL.

Wend you with the world to-night?
  Brown and fair and wise and witty,
Eyes that float in seas of light,
  Laughing mouths and dimples pretty,
Belles and matrons, maids and madams,
All are gone to Mrs. Adams';
There the mist of the future, the gloom of the past,
  All melt into light at the warm glance of pleasure,
And the only regret is lest melting too fast,
  Mammas should move off in the midst of a measure.

Wend you with the world to-night?
  Sixty gray, and giddy twenty,
Flirts that court and prudes that slight,
  State coquettes and spinsters plenty;
Mrs. Sullivan is there
  With all the charm that nature lent her;
Gay McKim with city air,
  And winning Gales and Vandeventer;
Forsyth, with her group of graces;
  Both the Crowninshields in blue;
The Pierces, with their heavenly faces,
  And eyes like suns that dazzle through;
Belles and matrons, maids and madams,
All are gone to Mrs. Adams'!

Wend you with the world to-night?
  East and West and South and North,
Form a constellation bright,
  And pour a splendid brilliance forth.

See the tide of fashion flowing,
'Tis the noon of beauty's reign,
Webster, Hamiltons are going,
Eastern Floyd and Southern Hayne;
Western Thomas, gayly smiling,
Borland, nature's protégé,
Young De Wolfe, all hearts beguiling,
Morgan, Benton, Brown and Lee;
Belles and matrons, maids and madams,
All are gone to Mrs. Adams'!

Wend you with the world to-night?
Where blue eyes are brightly glancing,
While to measures of delight
Fairy feet are deftly dancing;
Where the young Euphrosyne
Reigns the mistress of the scene,
Chasing gloom, and courting glee,
With the merry tambourine;
Many a form of fairy birth,
Many a Hebe, yet unwon,
Wirt, a gem of purest worth,
Lively, laughing Pleasanton;
Vails and Tayloe will be there,
Gay Monroe so debonair,
Hellen, pleasure's harbinger,
Ramsay, Cottringers and Kerr;
Belles and matrons, maids and madams,
All are gone to Mrs. Adams'!

Wend you with the world to-night?
Juno in her court presides,
Mirth and melody invite,
Fashion points, and pleasure guides;
Haste away then, seize the hour,
Shun the thorn and pluck the flower.
Youth, in all its spring-time blooming,
Age the guise of youth assuming,
Wit through all its circles gleaming,
Glittering wealth and beauty beaming;
Belles and matrons, maids and madams,
All are gone to Mrs. Adams'!

The "Mrs. Sullivan" referred to was Sarah Bowdoin Winthrop, the wife of George Sullivan of Boston, son of Governor James Sullivan of Massachusetts; while "Winning Gales" was the wife of Joseph Gales, editor of *The National Intelligencer*. "Forsyth" was the wife of Senator John Forsyth of Georgia, who subsequently served as Secretary of State during Jackson's administration; and "the Crowninshields in blue" were daughters of Benjamin W. Crowninshield, Secretary of the Navy under Madison and Monroe. "The Pierces, with their heavenly faces," were handsome Boston women who in after life became converts to the Roman Catholic faith and entered convents. The "Vails" were Eugene and Aaron Vail, who were protégés of Senator William H. Crawford, of Georgia. They married sisters, daughters of Laurent Salles, a wealthy Frenchman living in New York. Aaron Vail accompanied Martin Van Buren to England as Secretary of Legation and for a season, after Van Buren's recall, acted as *Chargé d'affaires*. "Tayloe" was Benjamin Ogle Tayloe, the distinguished Washingtonian. "Ramsay" was General George Douglas Ramsay, the father of Rear Admiral Francis M. Ramsay, U. S. N.; and "Hellen" was Mrs. Adams's niece, who subsequently became her daughter-in-law through her marriage to her son, John Adams. President Monroe attended this ball and both he and John Quincy Adams were somewhat criticised for their plain attire, which was in such striking contrast with the elaborate costumes and decorations worn by the foreign guests.

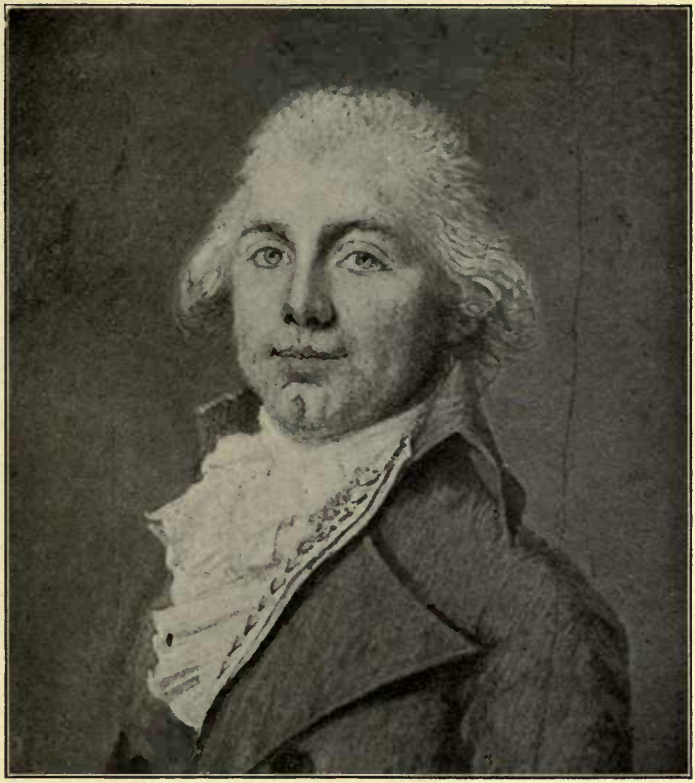
In his boyhood Mr. Gouverneur formed an intimacy with George H. Derby, better known in literary circles under the *nom de plume* of "John Phoenix." He is well remembered by students of American humor as a contemporary and rival of Artemus Ward. He was a member of a prominent Boston family, and of the class of 1846 at West Point. He was a gallant soldier, having been

wounded during the Mexican War at Cerro Gordo, and was promoted for his bravery in that battle. Scarcely anyone was immune from his practical jokes, but, fortunately for his peace of mind, Mr. Gouverneur was acquainted with an incident of his life which, if known, would make him a butt of ridicule; and he accordingly felt perfectly safe in his companionship and well enjoyed his humorous exploits. One day Derby and Mr. Gouverneur were sauntering through the streets of Washington when the keen eye of the humorist was attracted by a sign over a store door which read, "Ladies' Depository"—the old-fashioned method of designating what would now be called a "Woman's Exchange." Turning to his companion, Derby remarked: "I have a little business to transact in this shop and I want you to go inside with me." They entered and were met by a smiling female to whom Derby remarked: "My wife will be here to-morrow morning. I am so pleased to have discovered this depository. I hope that you will take good care of her. Expect her at eleven. Good-morning."

In the early '50's Adjutant General Roger Jones determined to adopt a new uniform for the U. S. Army, and Derby was thus afforded a conspicuous opportunity to exercise his wit. He was an excellent draughtsman and set to work and produced a design. He proposed changing the entire system of modern tactics by the aid of an iron hook to be attached to the seat of each soldier's trousers, this hook to be used by the three arms of the service—cavalry, infantry and artillery. He illustrated it by a series of well-executed designs, and quoted high medical authority to prove its advantages from a sanitary point of view. He argued that the heavy knapsack induced a stooping position and a contraction of the chest but, hung on a hook by a strap over the shoulders, it would brace the body and back and expand the chest. The cavalrymen were to be rendered more secure in their seats when

hooked to a ring in the saddle. All commissioned officers were to carry a light twenty-foot pole, with a ring attached to the end, to be used during an engagement in drawing stragglers back into the ranks. He made a drawing of a tremendous battle during which the Generals and Colonels were thus occupied, and in many other ways expatiated upon the value of the hook. When Jefferson Davis, the Secretary of War, saw Derby's designs and read his recommendations, he felt that his dignity was wounded and the service insulted, and he immediately issued an order that Derby be court-martialed. William L. Marcy, then Secretary of State, was told of the transaction and of the cloud hanging over Derby. He looked over the drawings and saw a regiment, their backs towards him and drawn up in line, with knapsacks, blankets and everything appertaining to camp life attached to each soldier by a hook. Marcy, who saw the humorous side at once, said to Davis: "It's no use to court-martial this man. The matter will be made public and the laugh will be upon us. Besides, a man who has the inventive genius that he has displayed, as well as the faculty of design, ill-directed though they be, is too valuable to the service to be trifled with." Derby therefore was not brought to grief, and in time Davis's anger was sufficiently mollified for him to enjoy the joke. I am enabled to state, through the courtesy of the present Assistant Secretary of War, that the drawings referred to are not now to be found in the files of the War Department; and a picture, which at the time was the source of untold amusement and of widespread notoriety, seems to be lost to the world.

An incident connected with the Indian War of 1856-58, in Washington Territory, furnished another outlet for Derby's effective wit. A Catholic priest was taken prisoner by the savages at that time and led away into captivity, and in caricaturing the scene Derby represented an ecclesiastic in full canonicals walking between two stal-



Miniature of James Monroe, Painted in Paris in 1794, by Semé.

Original owned by Mrs. Gouverneur.

wart and half-naked Indians, carrying a crook and crozier, with a tooth-brush attached to one and a comb to the other; while the letters "I. H. S." on the priest's chasuble were paraphrased into the words, "I hate Siwashes." It must not be thought, however, that Derby's life was wholly devoted to fun and frivolity, for he has been pronounced by an accomplished military writer and critic to have been "an able and accomplished engineer." He was the author of "The Squibob Papers" and of "Phoenixiana; or Sketches and Burlesques," either of which would worthily place him in the forefront of humorists in the history of American literature. I own a copy of the latter book which was given by the author to my husband. It seems strange, when one considers the character and career of this gifted man, that subsequent to his death nearly every member of his family should have met with a tragic end.

Although not a practical joker, my husband found much in Derby that was congenial, as many of their tastes were similar. Both of them were devoted to literature and both were accomplished writers; but while Derby published his works and was rewarded with financial success, Mr. Gouverneur wrote chiefly for the newspaper press. He edited and published a work by James Monroe, entitled "The People the Sovereigns," but never sent to the press any works of his own production. I think that the lack of encouragement from me was the chief obstacle that deterred him from embarking upon a literary career. He commenced several novels but never finished them, and his chief literary remains are principally confined to the limits of his "commonplace-books."

President Buchanan's niece, Harriet Lane, subsequently Mrs. Henry Elliott Johnston of Maryland, presided with grace and dignity over the White House during her uncle's administration. I first met Miss Lane before the period when Buchanan represented the United States at the Court of St. James. It was at a party given by Mrs.

Hamilton Fish, whose husband was then a U. S. Senator from the State of New York. Her blond type of beauty made an indelible impression upon me, as she was very much the same style as the daughters of General Winfield Scott. Some years before her death, while she was living in Washington, I incidentally referred to this resemblance between the Scotts and herself and was not surprised to hear her say that others had spoken of it. To an exceptionally fine presence, she added unusual intelligence and brilliant power of repartee. I have often heard the story that at a social function at the White House an accomplished courtier was enlarging to Miss Lane upon her shapely hands—"hands," he ejaculated, "that might have swayed the rod of empire." Her retort came without a moment's hesitation, "or wake to ecstasy the living lyre." Emily Schomberg, who married Hughes Hallett of England, wrote some years ago a charming sketch of Harriet Lane Johnston which was published in Mrs. Elizabeth F. Ellet's book entitled, "The Court Circles of the Republic."

Among the prominent belles of the Buchanan administration, and an intimate friend and companion of Harriet Lane, was Rebecca B. Black, daughter of the eminent jurist, Judge Jeremiah S. Black of Pennsylvania, Attorney-General and for a time Secretary of State under Buchanan. She was the widow of Isham Hornsby of Washington, where, in her beautiful home, she was surrounded by a charming circle and was much admired and beloved. Peter Grayson Washington, a son of Lund Washington, whom I have already mentioned in connection with my wedding, was a conspicuous figure at the National Capital during the Buchanan *régime*. During the Pierce administration he was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under James Guthrie. He had an impressive bearing, and carried a gold-headed cane which he boasted had originally belonged to his distinguished relative, the

first President. Although by birth a Virginian, Mr. Washington never wavered in his loyalty to the Union. During the latter part of the Civil War he made a visit to us in our Maryland home, and I shall always remember the expression of his opinion that many leaders of the Confederate cause were not true representatives of the South, citing as examples some members of Jefferson Davis's cabinet. He concluded his remarks with the facetious statement that "if they had only chosen a second Washington as a leader they might have been successful." Earlier residents of the District will recall Littleton Quinton Washington, a prolific writer chiefly upon political subjects, and a younger half-brother of Peter G. Washington.

My old and valued friend, Mrs. Hamilton Holly, and Peter Grayson Washington were the Godparents of my eldest daughter. At the earnest request of the former, this ceremony took place in the house of Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, in the De Menou buildings. Mrs. Holly and I characterized the gathering as a revolutionary party, as so many of the guests bore names prominent during our struggle for independence. I never saw Mrs. Hamilton Holly again. Shortly after this pleasant function I sailed for China, and just before starting on my long voyage I received the following note, which saddened me more than I can well express:—

SEP. 9th.

My dear friend,

For many days I have been blessed by your very kind letter, but am too, too low to answer it. One day so weak as to be obliged with my hand to wave Mrs. Furguson away (another lady obtained admittance), lest in the effort to converse I might find another home. My hand and head are exhausted.

Most truly yours,

E. H. HOLLY.

CHAPTER XII

SOJOURN IN CHINA AND RETURN

PRIOR to the Civil War, Mr. Gouverneur received an appointment from James Buchanan as U. S. Consul to Foo Chow in China, and I decided to accompany him upon his long journey. Meanwhile a second daughter had been added to our family, much to the disappointment of the large circle of relatives who were still anxiously expecting me to hand down the name of Gouverneur. We named her Ruth Monroe. We took passage upon the clipper ship *Indiaman*, a vessel of heavy tonnage sailing from New York and commanded by a "down-east" skipper named Smith. No railroads crossed the American continent in those days, and the voyage to the far East had to be made either around Cape Horn or by way of the Isthmus of Panama or around the Cape of Good Hope. We selected the latter route, leaving New York in October and arriving in Shanghai the following March. My preparations for such a protracted journey with two very young children were carefully and even elaborately planned but, to my dismay, some of the most important articles of food for the childrens' diet became unfit for use long before we reached our destination. As one may readily imagine, I was accordingly put to my wits' end for substitutes. We also provided ourselves with a goodly amount of literature, and more particularly books relating to China, among which were Father Evariste Régis Huc's volume on "The Chinese Empire," and Professor S. Wells Williams's work on "The Middle Kingdom." We read these *en route* with

great interest but discovered after a few months' residence in the East that no book or pen we then knew conveyed an adequate idea of that remarkable country.

We had a very favorable voyage, and sailing in the trade winds in the Southern hemisphere was to me the very acme of bliss. I was thoroughly in sympathy with the passage of Humboldt where he speaks of the tropical skies and vegetation in the following beautiful manner:—"He on whom the Southern Cross has never gleamed nor the Centaur frowned, above whom the clouds of Magellan have never circled, who has never stood within the shadow of great palms, nor clothed himself with the gloom of the primeval forests, does not know how the soul seems to have a new birth in the midst of these new and splendid surroundings. Nowhere but under the equatorial skies is it permitted to man to behold at once and in the same sweep of the eye all the stars of both the Northern and Southern heavens; and nowhere but at the tropics does nature combine to produce the various forms of vegetation that are parceled out separately to other climes."

The patience of our captain was sorely tried by the lack of wind while passing through the Doldrums. This nautical locality, varying in breadth from sixty to several hundred miles and shifting in extreme limits at different seasons of the year, is near the equator and abounds in calms, squalls and light, baffling winds which sometimes prevent the progress of sailing vessels for weeks at a time. When we finally emerged from the Doldrums, we were compensated for the trying delay by greeting the trade winds so cherished by the hearts of mariners. We sailed many leagues south of the Cape of Good Hope and much too far away even to catch a glimpse of it, but we realized its proximity by the presence of the Cape pigeons which hovered around our vessel. The albatross was also our daily visitor and one or two of them were caught by the sailors, regardless of the superstition of possible calamity

attending such an act. Our only stop during the long voyage was at the Moluccas or Spice Islands, in the Malay Peninsula, and was made at the request of the passengers who were desirous of exploring the beauties of that tropical region. The waters surrounding these islands were as calm as a lake and all around our ship floated the débris of spices. The vegetation was more beautiful than I can describe and the shells which covered the shores were eagerly collected by the passengers.

Our fellow voyagers were four missionaries, who on Sundays conducted divine service, and a Mr. Pemberton, a young Canadian who was *en voyage* to join the *Hong* of Purden and Company in Shanghai. In these early days it was the custom of parents of refractory or adventurous sons to place them on board sailing vessels for lengthy outings. Occasionally they were sent upon whaling voyages, where the hardships were greater and the voyage more prolonged. On the *Indiaman* there were several of these youths and it was quite pathetic as well as comical to see them ascend the rigging amid the jeers of a well-disciplined crew. One of them, whose father had occupied an official position in the City of New York, had been quite a society "swell" and claimed acquaintance with me. At times he was required by the captain to hold my younger child, a mere babe, in the arms. Every now and then we were startled by her shrieks and for quite a time we could not detect the cause until we finally discovered that his task was uncongenial and that, in order to get rid of his charge, the incorrigible youth had administered an occasional pinch.

One Sunday afternoon while sailing in the Indian Ocean we had a narrow escape from shipwreck. Every sail was set to catch the least breath of air, and Mr. Gouverneur and the children were on deck with the captain, when in the distance they saw what seemed to resemble a huge wall. The moment the experienced eye of our skip-

per saw it he exclaimed, "My God, we are gone!" It slowly but surely approached our ship and when it reached us its force was so great that our sails almost dipped into the ocean. The ship, however, gradually righted itself and we were naturally more than grateful for our deliverance. I chanced to be resting in my cabin at the perilous moment and in a most unceremonious manner was thrown to the floor. After reaching the mouth of that stupendous river, the Yangtze Kiang, we thought our long voyage was nearly ended, but we soon discovered that we had not yet "crossed the Rubicon," and that trouble was still in store for us. We had just passed the mouth of this river and cast anchor when, to our surprise and dismay, we encountered a severe storm, and during the night dragged anchor for about twenty miles. The morning, however, dawned bright and clear, but our captain, who had lost his temper during the storm, did not accord the Chinese pilots who boarded us a very gracious reception. This was my first glimpse of the Chinese within the limits of their own domain.

When we reached the city of Shanghai it was quite dark, but we found coolies awaiting us with chairs. I shall never forget my first impressions of China. All of my anticipations of the beautiful Orient were fully realized, and, as I was carried through the crowded streets, visions of the Arabian Nights enchanted me and it seemed to me a veritable region of delight. The streets of Shanghai, however, after the broad thoroughfares of Washington, appeared like small and complicated pathways. They were not lighted with public lamps at this time, but myriads of lanterns of every conceivable shape and color carried by wayfarers met the eye at every turn and made the whole scene appear like fairyland. But, alas, the following morning I was undeceived, for daylight revealed to my vision a very squalid and dirty city. We were carried to the largest hotel in Shanghai, where it seemed as

though I were almost receiving a home greeting when the sign over the door told me that it was the Astor House! Still another surprise awaited me. Although in a strange land, one of the first persons to welcome me was a former acquaintance, the wife of Mr. Robert Morrison Olyphant, the head of the prominent *Hong* of Olyphant and Company. Her maiden name was Anna O. Vernon and I had formerly known her quite well in New York and Newport.

We did not linger long in Shanghai, but embraced the first opportunity to reach Foo Chow. It was a coast voyage of several days and was attended with much discomfort, as the choppy seas through which we sailed made all of us very ill—a remarkable experience, considering the fact that during the whole of our protracted voyage we had not suffered an uncomfortable moment. We reached Foo Chow, however, in due time, and Mr. Gouverneur at once assumed his official duties. Foo Chow is called by the natives *Hok Chiu,* or "Happy City." It is also what is termed a "Foo-City," signifying a place of the largest magnitude, and was the sole Chinese port where royalty was represented. It is situated upon the Min River, about twenty-five miles from its mouth, and is the capital of the Province of Fokien. The navigation of the river Min was regarded as dangerous, and the insurance rates for vessels navigating it were higher than those of any other Chinese port. The place is surrounded by castellated walls nine or ten miles in circumference, outside of which are suburbs as extensive as the city itself. Its walls are about thirty feet high and twelve wide at the top. Its seven gates are overlooked by high towers, while small guardhouses stand at frequent intervals along the walls.

Upon our arrival in Foo Chow we found no house provided for the U. S. Consul, and immediately made our residence with a missionary family, where we were most

comfortable, until the *Hong* of Augustus Heard and Company provided us with a residence for which we paid rent. The English government took better care of its representative. Not far from us was the British Consulate, a fine building reminding one in certain respects of the White House. In another residence near by, and provided by his government, lived the British interpreter, a Scotchman named Milne. Walter H. Medhurst, the British Consul, and his interpreter were descendants of early English missionaries. We found Foo Chow to be a somewhat lawless city. Many of its inhabitants were mountaineers from the surrounding region who had become pretty well starved out and had found their way into the city. As a result of their early training, they gave the authorities much trouble.

I was naturally much impressed by some of the novel and curious customs then prevalent. The seat of honor assigned a guest was on the left of the host. The uncovered head for a man was a mark of disrespect and a servant would accordingly be severely reprimanded if he appeared before his master with his hat off. Persons in mourning wore white, in striking contrast with the somber apparel used by ourselves. The shoe polish in vogue was a chalky white substance. From these and other examples it can readily be seen I was justified in feeling that I had been transferred to another planet and had left "dull earth behind me." When we reached Foo Chow, the gorgeous flowers and other vegetation were at their best. The month of April was a season set apart by the Chinese to decorate with flowers the graves of their ancestors; and coming from a land where such a ceremony was unknown, it impressed me as a beautiful custom. It suggests, moreover, the inquiry as to whether it was from the Chinese, or from an innate conviction of the beautiful sentiment demanding an outward expression, that induced the descendants of the Blue and the Gray, at a later pe-

riod, to strew with flowers the last resting-places of those whose memories they delighted to honor.

Next door to the U. S. Consulate lived a Parsee named Botelwalla, who was an English subject. He never uncovered his head, and his tarpaulin hat carried me back to the pictures in my geography while studying at Miss Forbes's school. He was extensively engaged in the opium trade, and had large quantities of it stored in his dwelling. One day he came to our home to make a social visit and, taking it for granted that he was a fire-worshiper, I inquired whether he came from Persia. He told me that twelve hundred years ago his family emigrated from that country to India, where their descendants had since resided. I recall an incident which convinced me at the time that he was not a consistent follower of his own religion. Mr. Gouverneur noticed smoke issuing one day from what he thought was a remote portion of the Botelwalla home, and immediately called out to the Parsee from an adjoining window that his house was on fire. Without a moment's hesitation, he got all of his family together, and for a while they worked most strenuously to subdue the flames and to save from destruction the hundred thousand dollars' worth of opium lodged in the Parsee's home. Somewhat later we were surprised to learn that it was our own kitchen which was on fire. Our ignorance was due to the fact that the walls of the two houses were so irregular and so oddly constructed that it was at first exceedingly difficult, upon a superficial view, to distinguish certain portions of our own home from those of our neighbor. The one feature, however, connected with the fire which impressed us most forcibly was the fact that Botelwalla, our neighbor and fire-worshiper, did not allow his religious scruples to interfere with the safety of his valuable personal possessions. My attention, as well as admiration, was frequently directed to a number of superb India cashmere shawls which I often saw airing

on his upper veranda and which, I think, were used for bed coverings.

Soon after his arrival in Foo Chow, Mr. Gouverneur was fortunate in securing the services of a Chinese interpreter named Ling Kein, a mandarin of high order, who wore the "blue button," significant of his rank. In addition to this distinction he wore on his hat the peacock feather, an official reward of merit. He was a Chinese of remarkable intelligence, well versed in English as well as in the Chinese vernacular, and was also the master of several dialects. He surprised me by his familiarity with New York, and upon inquiry I learned that he had once taken a junk into that port, which was naturally regarded with great curiosity by the Gothamites. He remembered many prominent New Yorkers, one of whom was Daniel Lord, the distinguished lawyer, whom he had met in a professional relation. He also recalled my old friend and Mr. Gouverneur's kinsman, William Kemble, who lived next door to Mr. Lord opposite St. John's Park. Ling Kein and his family lived in our house, but they led such secluded lives that I seldom saw them; indeed, we never laid eyes upon our interpreter except when his presence was required. He was not in the employ of our government, but his salary of one hundred dollars a month was paid from my husband's private means. His services were invaluable and when we first began housekeeping he secured our domestic staff for us. The butler was Ning Ping, a Christianized Chinese, who took entire charge of the establishment—going to market, regulating the servants and even handing them their wages. For his services he received four dollars a month.

I found this mode of life ideally pleasant and easy until I heard an uproar one day in the servants' quarters in which my two nurses seemed to be involved. I was entirely ignorant as to the cause of the commotion and for some time held my peace, as one of the first lessons I

learned in China was not to probe too deeply into domestic affairs, since one derived but little satisfaction from the attempt. As the confusion continued, however, I summoned Ling Kein in order to ascertain the cause of it. It seems that Ning Ping had paid the women their wages in Mexican dollars which were not of the proper weight. There prevailed a crafty method of clipping or punching the coins, and this dishonest Chinaman had taken advantage of those whom he thought to be simply unsophisticated women. The trouble was finally quelled by an agreement that in future I should personally pay the nurses their wages. I gave each of these women four dollars a month for their services. Our cook, Ting Ting, who was a chef, and the four coolies, who were the chair bearers, were also paid four dollars a month each. The gatekeeper, whose duties were to open and close the front gate and to look after the chairs of visitors, received a similar sum for his services. I also employed by the month a native tailor, whose sole requirements for his work were a chair and a table. He did the entire sewing of the establishment and charged four dollars a month for his labor. At least one of my experiences with him failed to confirm the extraordinary powers of imitation possessed by the Chinese, for upon one occasion when I trusted him with a handsome garment, with strict injunctions to follow the model I gave him, he completely ignored my instructions and carried out his own designs.

Fortunately for us, this retinue of retainers provided its own food and clothing, and I was in blissful ignorance as to where they stowed themselves away for the night. A laundryman called once a week for our clothes and his charges were two dollars a hundred for articles of every description. I am almost ashamed to acknowledge that I never saw the interior of our kitchen, but our cook served our dinners in the most approved manner.

We frequently had guests to dine with us and as the butler, Ning Ping, was as much an expert in his department as the cook, Ting Ting, was in his, I was delightfully irresponsible and often wondered, as I sat at my own table, what the next course would be. Our guests were principally men, usually the senior members of *Hongs* and officers of war-ships lying in the harbor, and it was the custom of each to bring with him his "boy," who stood behind him throughout the repast.

There was quite a number of missionaries in the city, and each religious denomination provided its ministers with comfortable quarters. The Baptists were especially well represented and also the "American Board," which was established in Boston in 1812. The English residents had a small chapel of their own which was well sustained by them. There was one missionary who commanded my especial respect and admiration. I refer to the Rev. Mr. William C. Burns, a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman. He led a life of consecrated self-denial, living exclusively with the natives and dressing in the Chinese garb which, with his Caucasian features and blond complexion, caused him to present the drollest appearance. Only those who have resided in China can understand the repugnance with which anyone accustomed to the amenities of refined society would naturally regard such a life. He gave up body and soul to the spread of Christianity in a heathen land, recalling to my mind the early Jesuits, Francis Xavier, Lucas Caballero and Cipriano Baraza, who penetrated pathless forests and crossed unknown seas in conformity with the requirements of their sacred mission. Mr. Burns died in China in the earnest pursuit of his vocation. I own a copy of his life published in New York in 1870, soon after his death.

The Roman Catholic Church was well represented in Foo Chow and was under the general direction of the order of the Dominicans. Each portion of China, in fact,

even the most remote, was under the jurisdiction of some Roman Catholic Order, so that directly or indirectly almost every Chinaman in the Empire was reached. The Catholics also had a large orphan asylum in Foo Chow, over whose portals, in Chinese characters, was the verse from the Psalms: "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." Nothing brought back to me my far-away Western home more pleasantly than the tones of the Angelus sounding from the belfry of this institution.

There was a native orphan asylum in Foo Chow, not far from the American Consulate—a fact I have never seen stated in any of the numerous books I have read relating to the "Middle Kingdom." With true Chinese insight, the largest salary was paid the nurse who successfully reared the greatest number of babies. When I lived in China, the laws for the prevention of infanticide were as stringent as our own, but they were often successfully evaded. Poverty was so grinding in the East that the slaughter of children was one of its most pitiable consequences. Infants were made way with at birth, before they were regarded with the eye of affection.

Fifty years ago slavery was prevalent among the Chinese, and one of its saddest features consisted in the fact that its victims were of their own race and color. Poverty-stricken parents sold their offspring to brokers, and in Foo Chow it was recognized as a legitimate business. Theoretically there were no slaves in Hong-Kong, which is British territory, but in reality the city was full of them. Both men and women slave-brokers infested the large cities of China, and boys and girls between the ages of ten and twelve were sent from all the neighboring villages to be sold in Foo Chow. The girls were purchased to be employed as servants, and sometimes parents would buy them for the purpose of training them until they reached the proper age and of then marrying them off to

their sons. In this way, as may readily be seen, some of the young people of China were spared the vicissitudes and discouragements of courtship so keenly realized in some other countries. I have seen girl slaves sold with no other property except the clothes upon their backs. Frequently their garments were of the scantiest character and in some cases even these were claimed by the avaricious brokers. Many of the waifs were purchased upon trial as a precaution against leprosy which prevailed throughout the East. One of the tests consisted in placing the child in a dark room under a blue light; if the skin was found to be of a greenish hue, the slave passed muster; but, on the other hand, if it was of a reddish tinge it indicated the early stages of this fatal malady. Babies were not much in demand in Foo Chow and did not even command the price of fresh pork! I learned at an orphan asylum in Shanghai that they were purchased at twenty cents each. This institution was conducted by missionaries who taught the girls all kinds of domestic duties and, when they arrived at proper ages, saw that they were given to suitable men for wives.

Not far from the Consulate were the quarters of the Tartars. They seemed to live very much to themselves, and most of the men were connected with the military service of the country. It may not be generally known that ever since the commencement of the Tartar dynasty, between two and three centuries ago, the queue has been worn by the Chinese as a badge of submission to the Tartars. The feet of the women were not compressed by these early rulers and consequently the Court did not set the fashion as in European countries. I understand that even now the bandaged feet are universal.

In those days there were no railroads or telegraphs in China. The Emperor died while we were living in Foo Chow and the news did not reach us until several weeks after the event, and then only through the medium of a

courier. The official announcement came to the Consulate upon a long yellow card bearing certain Chinese characters. All of the mandarins in our city, upon receiving the intelligence, gathered at the various temples to bewail in loud tones and with tearful eyes the death of their ruler.

The palace of the Viceroy was naturally the chief objective point of all foreigners and especially of officials upon their arrival in port. Occasions frequently occurred when Mr. Gouverneur was compelled to go through the formality of requesting an interview with this high official. These audiences were always promptly granted and were conducted with a great amount of pomp and ceremony very dear to the inhabitants of "far Cathay," but exceedingly tiresome to others. Some distance from us, and in another quarter of the city, was a large building called Examination Hall, used by the natives exclusively in connection with the civil service of the government. It was divided into small rooms, each of which was large enough to accommodate only one person, and in these the young men of that locality who were aspirants for governmental positions were locked each year while they wrote their test examination papers. The hall accommodated ten thousand students and the time of examination was regarded by the Chinese as a critical period in a young man's life, as his chances of future success largely depended upon the ability displayed in his papers. These were carefully read by a board of examiners, and official positions were assigned to those who excelled in the examination. Intelligence was regarded as the chief condition of executive favor and, although personal influence naturally had its weight, its exercise did not seem to be as prevalent in China as elsewhere. It may not be flattering to the pride of other nations, but the fact remains that the civil service of China was the forerunner of the reforms instituted in countries which we are accus-

tomed to regard as much more enlightened in governmental polity.

While we were in China, the seas were infested with a formidable band of native pirates that had committed depredations for many years. One day two rival factions dropped anchor at the same time in the Min River, directly opposite Foo Chow, and opened a brisk fire upon each other. Many of the foreigners became much alarmed, as projectiles were flying around at a lively rate. One of these which had entered the house of an American missionary was brought to the Consulate, and Mr. Gouverneur was urged to take some action. The natives of China were at times a turbulent people who seemed glad for an excuse to stir up the community and, in consequence of this battle of the sea-robbers, a mob formed in Foo Chow which threatened disastrous results. The only foreign vessel in the harbor was a United States man-of-war, the *Adams,* under the command of James F. Schenck, subsequently a Rear Admiral in our Navy. Only a few days previous the British ships had departed for the mouth of the Peiho River, for the purpose of forcing opium upon the poor Chinese at the cannon's mouth. The city authorities were requested to use their influence in quelling the riots but seemed unequal to the emergency. This state of affairs continued for several days, when one morning the *Taotai* (mayor), preceded by men beating gongs and followed by a large retinue, arrived at the Consulate and requested protection for the city. Upon a similar occasion during the previous summer, when a number of British warships were in port, these belligerent pirates received summary treatment by having their anchor cables cut, thus causing them to float down the river.

Upon Mr. Gouverneur's request the *Adams* sent a detachment of marines on shore. It was quartered around the Consulate and its presence quickly had the desired moral effect upon all parties, and proved a source

of great relief to both foreign and native residents. Later all apprehension was removed by the speedy departure of the unwelcome marauders. Meanwhile the Consulate had received many valuables, deposited there for safety. The morning following the departure of the ships we noticed a large number of boxes in our courtyard and also several sheep tied to the flag-staff. For a time we could not understand the meaning of this queer collection and were compelled to assign it to the usual incomprehensibilities of Chinese life. Mr. Gouverneur went in search of our interpreter, hoping that he could explain the situation, but to our surprise he had fled. We learned that he stood in great awe of the pirates and feared their vengeance if he told all he knew about them. Mr. Milne, the British interpreter, finally came to our rescue. It seems that the sheep and boxes were parting gifts—"Kumshaws," as the Chinese term them—from the pirates to the American and British Consuls and Mr. Milne.

At first we had no idea what the boxes contained, and Mr. Gouverneur sought the advice of William Sloane, the head of the *Hong* of Russell and Company, who had long been a resident of China, as to what should be done with this strange consignment. He strongly urged that, as a matter of policy, they be accepted and the British Consul, Walter H. Medhurst, agreed with him. The medley collection was accordingly divided into three groups and some coolies were engaged to convey to the English Consul and Mr. Milne their respective shares. The sheep took the lead, and it was indeed a curious procession that we watched from our windows as we breathed a sigh of relief over the departure of this "embarrassment of riches," and commenced to plan for the disposal of our own share. A few minutes later I chanced to glance out of the window when, to my utter dismay, I saw the procession so recently *en route* to the British Consulate reenter our courtyard. We were informed that Medhurst

had weakened and refused to receive his share of the "Kumshaws." Mr. Gouverneur was much annoyed by such vacillating conduct and immediately notified the British Consul in emphatic language that if he refused to accept the piratical gifts he would regard it as a personal matter. This had the desired effect and a second time the procession wended its way to the British Consulate. The boxes proved to contain hams, rock candy, dates and other provisions which we immediately sent to the American missionaries, while the sheep were given to Mr. Sloane to do with them whatever he pleased. We found this gentleman throughout our Chinese life to be a man of superior judgment and an agreeable companion. After a long and successful career in the East, he died in China just on the eve of his embarkation for America. He never married and many years later I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with his brother, Samuel Sloane, the railroad magnate, at Garrison's-on-the-Hudson; and, owing to our agreeable association with his brother, both Mr. and Mrs. Sloane always welcomed me with great cordiality.

I have already referred to Commander (afterwards Rear Admiral) James F. Schenck, U. S. N. Our association with him in Foo Chow was highly agreeable. He was our frequent guest at the Consulate and we soon discovered in him a man of rare wit; indeed, I have understood that fifty years ago he was considered the most clever *raconteur* in the Navy. Commander Schenck's Executive Officer on the *Adams* was Lieutenant James J. Waddell, whom we regarded as a pleasing and congenial guest. Subsequent to his life in Eastern waters, his career was unusually interesting. He was a native of North Carolina and, resigning his commission in the United States service at the opening of the Civil War, subsequently entered the Confederate Navy, where he was finally assigned to the command of the celebrated cruiser *Shenandoah.*

This ship, formerly the British merchantman *Sea King*, was bought in England for £45,000 by James D. Bulloch, the Naval Agent of the Southern Confederacy in Great Britain, to take the place of the *Alabama*, which had been sunk by the *Kearsarge* in June, 1864. She left London in the fall of the same year and fitted out as an armed cruiser off Madeira. She then went to Australia and, after cruising in various parts of the Pacific, sailed for Behring Sea and the Arctic Ocean, where she met with remarkable success in her depredations upon Northern shipping. She captured thirty-eight vessels, mostly whalers, and the actual losses inflicted by her were only sixty thousand dollars less than those charged to the *Alabama*. Captain Waddell first heard of the downfall of the Confederacy when off the coast of Lower California on the 2d of August, 1865—between three and four months after the event—and, as he had captured in that interval about a dozen ships and realized that his acts might be regarded as piratical, he sailed for England where, early in November, he surrendered the *Shenandoah* to the British government. She was turned over to the United States, was subsequently sold to the Sultan of Zanzibar and was lost in 1879 in the Indian Ocean. She was the only ship that carried the flag of the Confederacy around the world. In December, 1861, Captain Waddell married a daughter of James Iglehart of Annapolis, and died in that city a number of years ago.

The American Consulate was the rendezvous of all Naval officers who came into port, and I recall with gratification Lieutenant John J. B. Walbach, a son of Colonel John DeBarth Walbach, a well-known officer of the Army, Dr. Philip Lansdale, Dr. Benjamin F. Gibbs, Lieutenant George M. Blodgett and Lieutenant (afterwards Rear Admiral) John C. Beaumont. The latter was frequently my guest in Washington after my return to America, and Doctors Lansdale and Gibbs I met again at the Capital,

where we took pleasure in discussing our Chinese observations and experiences. While in China I also became acquainted with Captain and Mrs. Eliphalet Nott of Schenectady, the former of whom was a nephew of the venerable President Eliphalet Nott of Union College. He commanded his own vessel, the *Don Quixote*, and was usually accompanied on his voyages by his wife—a mode of life that impressed me as quite ideal.

One day as I was passing through the streets of Foo Chow my attention was directed to a gayly-dressed woman seated in a chair decked with flowers. I was informed that she was a Chinese widow who was about to sacrifice herself upon the pyre in accordance with the custom of the country. I subsequently learned that when this woman reached the place appointed for the ceremony, she found an immense assemblage, including many mandarins and her own brother, the latter of whom had agreed to apply the torch that should launch her into eternity. The crowd, however, was disappointed, for at the last moment her courage failed her and she announced that she must return home at once as she had forgotten to feed her pig! The woman's life was saved, but the disappointment of the throng found expression in a riot which, however, was speedily quelled by the authorities.

The Chinese nation was the victim of an outrageous wrong, and the perpetrators were Americans and Englishmen whose unquenchable avarice overcame their moral convictions. I refer to the iniquitous manner in which opium was introduced into the country and subsequently sold to the natives. Large fortunes were accumulated in this way, but it was nothing more nor less than "blood money" wrung from the pockets of those who had a right to expect better things from the representatives of Christian countries. China at this time was unable to cope by force with the Western nations, but she did not renounce the right to protect herself from this outrage

without a struggle. When, however, she asserted this right, as she did on a certain occasion by seizing and burning the deadly drug, she made herself liable for heavy indemnities and was compelled to abandon the unequal struggle. In consequence of this act, six hundred thousand dollars passed through Mr. Gouverneur's hands as U. S. Consul. Even in recent years the Chinese Emperor has sought to protect his subjects from the evils of opium. When I lived in China, Congo tea was cultivated around Foo Chow, but in time it was abandoned and the poppy took its place. A few years ago an edict was issued prohibiting the cultivation of this flower and I understand that tea is again a product of this region. When I resided in Foo Chow, some of the most prominent business houses were involved in the smuggling of opium, and one very large and wealthy firm—that of Jardine and Matthewson —actually employed a heavily armed gunboat to assist it in the accomplishment of this colossal outrage. It will be remembered that when Li Hung Chang, then one of the richest men in the world, visited this country a few years ago he frequently asked the wealthy men whom he met where they got their money. Whether or not he had in mind at the time the manner in which certain American and English fortunes had been accumulated in his native land does not appear; but if his question had been directed to the heads of some of the business houses in Foo Chow and elsewhere in China while I was there, it certainly would have produced, to say the least, no little embarrassment.

Poor China has suffered much from the impositions and depredations of foreigners. Pillage and theft have marked the paths of foreign invaders in a manner wholly inconsistent with the code of honorable warfare, and acts have been committed that would never be tolerated in conflicts between Western nations. It was said that the title of Comte de Pelikao was conferred by Louis Napo-

leon upon General Charles Montauban for having presented the Empress Eugénie with some superb black pearls taken from the Imperial Summer Palace when it was looted in 1860. At the same time and in the same manner also disappeared many almost priceless gems, costly articles of *vertu,* treasures in gold and silver and a wealth of ancient manuscripts; while similar outrages were ruthlessly perpetrated in the same unfortunate city only a few years ago as the closing chapter in the Boxer troubles. Unhappy China! She has felt the aggressive hand of her Western "brothers" ever since the unwilling invasion of her shores.

About this time China was the resort of many adventurous Americans, some of whom doubtless "left their country for their country's good," with a view of seeking their fortunes. We became very well acquainted with a New Yorker named Augustus Joseph Francis Harrison, a master of a craft sailing in Chinese waters. His early life had been spent in Morrisania in New York, where he had become familiar with the name of my husband's relative, Gouverneur Morris, and was thus led to seek our acquaintance. One day he came to the Consulate apparently in ill health and told us he was in a serious condition. It seems that he had employed an English physician whose violent remedies had failed to benefit him and had prompted him to declare that he had been mistaken for a horse! He begged us for shelter and we accordingly gave him a room and retained him at the Consulate as our guest. We knew but little of medical remedies, but we did the best for him we could, and in due time were delighted to see that our patient was convalescing. One day my husband and my daughter Maud visited him in his room and, as a token of gratitude, he presented to the little girl the "Pirates' God," one of his most cherished treasures—a curious idol, which is still in her possession. On the back of it he wrote the following

history:—"This idol, together with the whole contents of two large pirate boats, was captured after a severe fight of three hours, they having undertaken to take us by surprise; consequently thirty or forty were killed. The rest made good their escape by jumping overboard and swimming ashore. The boats and contents, too, were sold."

Foo Chow was a region frequently visited by typhoons, in consequence of which a municipal law required houses to be but one story high. During the latter part of our residence in China we experienced the terrors of a storm remarkable for its severity and in the course of which a portion of the Consulate was blown down. After spending some anxious hours in an underground passage in the middle of the night, we were finally obliged to take refuge in the *Hong* of Augustus Heard and Company. I shall never forget, as we sat in this lonely cellar with the elements raging above us, the imploring cries of my young children, "I want to go home." It was while this storm was raging that Mr. Gouverneur received the following note from George J. Weller, the representative of this well-known firm:—

My dear Mr. Gouverneur,

The Barometer is going up—the wind will probably abate a little soon, and perhaps then Mrs. G. and the children can come. *Make* the coolies carry the chair. Three can do it.

The semi-tropical climate of Foo Chow, however, did not agree with Mr. Gouverneur, in consequence of which we decided to return home. His campaign during the Mexican War had made serious inroads upon his health, from which he never entirely recovered. It was hoped that his life in the East would be beneficial, but it proved otherwise. Meanwhile, the Civil War was raging in the United States, but the news concerning it was very stale long before it

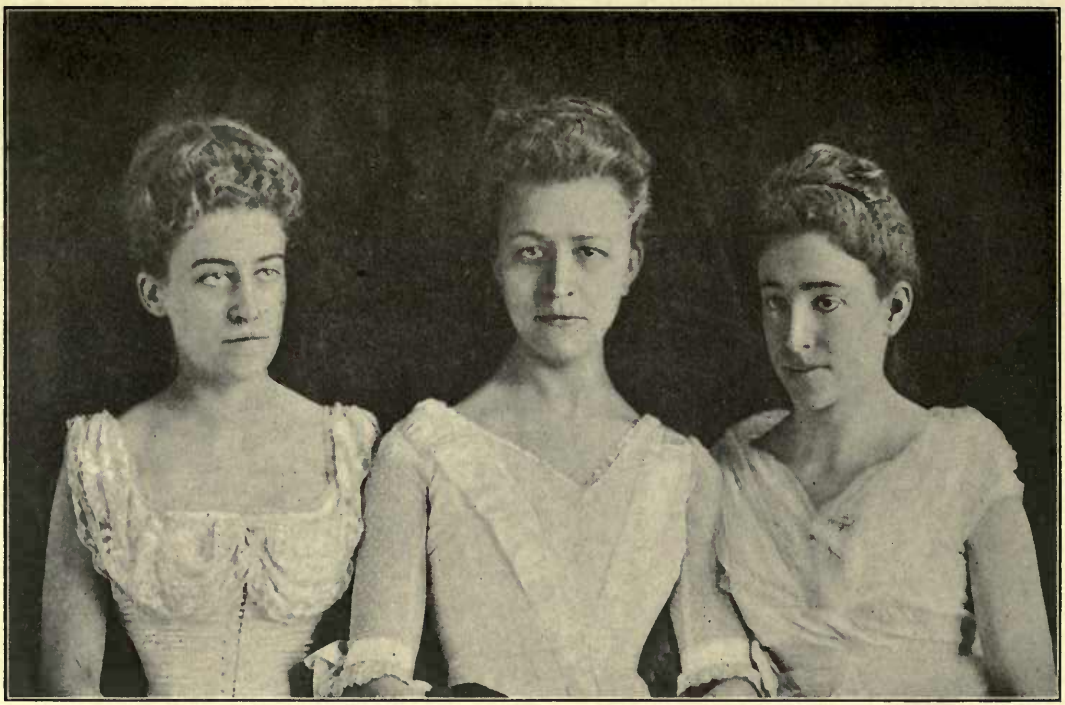
reached us. We did not receive the particulars of the battle of Bull Run, for example, until three months after its occurrence. In view of the turbulent state of affairs at home, the government thought it important that Mr. Gouverneur should remain at his post of duty until the arrival of his successor, and he decided to do so. During these days of uncertainty, however, my husband deemed it wise that, if possible, I should return with the children on a ship sailing under the protection of the British flag, and I quite agreed with him. In due time the favorable opportunity presented itself, and I embarked for America in the British merchantman *Mirage*. The wisdom of Mr. Gouverneur's judgment was fully confirmed, as the next American vessel sailing from Foo Chow after my departure was captured by a Confederate privateer. When I went to China I took two little girls with me, and returned with three. At the birth of the last daughter we named her "Rose de Chine," in order to identify her more intimately with the land of her nativity. Soon after her birth, several Chinese asked me: "How many girls do you keep?"

We were the only passengers on the *Mirage* and, besides having very superior accommodations on board, we were treated with every consideration by its captain. We were three months upon the homeward voyage and the captain called it smooth sailing. We fell in with many vessels *en route* and, to quote our skipper, we found them "like human beings, some very friendly and others stern and curt." When in mid-ocean we passed an American vessel, the *Anna Decatur,* which seemed like a welcome from home as it was named after a former New York friend of mine, Anna Pine Decatur, a niece of Commodore Stephen Decatur, who married Captain William H. Parsons of the merchant service. Lieutenant Stephen Decatur, U. S. N., a brother of Anna Pine Decatur, was a constant visitor at our house in Houston Street in my young

days. During one of his cruises he was stricken with a serious illness which resulted in total blindness. He subsequently married but, although he never had the pleasure of seeing his wife and children, his genial nature was not changed by his affliction. In 1869 he became a Commodore on the retired list, but some of the family connection objected to his use of this title, as in their opinion the world should recognize only one Commodore Stephen Decatur, the naval hero of 1812.

As we neared New York harbor I became decidedly impatient and was congratulating myself one morning that our long voyage was almost over, when I noticed that the usually pleasant expression on the captain's face had changed to one of extreme anxiety. I inquired: "What is wrong, Captain?" and to my dismay he replied: "Everything!" He then told me we were just outside the pilot grounds, but that in all his experience, even in Chinese waters, he had never known the barometer to fall so low; and, to add to his anxiety, there was no pilot within sight! It was a very cold February morning, the thermometer having reached the zero mark, and I went at once to my cabin to prepare for the worst. The captain meanwhile commenced to make preparations for a severe storm, but before we realized it the tempest was upon us and our vessel was blown far out to sea, where for three days we were at the mercy of the elements. The rudder was tied, the hatches battened down and there was nothing left to do but to sit with folded hands and trust to that Providence whom even the waters obey.

I remember sitting in my stateroom one of those terrible nights entirely alone and without even the comforting sound of a human voice. Our life preservers were within reach, but I fully realized that they would be of but little avail in such a raging sea. During those anxious moments, with my little children sound asleep in the



MRS. GOUVERNEUR'S THREE DAUGHTERS.

Miss Gouverneur, Mrs. Roswell Randall Hoes, Mrs. William Crawford Johnson.

adjoining cabin and quite oblivious of impending danger, I wondered whether it would be my destiny to close my earthly career on Rockaway Beach, near the spot where I had first seen the light of day; but soon after those anxious moments I was indeed grateful, as the captain told me that if the wind had been in another quarter all of us would have perished within a few hours. Gradually the winds and storm ceased and, the waters becoming calmer, we finally reached our haven without even being subjected to the annoying presence of a Custom House official, as the high seas had prevented his visit. When I reached land I learned that the awful storm had extended along the whole eastern coast and had carried death and devastation in its track. The children and I were driven to my mother's late residence, 57 West Thirty-sixth Street, but she was no longer there to greet me, as she had passed into the Great Beyond the year before my return; but my sister Charlotte and my brother Malcolm were still living there, both of whom were unmarried. I had received such kindness from the captain of the *Mirage* during the homeward voyage that I felt I should like to make some fitting return, and accordingly his wife and daughter became my guests.

CHAPTER XIII

THE CIVIL WAR AND LIFE IN MARYLAND

AS the time passed I became somewhat anxious over the delay in Mr. Gouverneur's return to this country. It seems, however, that, with neither of us knowing it, we were upon the sea at the same time. His homeward voyage was made by the way of the Isthmus of Suez and Marseilles. For a while it seemed difficult for either of us to realize that we were in our own country once more, as the Civil War had turned everything and everybody topsy turvy. When we left the country, party animosities were pitched to a high key, but the possibility of a gigantic civil war as a solution of political problems would have been regarded as preposterous. On our return, however, the country was wild with excitement over an armed struggle, the eventual magnitude of which no one had yet dreamed of. Newly equipped regiments were constantly passing in our vicinity for the seat of war, the national ensign and other emblems of loyalty were displayed on every hand and a martial spirit pervaded the very atmosphere. The war was the one important topic of conversation at homes, in the streets and in places of business. The passions of the people were so thoroughly aroused that they were frequently expressed in severe denunciation of any who presumed to entertain conservative views of the situation of affairs and who still hoped for conciliation and peace. Suspicions were often created by trivial but well-intended acts or remarks that were susceptible of a double construction, and loyal sentiment was often so pronounced in its denunciation of the South that

no word or remark could be tolerated that by any possibility could be construed as a criticism of the administration, a disapproval of the war or of any detail relating to its conduct. For example, not long after our return from China, while Mr. Gouverneur and I were visiting my sister, Mrs. Eames, in Washington, we were watching one day a newly equipped regiment from Vermont while passing her residence *en route* for the seat of war, when Mr. Eames remarked, "Gouverneur, isn't that a fine regiment?" My husband, who then and always thereafter was thoroughly loyal to the cause of the Union, but whose military training had made him familiar with the precise tactics and evolutions of regular troops, replied: "They need training," when Mr. Eames, with much warmth of feeling, exclaimed: "You are a secessionist, sir!"

That, however, represented but a mild state of feeling compared with that sometimes entertained between those who were loyal to the Union and others who sympathized with the South. I recall one conspicuous instance where such antagonistic views resulted in personal animosity that severed tender personal relations of long standing. When I left the country a lifelong intimacy had existed between Mrs. Charles Vanden Heuvel, a granddaughter of Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution, and Mrs. George Gibbs, granddaughter of the Connecticut statesman, Oliver Wolcott; but after the outbreak of the war these two elderly women differed so radically in their views concerning the conflict that, for a period, their personal relations were severed. The spirit of toleration was so utterly lacking in both the North and the South that even those allied by ties of blood were estranged, and a spirit of bitter resentment and crimination everywhere prevailed. This state of feeling, under the circumstances, was doubtless inevitable, but it emphasized better than almost anything else, except bloodshed itself, the truth of General Sherman's declaration that "War is Hell!"

The animosities engendered by the war ruptured family ties and familiar associations in Maryland much more completely than in the North. One of the Needwood families was that of Outerbridge Horsey, who was a pronounced Southern sympathizer, while not far away at Mount O'Donnell, a superb old estate, lived General Columbus O'Donnell, who ardently espoused the cause of the Union. Mr. Horsey had a son born just after a Southern victory whom he named Robert Victor Lee; but later, after a Confederate defeat, General O'Donnell suggested that the name be changed to Robert "Skedaddle" Lee, whereupon Mr. Horsey retorted that he thought the name of a grandchild of General O'Donnell might appropriately be changed to George "Retreat" McClellan. Of Charles Oliver O'Donnell, one of the General's sons, I retain the pleasantest memories. He was a gentleman of attractive personality and a genial nature. His first wife was Lucinia de Sodré, daughter of Luis Pereira de Sodré, who at the time of his daughter's marriage was the Brazilian Minister in Washington. Mr. O'Donnell's second wife was Miss Helen Sophia Carroll of Baltimore.

After remaining a few months in New York and a shorter period in Washington, we visited Mr. Gouverneur's father, who was still living at Needwood in Maryland. Here we found a radical change of scene, for we were now in close proximity to the seat of war. On our journey southward we were somewhat delayed by the rumor that General Lee was about to enter Maryland, rendering it necessary for us to procure passes, which was accomplished through the courtesy of General Edward Shriver, a native of Frederick, who held at the time an important official position in Baltimore. We had thought when we arrived in New York that public feeling ran high, but it was mild compared with our observations and experiences in Maryland, and we never dared to predict what a day would bring forth. Mr. Gouverneur's father

was a pronounced Northern man, but his wife's relatives, as well as most of his neighbors, sympathized with the South. Soon after the outbreak of the war, while we were yet in China, and at the period when Maryland was wavering between the North and South, and to anxious spectators secession seemed almost inevitable, my father-in-law and ex-Governor Philip F. Thomas left one morning on a hurried trip to Frederick, where the State Legislature was convened in special session, instead of at the State Capitol in Annapolis, which was then occupied by Union troops. A report had reached them that the legislature would probably declare for secession and call a convention to take into consideration an ordinance for the accomplishment of that end, and they desired to exert whatever influence they could command to retain the State in the Union. The national administration, however, was equally alert, and a measure much more effective, in this instance, than moral suasion was employed to defeat the adherents of the Southern cause. General John A. Dix arrested ten members-elect of the State Legislature, the mayor of Baltimore, a congressman and two editors; while in Frederick, General Nathaniel P. Banks took into custody nine other members who, under the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, were confined for a time either in Fort Lafayette in New York or in Fort Warren in Boston. I well remember that one of these was Severn Teackle Wallis of Baltimore, a lawyer of exceptional prominence and ability and a universal favorite in society.

Shortly before the battle of Gettysburg, when Frederick County was occupied by the Union troops, many of the officers dined at Needwood. A little later, although over forty miles away, we knew that a great battle was in progress, as we distinctly heard the steady firing of heavy artillery. The news of the great Union victory finally reached us and I listened in silent sympathy to the

rejoicing of the Unionists and heard the lamentations of the sympathizers with the Southern cause.

After the battle of Gettysburg, the disorganized Southern army came straggling along through Maryland, their objective point being Harper's Ferry; while General George G. Meade with his troops was on South Mountain, within sight of the former locality. During the night there arose one of the most violent storms I have ever known, and we naturally supposed that it would render the Potomac and Shenandoah Rivers, which meet at Harper's Ferry, absolutely impassable, as all bridges had, of course, been destroyed. The storm raged with such fury that we were actually afraid to go to bed. Mr. Gouverneur and I were elated because we believed it meant the end of hostilities and the Union restored; for in our opinion, it seemed impossible for human beings to successfully contend with the elements and at the same time to live under the fire of Meade's guns. It would therefore be difficult to describe our surprise when we learned the next morning that Lee's troops had safely crossed the Potomac and were again on the soil of Virginia.

Several days later Mr. Gouverneur and I were driving on the national turnpike, commonly called the Hagerstown pike, when we encountered the Union army. Our destination was the country seat of ex-Governor Philip F. Thomas, two miles from Frederick and within the shadow of Catoctin mountain, which we were contemplating as a future home. Our travel was not impeded except by an occasional inquiry in regard to our political sentiments, as the Northern army was prone to believe that every sojourner in Maryland at this time was an adherent of the South. This national turnpike, which has been and still is a well-traveled thoroughfare, was constructed at a cost of several million dollars and was generally regarded as an extravagance of John Adams' administration. In speaking of this road, which begins at

Georgetown, D. C., and crosses the mountains into Kentucky, Henry Clay once remarked that no one need go abroad for scenery after viewing "the Valley of the Shenandoah, Harper's Ferry, and the still more beautiful Middletown valley."

We were so favorably impressed by the Thomas place that we decided to purchase it and in a short time found ourselves permanent residents of Frederick County, in Maryland. We changed the name from "Waverley" to "*Po-ne-sang,*" which was the name of a Chinese Mission and meant "a small hill." After seeing the children and myself comfortably established in our new home, Mr. Gouverneur felt that he was now free to give his services to the country for which he had so valiantly fought during the Mexican War. As he was still in exceedingly delicate health, active service in the field with all the exposures of camp life was entirely out of the question but, desirous of rendering such services as he could, he wrote the following letter to Major General Henry W. Halleck, Commander in Chief of our Army:—

On my return from China, where I held the office of Consul of the U. S., in the early part of May last I had the honor, through the Honorable Secretary of State, to offer my services to the President of the United States in any capacity in which my military or other experience might enable me to serve my country in its present hour of peril. To my communication to this effect I have received no reply.

I have the honour now to tender to you my services on your staff in some position wherein they may prove most available.

The record of my former services in Mexico is on the files of the War Department, and I am without vanity led to believe that the historical associations which place my name in connection with that of James Monroe may give a prestige in our cause not wholly valueless. In conclu-

sion I beg to add that the subject of compensation with me would be a matter of indifference.

General Halleck replied as follows:—

WASHINGTON, July 30, 1863.

Samuel L. Gouverneur Jr.
New York.

Sir,

The law authorizing the appointment of additional aides has been repealed. Moreover, I have long since refused to nominate except for distinguished or meritorious military services. It is true that some have been put upon my staff without having rendered any service at all, but they were not nominated by me, and I do not recognize their appointment as legal.

Yours &c.,
H. W. HALLECK,
Major General Commanding.

General Halleck seemed to be ignorant of the fact that the chief requisite for serving upon his staff was not wanting in the case of my husband, who, as before stated, was brevetted for gallantry and meritorious conduct at the battles of Contreras and Churubusco in the Mexican War.

Halleck's reply was a bitter disappointment to Mr. Gouverneur but a tremendous relief to me, as I knew he was not in the condition of health to serve even as a staff-officer. When he originally broached the subject to me I did not try to dissuade him, as I felt that I had no moral right to interfere with his ideas of duty to his country. The Halleck letter, therefore, brought about a state of affairs in our household much more satisfactory than my most sanguine anticipations. Mr. Gouverneur, having done his full duty, gave up his idea of re-entering the Army and, in a spirit of contentment, began to take up life in our new home.

During the month of August, 1863, we had just gotten

fairly settled when the Confederate guerrilla chieftain, John S. Mosby, appeared at our door with his band of marauders. Their visit was brief and we were spared the usual depredations—why, we knew not, unless it were owing to the fact that Mr. Gouverneur's nephew, James Monroe Heiskell, a mere boy of sixteen, who ran away from home and swam across the Potomac to join Mosby's band, possibly accompanied him. Mosby's men in the East and Morgan's rangers in the West represented a species of ignoble warfare. In reality they did not benefit the cause which they professed to serve, but merely molested inoffensive farmers by carrying off their stock and thus depriving them of their means of livelihood. In recent years I discussed with a Confederate officer, the late General Beverly Robertson, Mosby's mode of warfare, and he surprised but gratified me very much by saying that in his opinion, it was a great injury to the Southern cause. It seems hardly just that, during President Grant's administration and later, official positions should have been bestowed upon Mosby while the interests of other Confederate officers who had fought a fair and honorable fight and had battled, moreover, for their country during the Mexican War, should have been neglected.

These war experiences furnished strenuous days for us in our new home and we lived in a state of constant excitement. I well recall the first morning it was announced to us by one of the colored servants, while we were at the breakfast table, that "the rebels were coming," and the feeling of timidity that nearly overpowered me. Very soon some troops under the command of General Bradley T. Johnson, a native of Frederick, marched upon our lawn and encamped all around us. General Johnson immediately came to our door and, although I was in anything but a comfortable frame of mind, I summoned all my courage and met him at the threshold. In a very courtly manner—too much so, in fact, to be ex-

pected in time of war—he remarked, "You are a stranger here, madam." I responded: "My life here has been short; my name is Gouverneur." He at once said: "I suppose you are a relative of Mr. Gouverneur of the Maryland Tract." I admitted the fact although I was not quite sure it was discreet to do so, as the Union sentiments of my father-in-law were generally well known, and I was talking to a Confederate General. He and his officers spent some time with us and we found them exceedingly friendly, and thus, at least for a time, the terrors of war were averted. Many years later I met General Johnson in my own drawing-room when he and his wife came from Baltimore to attend the wedding of my daughter, Ruth Monroe, to his cousin, Doctor William Crawford Johnson, of Frederick. We naturally discussed our first meeting when he was greeted with less cordiality than he received during his present visit.

Upon learning of the approach of the Confederates, we made rapid preparations for their advent. As we had learned from our neighbors that the South stood in great need of horses and we owned a number of them of more than usual value, Mr. Gouverneur seized upon an ingenious plan for concealing them. Under our house was a fine cellar which, unfortunately, the horses refused to enter until the steps leading into it were removed. When this had been done, they were led down one by one into a darkened room, and bags were securely tied over their eyes to prevent them from neighing. During the visit of the Confederates, which seemed to us interminably long, owing to our anxiety about the horses, General Johnson sat directly over their hiding place; but they behaved like well-bred beasts and never uttered a sound. I had serious misgivings, however, when I saw a mounted officer, riding around the house to make a survey of the premises, stop at the upturned steps. For a moment I thought all was over and my feelings were akin to those, I fancy, of a

person secreting stolen goods; but the investigation happily went no further and he rode on.

When the active preparations for hiding the horses were in progress my children were running hither and thither and watching the process with much interest and excitement. I called them to me and in my sternest tones told them of the near approach of the soldiers and gave them to understand that if they said "horse" or "rebel devil" in their presence I should punish them severely. They had been taught by the negroes on the place to call the Southerners "rebel devils," and I feared for the result if they allowed their childish tongues to wag too freely. A few hours later I spoke to one of the little girls upon some topic entirely foreign to our original subject, but she was so overawed by my threat and the presence of the troops that she seemed afraid to utter a word. After a little encouragement, however, she crept up to my side and whispered: "Mamma, they have taken all of our saddles!" General Johnson was still sitting on our porch, when a soldier approached and asked for an ax. One was immediately procured, when the General, asking the man's name, said: "That ax is to be returned." This order struck me as somewhat ludicrous when a little later I learned that the ax was to be used in demolishing all of our fences! This precaution was deemed important in order to facilitate, if necessary, a more speedy retreat.

As night approached we were asked if a guard would be acceptable, and we were only too glad to avail ourselves of such protection. As we were closing the house for the night, after our strenuous day, one of the soldiers on guard duty remarked to me, in a friendly voice: "Now I am going to bed!" In my astonishment I said: "Where?" The smiling response was: "On the porch, to be sure!" In this state of unrest there was no repose for us that night and we did not even attempt to undress, as we knew not what an hour might bring forth. Just

before dawn there was a knock upon the front door and, upon opening it, I found facing me a guard who, without any apology, said: "I left my boots inside!" Before I had locked the front door again and returned to my room, the Southerners had "folded up their tents like the Arabs and as silently stolen away." Only a short period had elapsed when several mounted officers dashed up our driveway and anxiously inquired: "Where are the guards?" They gave me only time enough to say, "They have gone," when they rode rapidly away. We came to the conclusion that they were young men visiting their relatives and friends in Frederick and that the retreat was so sudden that no word of warning could be sent them.

We realized the next day that the hasty departure of the Confederates was timely, as the Union Army was encamped all around us. Some of the officers came to see us and Mr. Gouverneur invited them to dine. This was a period of sudden transitions, for that night the Union Army retreated and the next day the Confederates were with us again, dining upon the remnants of the meal left by their adversaries. It was all we had to give them, as all our colored servants, having been told that they would be captured and taken further South, had fled upon hearing of the second visit of the Confederates. This was naturally a trying experience for me, as no servant except a Chinese maid was left upon the place and I was in a strange locality. But luckily I found the last set of officers pleasant and congenial and ready to make due allowance for all household deficiencies. Several of them were natives of Loudoun County, Virginia, and were familiar with our name, as they had lived near Oak Hill, the estate of Mr. Gouverneur's grandfather, where my husband had passed a portion of his early life. We soon learned that country life during war times without satisfactory servants was much more than either Mr. Gouverneur or

I had sufficient courage or strength to bear. This state of affairs resulted in my husband going to New York, where he secured a family of Irish immigrants consisting of a woman and three men. The relative positions of the two armies in our general vicinity had meanwhile shifted several times and we never knew from day to day whether we were destined to greet friend or foe.

On the particular morning of which I am about to speak, the Confederates were again with us. They were apparently unacquainted with the topography of the surrounding country and were naturally desirous of securing such information as should enable them, in case of necessity, to effect a speedy and secure retreat. We received an early call from several of their officers who inquired the way to the "Alms House Road." We had been so busily engaged in trying to settle ourselves down under such adverse circumstances that we knew actually nothing of the surrounding country; and, when Mr. Gouverneur informed our visitors of this fact, they looked at one another in such a decidedly incredulous way as to convince us that they thought we were withholding information. My husband finally sent for John Demsey, one of our Irish immigrants, who had driven considerably around the adjacent country, and one of the officers in a rather offensive manner renewed his query about the "Alms House Road." To our chagrin, John's answer was, "I do not know;" and Mr. Gouverneur, realizing that affairs were assuming a rather serious aspect, said: "John, you do know; tell the officer at once." With true Irish perspicacity he exclaimed: "Oh, sir, you mean the 'Poor House road'—I know that;" and forthwith gave the desired information. In anything but pleasant tones the Irish youth was told by the officers to accompany them as guide, and the order was obeyed with both fear and alacrity. Mr. Gouverneur then exacted from the comanding officer his word of honor that the man be permitted to return, and remarked at the

same time, in an ironical manner, that if they continued to tear down our fences and commit other depredations we should all of us know the location of the Alms House.

At a much later period General Jubal A. Early's Army passed our door *en route*, as at least he hoped, for Washington. General John B. Gordon sent an orderly to our house with his compliments to ask for a map of Frederick County, which we were unable to supply. All through the day the Southern troops continued to march by, until, towards sunset, the rear of the last column halted in front of our place. As we knew that a battle was imminent, we awaited the result with beating hearts and anxious hopes. When the firing of cannon began we know that the battle of the Monocacy had begun and were truly grateful that it was four miles away! The battle was short and decisive and the Southern Army was repulsed. The wounded soldiers were conveyed to Frederick, where hospitals were improvised, and the dead were laid to rest in Mount Olivet Cemetery, on the outskirts of the city. Both Northern and Southern sympathizers became skilled nurses and their gentle ministrations resulted in several instances in romantic attachments. Among the young physicians left in Frederick to attend the wounded soldiers was Doctor Robert S. Weir, who subsequently became distinguished as a surgeon in New York City. While stationed at the hospital in Frederick, he met a daughter of Robert G. McPherson, whom at the conclusion of the war he married. Mrs. McPherson was Miss Milicent Washington, who was a direct descendant of Colonel Samuel Washington, a younger brother of George Washington, and whose five wives are all interred in the graveyard at the old family home, Harewood, in Jefferson County, Virginia. Mrs. McPherson, one of whose ancestors was Miss Ann Steptoe, who married Willoughby Allerton, was also a niece of "Dolly" Madison.

Prior to the battle of the Monocacy I discovered that

our house was again surrounded by quite a number of Northern soldiers. This was an usual occurrence, to be sure, but this time they were making such a careful scrutiny of the premises that I was led to inquire of one of them what object they had in view. To my utter dismay I was informed that as our house was upon a hill they had selected it as "a position," and that our safest place was in the cellar. We soon realized the wisdom of this retreat as shells began to fly around us from several directions and with much rapidity. We spent the greater part of the day underground, wondering all the while how long our involuntary imprisonment would last, as these dark and dismal quarters were naturally a great restraint upon the children and exceedingly depressing to Mr. Gouverneur and myself.

Although Northern in our sentiments, we sometimes preferred the visits of the Confederates to those of their adversaries, owing to the greater consideration which we received from them. Upon the arrival of our own soldiers, their first act was to search the house from garret to cellar. At first I indignantly inquired their object and was curtly informed that they were searching for "concealed rebels." I gradually tolerated this mode of procedure until one morning when we were routed up at five o'clock, and then I protested. The Union soldiers took it for granted that, owing to the locality of our home, we were Southern sympathizers, and accordingly at times seemed to do everything in their power to make us uncomfortable. During those trying days I frequently recalled the wise saying of Marechal Villars, "Defend me from my friends, I can defend myself from my enemies." We noticed, however, a great difference in the conduct of the various detachments of the Union Army with which we came in contact. We always greeted the appearance of the 6th Army Corps with much enthusiasm. It was composed of stalwart and

sturdy veterans of the regular Army; and I trust its survivors will accept my humble tribute of respect and esteem. Very early in the morning of the day following the departure of some members of this corps from *Po-ne-sang* a private appeared at one of our rear doors and inquired when the troops had departed. He had been indulging in a sound sleep under one of the broken fences and was wholly unconscious that his comrades had moved away. He hesitated for some minutes as to the course he should pursue and then hurried off toward Hagerstown. We subsequently learned that he was shot at a point not far distant and were impressed anew by the bloody horrors attending our Civil War.

General David Hunter made frequent visits to Frederick and his approach was regarded with terror by those in sympathy with the Southern cause. It was he who performed the unpleasant duty of sending persons suspected of disloyalty further South, thereby often separating families. Many of his victims were elderly people and it is difficult for me at this late day to describe the amount of distress these orders occasioned. I remember one case particularly well, that of Dr. John Thomas McGill, a practicing physician who, together with his wife, was ordered to proceed immediately. Mrs. McGill was in very delicate health and the fright caused by such summary proceedings, which by the way were not carried out, tremendous Union influences having been brought to bear, resulted in death. Many years after the war I attended a supper party at the home of Judge and Mrs. John Ritchie, when the guests drifted into war reminiscences. Dr. McGill was present and, as the conversation progressed, he was so overcome by his emotion that an apoplectic stroke was feared.

During the numerous visits of the Confederate army to Frederick County, General "Joe" Johnston became a great favorite and for some time made his headquarters

in the city of Frederick. I learned from Colonel William Richardson, a beloved citizen of that place, that the General was especially solicitous concerning the welfare of the men under his command. One day, for example, he found one of his soldiers eating raw persimmons and at once reproved him for partaking of such unsuitable food. The soldier explained that he was adapting his stomach to the character of his rations. Although we did not see Stonewall Jackson's troops pass on their march to Frederick, we were aware of their presence there. Barbara Frietchie, whom Whittier has immortalized, lived in a small house on West Patrick Street, adjoining Carroll Creek, but whether she ever waved a Union flag as Stonewall Jackson's men were passing is a question concerning which opinions differ. Southern sympathizers deny it, while persons of Northern sentiments living in Frederick assert that the verses of the Quaker poet represent the truth. At any rate, a woman with such a name "lived and moved and had her being" in that city. She was interred in the burying ground of the German Reformed Church, and frequently pilgrimages are made to her grave, over which floats a Union flag not far from where

> The clustered spires of Frederick stand
> Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

I may state, in passing, that it was during the Civil War that the word "shoddy" was coined. It was originally used to designate a class of inferior goods intended for use in the army from the sale of which many fortunes were made. Later the word was employed to designate those who used such goods; and thus, by extension, one heard not only of "shoddy people," but also of "shoddy parties," "shoddy clothes," and so on.

We heartily shared in the rejoicings of the North when General Lee surrendered. In our country home we had

lived in an actual condition of camp life so long that at its conclusion I remarked to my husband in a jocular vein that I was prepared for a life with the Comanches! We restored our damaged fences, dug up our silver which had been buried many months under a tree in the garden, and Mr. Gouverneur began to turn his attention to agriculture. Our farm was among the finest in Frederick County, which is usually regarded as one of the garden spots of the country. Our social relations had been entirely suspended, as the distractions attending the war had kept us so actively employed; but that was now a past episode and we began making pleasant acquaintances from Frederick and the surrounding country. Among our first visitors were Judge and Mrs. William P. Maulsby; Richard M. Potts and his brother, George Potts; Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Trail; the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. George Diehl and their daughter Marie, who in subsequent years endeared herself to the residents of Frederick; Mrs. John McPherson and her daughter, Mrs. Worthington Ross; Dr. and Mrs. Fairfax Schley; Judge and Mrs. John Ritchie; Mr. and Mrs. Jacob M. Kunkel; and the Rev. Marmaduke Dillon-Lee, an Englishman who had served in the British Army and at this time was the rector of All Saints Episcopal Church in Frederick. He had been selected for this pulpit on account of his neutral political views and we found in him a congenial acquaintance. He remained in Frederick, however, for only a short period after the war and was succeeded by the deservedly beloved Rev. Dr. Osborne Ingle, who, after a pastorate of nearly half a century, recently passed to his reward. I can not pass this Godly man by without an encomium to his memory. He came to Frederick as a very young man and throughout his long rectorship he was truly a leader of his flock and, like the "Good Shepherd of Old," the sheep knew him and loved him.

It did not take long for Mr. Gouverneur and me to

discover that neither of us was adapted to a country life under the conditions prevailing at the close of the War—so very different from those existing in that locality at a later period. He knew nothing of practical farming and I knew nothing of practical cooking. Although I was never entirely without domestic service, as I always had with me the Chinese maid whom I had brought from the East, we were not fitted, at the best, for such a life. The result was that after one winter's experience we made *Po-ne-sang* only our summer home. During the trials and tribulations of that distant winter I often recalled a remark which Lord Chesterfield is said to have made to several persons whom he disliked: "I wish you were married and settled in the country." It has even been asserted that, in his absentmindedness and excitement incident to encountering an infuriated cow, he addressed the beast with the same words. This was a favorite anecdote of General Scott, and it appealed to me then as well as now, as I regard country life a forlorn fate for all women excepting possibly those who are endowed with large wealth with which to gratify every passing whim.

The primitive life we led at *Po-ne-sang* was full of annoyances and discouragements. For example, we had no running water in our house and were supposed to supply ourselves from a cistern in the yard which had contracted the bad habit of running dry and for inconvenient periods remaining so. We were therefore compelled to carry all our water from a neighbor's spring at least a quarter of a mile away. We tried to remedy this defect by boring an artesian well, but all our attempts were unsuccessful. Country life was distasteful to cooks as they preferred to live in a city where they could make and mingle with friends, and I soon learned that if I wanted to keep a servant I must hire one who had a baby, and that is just what I did. Although country life was distasteful to her, too, she took her dose of medicine because she

could not help herself as no one else would employ her. Often these babies were a source of great care to me, as their mothers would neglect them—sometimes from ignorance but more frequently from sheer indifference. I remember one cook whose baby, owing to the lack of proper attention, was actually in danger of starving to death. She kept it in a wooden box under a tree in the garden, and I was obliged at stated intervals to see that the child was fed.

During our summers at *Po-ne-sang* our servants made both hard and soft soap in a large kettle which swung from an iron tripod in the yard. They also made apple and peach butter, a German marmalade that was highly regarded in that section of the country. The apples or peaches were allowed to cook slowly all day in a kettle suspended from the tripod and were stirred by wooden paddles, whose handles were long enough to enable them to be worked at a convenient distance from the fire. In making this marmalade, cider was regarded as an important ingredient and the sugar was seldom added until the last. Mr. Gouverneur experimented somewhat in wine making. His success was almost phenomenal and we enjoyed the fruits of his labor for many years. He used Catawba grapes entirely, which were brought to our door in wagon-loads by the country folk who surrounded us.

The Maryland mountaineers, as I knew them, were very similar in life and character to those in North Carolina, of whom more or less has been written the last few years. They had peculiar customs as well as quaint modes of action and expression, and invented names for things and conditions to suit themselves. I remember, for example, that when persons showed signs of physical illness and the exact nature of their maladies was uncertain they were said to have "the gobacks." Frederick County was settled by the early Germans and many of their expressions are still in vogue. A peach dried whole with the

seed retained is called a *hutzel,* and dried apples are *snitz.* In this connection I am reminded of a German family named House, which resided in Frederick and consisted of four maiden sisters. Their means were limited and they eked out their living by stamping from original designs and taking in plain sewing. Their front door was always locked and bolted, and to reach the inmates it was necessary to pass through a gate leading into a long alley and thence through a scrupulously clean kitchen and up the steep and narrow back stairs to a small rear room, where sat these four spinsters. The first one who met you said, "Good-morning," and the others repeated the salutation in turn until the last one was reached, who simply said, "Morning." This laughable procedure was followed in their subsequent conversation, for one of them had only to lead off with a remark and the others repeated the close of it. It is said that Crissie, the youngest of the quartette, once had a beau with whom she sat each night for many years in their prim parlor and that, when he finally jilted her, one of her sisters was heard to remark, *àpropos* of the broken engagement: "Just think of all them candles wasted!"

The second winter of our Maryland life was spent at a hotel in Frederick where we formed a lasting friendship with our fellow boarders, Judge and Mrs. John A. Lynch. With my historical as well as social tastes, I found the McPherson household a source of great pleasure and intellectual profit to me. I knew Mrs. "Fanny" McPherson, as she was invariably called, only as an elderly woman who retained all the graces and charms of youth. To listen to her tales of bygone days was a pleasure upon which I even yet delight to dwell. She lived to a very great age surrounded by her children, her grandchildren and her great-grandchildren, and went to her grave beloved by all. She was the granddaughter of Thomas Johnson, the first Governor of Maryland. I remember read-

ing on one occasion a letter which she took great pride in showing me, written to her grandfather by Washington, offering him the position of Secretary of State in his cabinet. This flattering offer he declined, but to him is said to belong the honor of having nominated Washington as Commander in Chief of the Army.

Mrs. McPherson was nearly related to Mrs. John Quincy Adams, who was Louisa Catharine Johnson of this same Maryland family, and, as she was an occasional visitor at the White House during her relative's residence there, she mingled with many prominent people. I recall a weird story she once told me in connection with a daughter of Smith Thompson, Secretary of the Navy under President Monroe. It seems she married the Viscount Paul Alfred de Bresson, the third Secretary of the French Embassy in Washington, and subsequently many elaborate entertainments were given in her honor in Washington. She returned with her husband to Europe and several months later her family received the announcement of her death. As they had only recently received a letter from her, when apparently she was in the best of health and spirits, they felt somewhat skeptical and wrote at once for more definite information. A few weeks later a package reached them containing her heart preserved in alcohol. Mrs. McPherson's older daughter, Mrs. Worthington Ross, lived with her mother and ministered with loving hands to her wants in her old age, while the remainder of her life was devoted to unselfish labor in her Master's vineyard. Her memory, as well as that of her only child, Fanny McPherson Ross, who passed onward and upward before her, is still revered in Frederick.

Mr. Gouverneur and I also formed a pleasant acquaintance with Rev. Dr. John McElroy, whose remarkable career in the Catholic Church is well worthy of notice. Coming to this country as a mere lad, he engaged in mercantile pursuits in Georgetown, D. C., and when about sixteen

years of age became a lay Jesuit and in 1817 entered the priesthood. After ministering to Trinity church in Georgetown for several years, he was transferred, at the request of Chief Justice Roger B. Taney, to Frederick, where he built St. John's church, a college, an academy, an orphan asylum, and the first free school in the city. After remaining there for twenty-three years and establishing a reputation for devotion to his church and rare executive ability that made him one of the most useful Jesuits in the country, he was sent back to his old church in Georgetown and the following year went to the Mexican War as Chaplain in the regiment commanded by Caleb Cushing. During our occasional conversations it seemed to afford him more than usual pleasure to discuss with me the ability of his distinguished military chief. After the war he was sent to Boston, where he became pastor of St. Mary's church, and built the Boston College and the Church of the Immaculate Conception. At the age of ninety, he became blind and retired to the scene of his early labors in Frederick, where, as the oldest Jesuit in the world, he died in the fall of 1877. I remember meeting him one day on the street when he proudly announced that it was his birthday and that he was sixty-nine years of age. I knew him to be much older, and my words of astonishment evidently revived his senses for, realizing that he had reversed his figures, he corrected himself by adding, "I mean ninety-six." At that time he was quite active, considering his extreme age, and to the close of his life was much respected and beloved by the residents of Frederick, irrespective of creed. I attended his funeral and he was laid to rest in the burying ground of the old Novitiate which he founded. It was then that I saw for the first time the grave of Chief Justice Roger B. Taney. The two-story brick house in Frederick in which he lived is still standing, but it would be regarded with contempt by any of the present Justices

of the Supreme Court of the United States. But how natural, for how changed are the times! In an eloquent address subsequent to Taney's death, Charles O'Conor concluded with these words: "May the future historian in writing of Judge Roger B. Taney sorrowfully add, *Ultimus Romanorum.*"

Francis Scott Key, the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," is also buried in Frederick soil. For many years his remains reposed in an unnoticed grave in Mount Olivet Cemetery but, through the efforts of the citizens of Frederick, and especially of its women, an imposing monument now towers above him surmounted by a superb male figure with outstretched arms. While living in Maryland I frequently met Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase at the residence of Mrs. Margaret Goldsborough, and was much impressed by his imposing presence and courtly bearing. Many years before, he had been a tutor in the Frederick College, which still survives and whose walls bear the inscription "1797." Mrs. Goldsborough was a lifelong resident of Frederick and a woman of a high degree of intelligence. Her daughter, Miss Mary Catharine Goldsborough, I always numbered among my most cherished friends.

After a pleasant sojourn of a number of months in Frederick, we went to spend the summer at *Po-ne-sang*, where we had the satisfaction of entertaining quite a number of old friends, among whom was the Hon. Lafayette S. Foster, then Vice-President *pro tempore* of the United States. Maryland was a familiar as well as a cherished State to him, as in early life he had been a tutor in Centerville on the "Eastern Shore." Mr. Foster's visit was decidedly uneventful to him, as he was there entirely unheralded and without even a newspaper notice to announce his coming and going.

CHAPTER XIV

VISIT TO THE FAR SOUTH AND RETURN TO WASHINGTON

IN the autumn of the same year I decided to make a long anticipated visit to Mrs. John Still Winthrop in Tallahassee, whose marriage in Gramercy Park I had attended so many years ago and which I have already described. My two younger children accompanied me, but my oldest daughter I left behind under her father's protecting care at the Misses Vernon's boarding school in Frederick. This period seemed especially suitable for such a long absence, as the whole time and attention of Mr. Gouverneur was engrossed in editing for publication a posthumous work of James Monroe, which was subsequently published by the Lippincotts under the title, "The People the Sovereigns." We sailed from New York and stopped *en route* in Savannah to enable me to see my old friend and schoolmate, Mrs. William Neyle Habersham. Sherman in his "March to the Sea" had passed through Georgia, carrying with him destruction and devastation, and the suffering which this and other campaigns of the war had brought into the homes of these Southern people it would be difficult to describe. The whole South seemed to be shrouded in mourning, as nearly everyone I met had given up to the "Lost Cause" a husband or a son, and in some cases both. Two gallant sons of the Habershams, mere boys, had died upon the same battlefield, and when I saw Mr. Habersham for the first time after the war he was so overcome with grief that he was obliged to leave the room. Talented to an unusual degree and possessing much fortitude, his wife fought bravely for

the sake of her dear ones still spared her, but every now and then her sorrow asserted itself anew and seemed more than her bleeding soul could bear. She was especially gifted with her pen, and about ten years after the war, while her heart was still wrung with grief, she wrote the following pathetic lines:—

Up above, the Pines make sweet music; sad, plaintive, for must there not be a tone of "infinite sadness" in all the places of Earth's finite gladness? From a spray of jessamine I hear the chirp of a little bird—a young beginner; it tries over and over again "its one plain passage of few notes"—the prelude to the full-voice anthem which summer will harmonize. Ah! what shades and sunlight! what coloring! Green in the grass and trees, blue in the violets and sky, gray in the moss, yellow in the jessamines, falling around in a perfect Danæan shower of burnished gold! My truant fancy sees all this—and more! A dear hand that held mine, a "pure hand," a boy's hand, that ere many summers had spread out their gorgeous pageantry had drawn the sword for that dear summer-land of the jessamine and pine—had drawn the sword and dropped it; dropped it from the earnest, vigorous clasp of glorious young manhood to lie still and calm, life's duty nobly done; ah, a short young life but . . . and then the other young soldier! for is not my sorrow a twin sorrow? Can they be dissevered? In death they were not divided. My eyes grow dim. Wipe away the mist, poor mother! to see the dear faces of sons and daughters gracing the board. Let the blue of the violets breathe to thee rather of endless skies and an eternal Heaven, where earth's finite sadness is beautified into infinite gladness.

We finally reached Tallahassee, where we found the most cordial welcome awaiting us. Mrs. Winthrop lived in the very heart of the city but our surroundings were much more beautiful than I can describe, for the orange trees and hyacinths and jessamine in full bloom and other

wealth of semi-tropical vegetation were suggestive of an earthly Paradise. Since we last met my hostess had become a widow, but fortunately she and her only son, who was then just emerging into manhood, had not felt the personal vicissitudes of the struggle, as they had taken refuge in the mountains of North Carolina. Before the war the Winthrops had owned hundreds of slaves and most of them, in a state of freedom, were still living in quarters only a short distance from the house and were working on her plantations just as though the war had not made them free. But both among those who suffered from the war and those who escaped its ravages the unfriendly feeling entertained at this time against their Northern brethren was naturally intense. I remember that one Sunday morning a young son of Mrs. Custis, who with his mother was then an inmate of the Winthrop household, asked his mother, who had just returned from the early service of the Episcopal Church, whether "the 'Yankees' went up to the same communion table with the Southern people."

During my Tallahassee life I made the acquaintance of Madame Achillé Murat, who lived in an old mansion outside of the city limits. She was Miss Catharine A. Willis of Virginia, and a great-grandniece of General Washington. Upon her marriage to Achillé Murat he took her abroad, where she was received with much distinction on account of her Washington blood. Then, too, her marriage into such an illustrious French family was an open sesame to the most exclusive circles of society. She was an elderly woman when I met her, but her conversation abounded with the most interesting reminiscences of her life in France. She died in the summer of 1867. Achillé Murat was the son of Joachim Murat, the great Marshal of Napoleon, whose sister Caroline he married and became King of Naples. Many years later his two sons came to this country. One of them settled in Borden-

town in New Jersey, and Achillé Murat, after his marriage to his Virginia bride, became a resident of Florida. Madame Murat told me of some of the visits she made to France when the voyage was long and tedious. She had many articles of *vertu* around her, and I especially recall a superb marble bust by Canova of her mother-in-law, Queen Caroline. I expressed surprise at the extreme attractiveness of the late Queen, as I had always understood that the Princess Pauline, Napoleon's other sister, was the family beauty. Madame Murat, however, told me I was mistaken and that her royal mother-in-law was, in that respect, quite the equal of her sister.

During my acquaintance with Madame Murat, Napoleon III. was on the throne of France, and I learned from our many friendly chats that her relations with her distinguished kinspeople were of the most cordial character; and I am informed that for many years the Emperor gave her an annuity. Hanging in her drawing-room, whose contents were replete with historic association, were two handsome portraits of the Emperor and Empress of France, which she called to my attention as recent gifts from her royal relatives. That prince of hosts, Gouverneur Kemble, once told me an amusing incident *àpropos* of Achillé Murat's resourcefulness under peculiar difficulties. On one occasion quite a number of foreign guests appeared at the Frenchman's door and, although Florida is a land "flowing with milk and honey," he was sorely perplexed to know what would be "toothsome and succulent" to serve for their repast. Suddenly an idea flashed upon him. He owned a large flock of sheep and, nothing daunted, gave immediate orders to have the tips of their ears cut off. These were served in due form, and his guests departed in total ignorance of what they had eaten but fully convinced that America produced the choicest of viands.

Upon one of her numerous visits to France, Madame

Murat was accompanied to the Louvre by Mr. Francis Porteus Corbin, a Virginian whose contemporaries proudly asserted was an adornment to any court. While they were engaged in viewing the works of art, Madame Murat was joined by Jerome Bonaparte, to whom she formally presented Mr. Corbin. When the opportunity arose Bonaparte inquired of his kinswoman who "the elegant gentleman" was. The ready response was: "Mr. Corbin, of Virginia." "Well," was the ejaculation, "I had no idea there was so much elegance in America."

I think these pages will show that all through life I have had a decided fancy for older men and women. I can hardly account for this taste except by the fact that my predilections have always been of a decidedly historical character. As another instance, I especially enjoyed my meeting in the far South with Judge Thomas Randall, who made his home in Tallahassee, but who was originally from Annapolis. He did not allow advanced years to interfere with his social tastes, but frequently accompanied us to parties, where his vivacity rendered him one of the most acceptable of guests. Still another elderly gentleman with whom I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted during this Southern sojourn was Francis Wayles Eppes. He was the son of U. S. Senator John Wayles Eppes, whose wife was Maria Jefferson, elder daughter of Thomas Jefferson. He left Virginia many years prior to my acquaintance with him and settled with several members of the Randolph family in Western Florida when it was almost a wilderness.

I left with keen regret this picturesque land of flowers and stately oaks, but duty called me home, as my husband and little daughter were growing impatient over our long absence. It would seem that the observance of timetables differed in those days according to localities and other circumstances. I was informed that the train I should take from Tallahassee would leave *about* such and

such a time; but upon my inquiring in Savannah as to whether the ship upon which I proposed to embark for Baltimore would leave on time, I was explicitly told by its captain that if I were a minute late I should not be one of its passengers.

After my return to Maryland, the home of our adoption, we abandoned the idea of country life, sold our residence and took up our abode in Frederick. My children were now reaching an age when education became an important matter and I took advantage of the Frederick Female Seminary, an institution that has since become a college, as an excellent place to which to send my eldest daughter. It was during this period of transition that it was my good fortune to meet for the first time the wife of the Hon. Henry Gassaway Davis of West Virginia, who was a native of Frederick and a daughter of Gideon Bantz. Her two older daughters, Hallie, the widow of U. S. Senator Stephen B. Elkins, and Kate, who subsequently became the wife of Robert M. G. Brown of the U. S. Navy, were boarding pupils at the same school; and Mrs. Davis frequently visited them while there. My daughters formed an intimate friendship with Mrs. Brown, whom at a later day we often welcomed as a guest in our Washington home. She has since passed "over the river," having survived her mother for only a few months, and her memory is hallowed in my family circle. Mrs. Elkins, the promising young girl of so many years ago, is widely known in Washington and elsewhere for her womanly tact, intelligence and fine presence. Grace, another of Mrs. Davis' daughters, is now Mrs. Arthur Lee of Washington, but was born after my earlier acquaintance with her mother in Frederick. Loved and admired, she resides in Washington surrounded by an exclusive coterie, and devotes much of her time and means to works of philanthropy.

The prominent authoress, Mrs. Elizabeth F. Ellet, was

repeatedly our guest while we were living in Frederick. A volume of her poems had appeared as early as 1835, and she subsequently published quite a number of books which were highly regarded. When she first came to visit us, her "Women of the American Revolution" had just appeared and her journey to Maryland was for the purpose of collecting data for a new work which later was published under the title of "The Court Circles of the Republic." Besides being a gifted writer, Mrs. Ellet had considerable histrionic ability, and I have now before me an old newspaper clipping containing an account of an entertainment given by me in her honor when she recited from "Pickwick Papers, "Widow Bedott" and "The Lost Heir." Another party at which music and recitations were a prominent feature was given to Mrs. Ellet in Frederick by Mrs. Charles E. Trail, a gifted woman who thoroughly appreciated intellectual accomplishments wherever found.

My first acquaintance with the Hon. Joseph Holt, who at the time was Judge Advocate General of the Army, began in Frederick in 1869. He was a Kentuckian by birth and, after serving for a time as Postmaster General under President Buchanan, succeeded, in 1860, John B. Floyd of Virginia as Secretary of War. He made frequent visits to Frederick where he was always the guest of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. George Diehl. He was a typical Kentuckian, over six feet tall, and in my opinion no one could have known him well without being impressed by his intellectual ability. After we returned to Washington to live, in 1873, Judge Holt was a constant visitor at our home and I frequently attended handsome entertainments given in his residence on Capitol Hill. Although I have been in society more or less all of my life, I can say without hesitancy that he more perfectly understood and practiced the art of entertaining—it certainly *is* an art, and possessed by but few—than any other person I have ever

known. His second wife, who was Miss Margaret Anderson Wickliffe of Kentucky, had died in 1860 and, as he had no children, he was living entirely alone.

From my earliest acquaintance with Judge Holt I was deeply impressed by the cloud of sadness that seemed to envelop him, and I never learned until I had known him many years and really called him my friend that he was laboring under a deep sense of wrong and injustice. Without entering into exhaustive details, the main facts are substantially these: In 1865 Mr. Holt was Judge Advocate General of the Army and as such was the prosecuting officer before the Military Commission convened by order of President Johnson for the trial of Mrs. Mary E. Surratt and others for complicity in the assassination of Lincoln. The findings and sentence of the Commission were accompanied by a recommendation signed by a majority of its members in which they "respectfully pray the President, in consideration of the sex and age of the said Mary E. Surratt, if he can, upon all the facts in the case, find it consistent with his sense of duty to the country, to commute the sentence of death, which the Court have been constrained to pronounce, to imprisonment in the penitentiary for life." This recommendation for executive clemency remained unknown to the public until it was incidentally referred to by the Hon. Edwards Pierrepont, counsel for the government in the trial of Mrs. Surratt's son in 1867. This was followed in subsequent years, and after Andrew Johnson had ceased to be President, by a controversy in which reflections were made upon the personal and official integrity of Judge Holt by the charge that he had never presented the recommendation for clemency to the President. The matter finally sifted itself down to a question of personal veracity between the ex-President and Judge Holt, in which the latter affirmed that "he drew the President's attention specially to the recommendation in favor of Mrs. Surratt, which he read

and freely commented on''; and was contradicted by the ex-President in the assertion that ''in acting upon her case no recommendation for a commutation of her punishment was mentioned or submitted to me.''

The enemies of Holt accordingly held him indirectly responsible for Mrs. Surratt's execution, and against such a charge he naturally rebelled until the day of his death. The most cruel feature of the whole affair, however, and the one which probably did more than anything else to sadden and becloud the remaining days of Judge Holt's life, was the personal disloyalty of an eminent citizen of his own State, who had been his intimate friend from youth. I refer to James Speed, Andrew Johnson's Attorney General. In 1883, after most of the prominent actors in the scene were dead and the animosities caused by the controversy were largely allayed—at a time, too, when Holt realized that he was growing old and recognized more keenly than ever the importance of leaving behind a final refutation of the calumnies that had been heaped upon him—he appealed to Speed, who, he believed he had reason to assume was in possession of the exact facts of the case; but all that could be wrung from him were evasive words to the effect that he saw the petition for clemency in the President's office, without intimating whether it was before or after Mrs. Surratt's execution, and that he did not ''feel at liberty to speak of what was said at cabinet meetings.'' An exchange of letters followed between the two in which Speed excused himself for six months on the pleas of bereavement and press of business, and that he had lost his glasses, when he finally replied:—''After very mature and deliberate consideration, I have come to the conclusion that I cannot say more than I have said.'' It is no wonder, then, that Holt, driven to desperation by such treatment, wrote to Speed:—''Your forbearance towards Andrew Johnson, of whose dishonorable conduct you have been so well advised, is a great

mystery to me. With the stench of his baseness in your nostrils you have been all tenderness for him, while for me . . . you have been as implacable as fate."

While spending the summer of 1888 in Princeton, Massachusetts, I read in the *North American Review* for July of the same year the correspondence relating to the Surratt question between Holt and Speed in 1883. Knowing Judge Holt as I did, having firm faith in his version of the controversy, believing him to be a victim of gross injustice and realizing withal how keenly through all these years he had felt the sting of misrepresentation, I wrote him a lengthy letter. It was not long before I received his reply, and I copy it here, as I believe it casts an additional sidelight upon a subject which caused this brilliant and high-minded gentleman bitter suffering from which he never wholly recovered. I add several more letters written to me by him which are beautiful in expression but pathetic in character.

WASHINGTON, August 26th, 1888.

Mrs. M. Gouverneur,

My dear Madam:

Your kind letter of the 14th instant was quite a surprise, but a very agreeable one I assure you. My reply has been thus long delayed from an impression that it would probably more certainly reach your hands if addressed to you at Frederick.

I have read and re-read your letter with increasing gratification and thankfulness. Truly am I grateful for the friendly spirit that prompted you to make so thorough an examination of the Speed correspondence as your *résumé* of it discloses. That *résumé* is in every way admirable. It has the clearness and logical force of a first-class lawyer's brief. Indeed, I was on the point of asserting that you have a good lawyer's head on your shoulders, but prefer saying that you have a head which obeying the inspirations of your heart enables you to discern and *appreciate* the truth and extricate it, as well, from the entangle-

ments of chicanery and fraud. Be assured, my dear Madam, that I shall treasure up your letter fondly, at once as a consolation and as a powerful support of the endeavors which I have been making for years to rescue my name from the obloquy of an accusation, than which nothing falser or fouler ever fell from the lips of men or devils.

It was a severe shock for my faith in human nature when General Speed—with whom I had maintained relations of cordial friendship for some fifty years—suddenly allowed himself to become a compliant coadjutor of Andrew Johnson in his diabolical plot to destroy me. The *rôle* of suppressing the truth, which he voluntarily assumed for himself and in which—without explanation or defense—he persisted down to his grave, amounted fully to this and to nothing less. Yet during all of that time he *knew* me to be innocent, as well as I myself knew and know it, and this he never denied. Alas, Alas! what a masquerade is human life, and amid its heady currents how rarely do we pause to think of the possibilities that lurk under the disguise of its spotless reputations!

I should be rejoiced to hear that the Summer has strewed flowers and only flowers on the paths of your "outing," and that you will be able to return to Washington glad of heart and reinvigorated for the social duties in which you find and bestow so much pleasure. For my own isolated and infirm life home was thought to be the best place, and hence I have remained here happily finding under my own roof a contentment that has left me without envy of those whose more fortunate feet have sought the seashore and the mountain slopes. You yourself, however, acted wisely and well in going away, since the world is still pressing to *your* lips the sparkling cups, which for my own are now but a dim, receding memory.

I congratulate you on Miss Rose's approaching marriage which you have been so good as to announce, and sincerely hope that all the bright visions which the coming event must be awakening will have an abounding fulfilment. The invitation with which you have honored me is accepted with thanks, and I shall attend the ceremony

with the higher gratification, realizing as I shall how closely your own happiness is bound up with that of your daughter.[1]

Faithfully and gratefully your friend,

J. Holt.

Washington, Nov. 3d, 1888.

My dear Mrs. Gouverneur:

I am in receipt of your very welcome letter of the 1st instant and hasten to send the "Index" as requested. Hope it may be of service in illustrating and supporting your application. I shall preserve the Admiral's [Rear Admiral Francis A. Roe, U. S. N.] emphatic words as a cherished testimonial. The language of Mrs. Stanard is also very grateful to me. Her favorable opinion is the more prized and precious because she has known me so long and so well.

And now, my dear good friend, how can I sufficiently thank you for your generous interest in this trouble of mine—which has been a thorn in my life for so many years—and for your surpassingly kind offices which have been so effectively exercised in connection with it? Be assured that while my poor words cannot adequately express it, my heart will always throb with gratitude for the tokens of good will with which you have so honored and gladdened me.

I feel much complimented by so early a receipt of the invitation to Miss Rose's wedding, and I shall have great joy in being present.

* * * * * *

Faithfully yours,

J. Holt.

Washington, D. C., January 21st, 1891.

Dear Mrs. Gouverneur:

I regret to be obliged to acknowledge the receipt of your welcome letter by the hand of another, owing to the con-

[1] My youngest daughter, Rose de Chine Gouverneur, and Chaplain Roswell Randall Hoes, U. S. N., were married in Washington on the 5th of December, 1888.

dition of my eyes. For many weeks their inflammation has prevented me from reading or writing, and I fear that this condition will continue for a good while to come. So soon as I am able to do so I will either write or have the pleasure of calling on you. In the meanwhile believe me most grateful for your letter which, however, has been but imperfectly read. The darkened chambers of my life never had more need than at present of the sunshine which your sympathizing letters have always brought me.

Very sincerely yours,

J. Holt.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 26th, 1893.

Dear Mrs. Gouverneur:

Your last two letters have been received and I thank you heartily for them. As tokens of your continued friendly remembrance they are precious to me. I am much obliged for the privilege of reading the letter of Mrs. Vance [Mrs. Zebulon B. Vance], which is herewith returned. It is another of the many indications I have had of the subtle and wide spread circulation given to the Johnson-Speed calumny to which you refer. It seems to me that the poison is beyond the reach of any human antidote, and that I must look to God alone for shelter from it. Your generous and effective good offices in this matter, so deeply affecting my reputation and happiness, have filled my heart with an enduring gratitude.

Your unflagging solicitudes, too, for my poor waning life have much added to that debt of gratitude, great as it was and is. Let the good Lord be praised for ever and ever that spirits such as yours have been born into the world.

I am obliged to address you in this brief and unsatisfactory manner by the hand of another. After two years and a half of continued treatment I have as yet received no relief whatever, nor do the eminent physicians who have treated me afford me any encouragement for the future. While the world feasts, it is evident that *my* lot is and must be *ashes* for *bread.*

Hoping that you are drinking yourself freely from the

fountain of happiness you open for others, I remain

Very sincerely your friend,

J. Holt.

Washington, D. C., April 12, 1893.

My dear good friend:

I regret much to be obliged to communicate with you by the hand of another, but my poor life seems to be fixed by fate on the down grade, and at present there is no encouragement to believe that the future has anything better in store for me.

I send you a number of the North American Review containing the correspondence to which you refer between General Speed and myself. In it there is also a detached printed letter of Colonel Brown which is important. And I must ask that both this letter and the number of the Review be carefully preserved and after their perusal by your friend be returned to me, as I have no other copies and wish to preserve these. I am sorry that the sad circumstances of my condition prevent me from thanking you in person for your continued interest in my reputation which has been so basely assailed, but I trust as triumphantly vindicated.

I thank you sincerely for what you have said of Mrs. Kearny. It would be a great gratification to me to have an interview with her on the long, long ago, but this is a pleasure which I now have no encouragement to promise myself.

Believe me most grateful for the repeated calls and inquiries as to my health which you have been so good as to make. Such calls are precious fountains of consolation that will not go dry.

Very sincerely your friend,

J. Holt.

It has been asserted upon high authority that after the conviction and sentence of Mrs. Surratt her daughter Anna, as well as Catholic priests and prominent men in Washington, attempted to see the President in order to intercede for executive clemency in her behalf, but were

denied admission by Preston King, Collector of the Port of New York and then a guest at the White House, and by U. S. Senator James Lane of Kansas. It has also been said that Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas succeeded in reaching the President by pushing herself past the guards, but her attempts in behalf of the condemned woman were fruitless.

I knew Preston King very well and his political career interested me deeply. He was from St. Lawrence County, New York, and in my girlhood I often heard it asserted that the mantle of Silas Wright had fallen upon him. I saw much of him in 1849 when I was visiting the Scotts in Washington, and was particularly impressed by his exceptionally sensitive nature. General Scott once told me that at one period of his military career he was ordered to quell a disturbance between Canadians and Americans near Ogdensburg, the home of Mr. King, and that the latter was so seriously affected by the scenes he witnessed at that time that it was long before he recovered his normal condition of mind. During President Johnson's administration Mr. King, while Collector of the Port of New York, boarded a Jersey City ferry boat one morning, attached weights to his person and jumped into the river. When the news of his death reached me I was not surprised as I had seen evidences of his nervous temperament which might well result in acts indicative of an unbalanced mind. He was a man of big heart and exceptional ability, and in his death the State of New York lost one of her most gifted and distinguished sons.

The Frederick County agricultural fairs, as far back as my memory of that quaint Maryland town goes, have always been a feature of special interest not only to the farmers of that productive region but also from a social point of view. In bygone days some of the most distinguished men of the nation made addresses at these "cattle shows," as they were called by the country folk. I recall the visit of President Grant on one of these occasions when

he was the guest of Mrs. Margaret Goldsborough. He was accompanied by General Sherman and made a brief address. The evening of the day these distinguished guests arrived Mrs. Goldsborough gave a dinner in their honor, which Mr. Gouverneur and I attended. The entertainment was served in the style then prevalent among old Maryland families in that vicinity, the *pièces de resistance* being chicken, fried to perfection, at one end of the table together with an old ham on the opposite end. To these were added "side trimmings," enough to almost bury the table under their weight. President Grant was then filling his first term as Chief Executive of the nation and, although Mr. Gouverneur had known him in Mexico, it was my first glimpse of the distinguished man. As a whole we were a merry party, but Grant was a reticent guest. General Sherman, however, as usual made up for all deficiencies in this line, and as he sat next to me I found him to be a highly agreeable conversationalist. This dinner party proved a great social success and at its conclusion a number of prominent citizens called to pay their respects to the guests of honor.

The next year Horace Greeley was the orator of the day at the Frederick fair, and it fell to our lot to entertain him. He wrote the following letter to my husband:—

NEW YORK TRIBUNE, New York, Oct. 1, 1871.

Dear Sir:

I expect to be duly on hand to fulfil my engagement to speak at your County Fair and to stop with you, if that shall be agreeable to those who have invited me. Will you please see Mr. C. H. Keefer who invites me and say to him that I am subject to his order and, with his consent, I shall gladly accept your invitation.

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

S. L. Gouverneur, Esq.,
Frederick, Maryland.

As Mr. Greeley about this time was appearing upon the political horizon as a prospective presidential candidate, much interest was naturally centered in his visit. His appearance was decidedly interesting. He was of the blond type, past middle life and in dress anything but *à la mode*. I am no student of physiognomy, but if the question had been asked I should have said that his most prominent trait of character was benevolence. He wore during this memorable visit the characteristic white hat, miniature imitations of which during his presidential candidacy became a campaign badge. I am the fortunate possessor of two of these souvenirs. They are made of white metal and are attached to brown ribbons, the color of the latter standing for B. Gratz Brown, the candidate for Vice-President upon the Greeley ticket.

This visit was the pleasing forerunner of a sincere friendship between my husband and Horace Greeley. In our intimate association of a few days we recognized as never before his conscientious purpose and intellectual power, and Mr. Gouverneur was so deeply impressed by his remarkable ability and sterling character that later in the same year he started a newspaper in Frederick, which he called *The Maryland Herald*, with a view of advocating his nomination for the Presidency. My husband had never before been especially interested in politics, but he now entered the political arena with all the enthusiasm of his intense nature, and, at a mass meeting in Frederick, was chosen a delegate to the National Liberal Republican Convention in Cincinnati, which resulted in the nomination of Greeley and Brown. Although this party was largely composed of Republicans who had become dissatisfied with the Grant administration, it will be remembered that its candidates were subsequently endorsed by the Democratic party at its convention in Baltimore, and that the fusion of such hitherto discordant political elements added exceptional interest to the subsequent cam-

paign. The venerable Thomas Jefferson Randolph, grandson of the author of the Declaration of Independence, although he had reached the advanced age of eighty years, was chosen as the temporary chairman of the Baltimore Convention. The proceedings of the Cincinnati delegates were replete with interest and the enthusiasm was intense. During the uproarious demonstration in the convention hall, immediately following Greeley's nomination, Mr. Gouverneur's friend, John Cochrane of New York, of whom I have spoken elsewhere, in the excitement of the moment gave expression to his delight in an Indian war dance, and other usual scenes of boyish hilarity prevailed.

My husband's paper had been the first of the Maryland press, and long before the Convention, to place the name of Greeley at the head of its columns, but others followed, and for a time the movement, both in that State and elsewhere, appeared to gain strength and to assume formidable proportions. Subsequent events, however, proved that it would have been better if the newborn babe had been strangled at its birth, as it was destined to enjoy but a brief and precarious existence. Although the movement commanded the support of the united Democracy and enlisted the active sympathies of able men from the Republican ranks—such as Carl Schurz, Whitelaw Reid, Charles A. Dana, Charles Francis Adams, Lyman Trumbull, David Davis, Andrew G. Curtin and many more—the voice of the people pronounced for Grant, and in the latter part of the same month that witnessed his defeat, poor Greeley died of a broken heart!

Greeley's defeat was a severe blow to Mr. Gouverneur. As the member from Maryland of the national committee of the Liberal Republican Party, he had engaged in the contest with his characteristic ardor, and his strenuous but unsuccessful efforts had made inroads upon his health that he could but ill afford. Under the circumstances, a change of scene and employment seemed highly expedient,

and we accordingly decided to break up our attractive home in Frederick and return to Washington, where so much of Mr. Gouverneur's life had been spent and where I, too, had so many pleasant associations. It was in the summer of 1873 that this plan was consummated, and we began our second Washington life in a house which we bought on Corcoran Street, near Fourteenth Street. It was one of a row of dwellings built as an investment by the late George W. Riggs, the distinguished banker, and was in a portion of the city which still abounded in vacant lots. Houses in our vicinity were so widely scattered that we had an almost uninterrupted view of that part of the District boundary which is now Florida Avenue. As these were the days of horse cars, it was my habit to stand in my vestibule and wait for a car, as I could see it approaching a long distance off, although we lived half a block from the route, which was on Fourteenth Street. The entire northwestern section of the city, which is now a semi-palatial region, was also, at that time, largely a sea of vacant lots. The only house on Dupont Circle was "Stewart Castle," and the fashionable part of the city was still that portion below Pennsylvania Avenue, bounded on the east by Seventeenth Street, although the general trend in the erection of fine residences was towards the northwest. Many of the streets were not paved, but the *régime* of Alexander R. Shepherd, familiarly called "Boss Shepherd," changed all of this, and the work of grading commenced. It was a trying ordeal for property owners, as it left many houses high in the air and others below the customary grade, while many from the ranks of the poorer classes, unable to meet the necessary assessments, were forced to part with their homes. In the course of several years, however, the situation righted itself. Cellars were dug and English basements became prevalent, and it is only occasionally that one now sees a house far above the level of the street. We sometimes hear the praises of Mr.

Shepherd sung, and without a doubt he made Washington the beautiful city it is to-day, but he accomplished it only at a tremendous cost—the sacrifice of many homes. Next followed the paving of the streets with wooden blocks; and I was much surprised when they were being laid on Fourteenth Street, as I recalled the time during my earlier days in New York when they were used in paving Broadway, and I also well remember how speedily they degenerated and decayed. I was told, however, that this form of block was an improvement upon the old style, and was induced to believe it until I saw Fourteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue masses of holes and ruts!

After we were fairly settled in our new home I made the pleasing discovery that my next door neighbors were our old acquaintances, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Pendleton Gaines. Mrs. Gaines was Frances Hogan, a former neighbor of ours in Houston Street in New York. William Hogan, her aged father, was living with her, and their close proximity recalled many early memories. He was a gentleman of broad culture and a proficient linguist, and at an early age had accompanied his father to the Cape of Good Hope. He formed an intimacy with Lord Byron at Harrow, where he received the early portion of his education. Byron was not then a student but was occupying a small room at Harrow, which he called his "den." Another of Mr. Hogan's daughters, who is still living, wrote me that at this time Lord Byron was a young man and her father a little boy. She says: "Lord Byron often admitted my father to his room, when he would make him repeat stories of his African life and describe the occasional appearance of an orang-outang walking through the streets of Cape Town." After his father's return to New York, Mr. Hogan attended Columbia College, from which he was graduated in 1811, and afterwards studied law. He subsequently purchased land in the Black River country and did much to develop that

portion of his native State. The town of Hogansburg in Franklin County was named after him. He became a county judge and member of Congress and later resided in Washington, where he was employed in the Department of State, first as an examiner of claims and then as an official interpreter.

A short distance from our home and on the same street lived Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Sharp with their large and interesting family of children, one of whom, bearing the same name as his father, recently died in Washington while a Captain in the Navy. Dr. Sharp's wife was a younger sister of Mrs. U. S. Grant, and her husband was ably filling at the time the position of U. S. Marshal of the District of Columbia. A few doors from Mrs. Sharp's lived her sister-in-law, the widow of Louis Dent; and in the same block, but nearer Thirteenth Street, were the residences of two agreeable Army families, Colonel and Mrs. Almon F. Rockwell and Colonel and Mrs. Asa Bacon Carey, the latter of whom was the niece of the late Senator Redfield Proctor of Vermont. I formed a pleasant friendship almost immediately with Mrs. Sharp and was always received with much cordiality in her home. Corcoran Street, in fact, from a social point of view, proved to be an ideal locality until its tranquillity was disturbed by the advent of Mr. —— and family, the former of whom was the Washington representative of a prominent New York daily paper whose columns had been strongly denunciatory of Grant and antagonistic to his election, while they abounded in praises of Greeley. Both Mr. and Mrs. —— were persons of much culture, but they were unfortunate in their selection of a home, as the personal and political sentiment of the neighborhood was friendly to Grant, while his family connections, the Dents and Sharps, residing in that part of the city, were deservedly popular. My own position was one of much delicacy. Although I was especially fond of Mrs. Dent and Mrs. Sharp, I could not, in

view of Mr. Gouverneur's active interest in the Greeley campaign, be quite so enthusiastic over the Grant administration as were most of my neighbors, and, therefore, when I was invited by a mutual friend to call upon Mrs. —— I had no hesitation in doing so. I was taken to task for my act, however, by some of my friends, but I survived the rebuke and am still alive to tell the tale. I was told that, several months after the family just referred to was established in its Corcoran Street home, Mrs. —— was returning unaccompanied to her residence one evening, when a colored man, carrying a bucket of mud in one hand and a brush in the other, ran after her and besmeared her clothing; but the Dents and Grants were not of the class of people to approve of such a ruffianly act, nor were any of the other decent residents in the community. If Mrs. Sharp ever had any feeling in connection with my calling upon Mrs. ——, I never knew of it. Our relations were of the most cordial character from the first, and when her niece, Nellie Grant, was married to Algernon Sartoris she brought me a box of wedding cake, coupling with it the remark that she knew of no one more entitled to it than I—referring, I presume, to the associations connecting the Gouverneur family with the White House. After the close of the Grant administration, Dr. Sharp was appointed a paymaster in the Army and for many years resided with his family in Yankton, Dakota. I remained in touch with Mrs. Sharp, however, and for a long period we kept up an active correspondence.

At this period Vice-Presidents were not so much *en évidence* as later, and Vice-President and Mrs. Schuyler Colfax lived quietly in Washington and mingled but little in the social world. During his life at the Capital, Mr. Colfax repeatedly delivered his eloquent oration on Lincoln, which concluded with the lines of N. P. Willis on the death of President William Henry Harrison:—

Let us weep in our darkness, but weep not for him—
Not for him who, departing, leaves millions in tears,
Not for him who has died full of honor and years,
Not for him who ascended Fame's ladder so high,
From the round at the top he has stepped to the sky.

Directly back of us on Q Street lived an old and intimate friend of mine, Mrs. Septimia Randolph Meikleham, the last surviving grandchild of Thomas Jefferson. She was the widow of Dr. David Scott Meikleham of Glasgow, who was a relative of Sir Walter Scott and died in early life in New York. Mrs. Meikleham was the seventh daughter (hence her name "Septimia," suggested by her grandfather) of Governor Thomas Mann Randolph of Virginia and his wife Martha, the younger daughter of Thomas Jefferson. She was born at Monticello and was familiarly known to her intimate friends as "Tim," a name in surprising contrast with her elegance and dignity. She bore a striking resemblance to her grandfather, and, although a woman of commanding presence, was simple and unaffected in manner. Strong in her convictions, attractive in conversation and loyal in her friendships, she and her home were sources of great delight to me, and it was pleasing to both of us that her children and mine should have been brought into intimate contact. Mrs. Meikleham and I often dwelt upon this family intimacy extending unbroken from Jefferson and Monroe down to the fourth generation. In the same block with Mrs. Meikleham lived Mr. and Mrs. John W. Douglas, the former of whom, some years later, during the Harrison administration, was one of the District Commissioners. A daughter of his is the wife of Henry B. F. Macfarland, the late Senior Commissioner of the District, who, as well as his wife, is universally respected and beloved in Washington. On the same street, but on the other side of Fourteenth Street, Colonel and Mrs. Robert N. Scott resided for many years; while just around the corner, on

Iowa Circle, in what was then a palatial home, lived Allan McLane and his only child, Anne, who married from this house John Cropper of New York. She is now a widow but lives in Washington, where she is greatly beloved. In this same general region, on the corner of N and Fourteenth Street, lived Lieutenant Commander (now Rear Admiral) and Mrs. Francis J. Higginson, and the latter's attractive sister, Miss Mary Haldane.

Not far from our dwelling on Corcoran Street lived the attractive wife of *Monsieur* Grimaud de Caux, *Chancelier* of the French legation, who left unfading memories behind her. During our many delightful chats I was much interested in the accounts of her early life and experiences in Ireland, and I especially recall many things she told me concerning the members of the Wilde family, with whom she had been quite intimately associated. I learned from her that Oscar Wilde inherited his aesthetic tastes largely from his mother. She was a woman of unusual type and habitually dressed in white—at a time, too, before white garments had become so generally prevalent. I was also told that Oscar Wilde's father was an oculist of some prominence, and that he built a mansion so singular in its construction that the wits of Dublin called it "Wilde's eye-sore."

Another of my intimate friends of those days was Mrs. Mary Donelson Wilcox, widow of the Hon. John A. Wilcox, formerly Secretary of the U. S. Senate, a Member of Congress and a veteran of the Mexican War. She was a woman of rare intellectual ability, and subsequent to her husband's death was for a time one of the official translators of the government. She was the daughter of Colonel Andrew Jackson Donelson, a nephew of President Jackson as well as his adopted son and private secretary. General Jackson when President was a widower, and it was while Mrs. Donelson was presiding as mistress

of the White House that Mrs. Wilcox was born. Her memory remained clear until her last illness, and her recollections of prominent men and events, extending back to her childhood, and especially those of her early life at the White House, were of exceptional interest. I was especially amused by her account of the prompt manner in which General Jackson sent her mother back to Tennessee because she refused to accord social recognition to the wife of General John H. Eaton, his Secretary of War. As is well known, this was "Peggy O'Neal" who, before her marriage to Eaton, was the widow of Purser John B. Timberlake of our Navy, who committed suicide while serving in the Mediterranean. The relation which she sustained to the disruption of Jackson's cabinet has passed into history and is too well known to bear repetition here. As Colonel Donelson shared the views of his wife, he resigned his position as the President's private secretary and returned with her to Tennessee. He was succeeded by Nicholas P. Trist of the State Department, but a few months later, through the kindly offices of personal friends, they were both restored to Jackson's favor and resumed their former functions in the White House.

Just across the street from our home lived Mr. and Mrs. Bernard P. Mimmack and the latter's mother, Mrs. Mary Bailey Collins, widow of Captain Charles Oliver Collins of the U. S. Army, and a typical representative of the New York gentlewomen of former days. She was one of the Bailey family, which was much identified with the history of New York, and she and her daughter, Mrs. Mimmack, were valuable additions to our community. Of Mr. Mimmack, only recently deceased, I can speak only in terms of the warmest praise. He was a true friend to me and many times during my widowhood placed his ripe judgment and wide experience at my command.

As I first remember Professor and Mrs. Joseph Henry, they were living with their three daughters in a portion

of the Smithsonian Institution. He was a man whose public career and private life commanded universal respect, while his scientific discoveries, both at Princeton College and at the National Capital, marked him as one of the most distinguished men of his day. I am not qualified to pronounce upon his scholarly attainments nor upon the estimate in which he is held by the learned world of to-day, but it may be assumed that the eulogistic words of the late Professor Simon Newcomb, himself a scientific giant, represent the truth. "Professor Joseph Henry, first secretary of the Smithsonian Institution," he wrote, "was a man of whom it may be said, without any reflection on men of our generation, that he held a place which has never been filled. I do not mean his official place, but his position as the recognized leader and exponent of scientific interests at the National Capital. A world-wide reputation as a scientific investigator, exalted character and inspiring presence, broad views of men and things, the love and esteem of all, combined to make him the man to whom all who knew him looked for counsel and guidance in matters affecting the interests of science. Whether anyone could since have assumed this position, I will not venture to say; but the fact seems to be that no one has been at the same time able and willing to assume it."

The society circle in Washington in 1873 was small compared with that of to-day. There was much less form and ceremony, fewer social cliques and a greater degree of affability. The "Old Washingtonians" were more *en évidence* than now and the political element came and went without disturbing in any marked degree the harmony of the social atmosphere. There were, however, many in public life whose families were cordially received into the most exclusive circles of Washington society and enriched it by their presence. Mrs. Hamilton Fish held social sway by the innate force of character and general attractiveness with which nature had so lavishly endowed

her. Mrs. James G. Blaine, whose husband was in Congress when I first knew them, shared in his popularity. Mrs. George M. Robeson, wife of Grant's Secretary of the Navy, lived on K Street and kept open house. The Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. William A. Richardson, who lived in the old Hill house on H Street, were well known and very popular. Francis Kernan, the junior Senator from New York, with his wife and daughter, was seen everywhere. Thomas Kernan, their son, who eventually became a Roman Catholic priest, was a great dancer and a general favorite. Roscoe Conkling, the senior Senator from New York, was socially disposed, but his wife, who was a sister of Horatio Seymour, although well fitted for social life, took but little part in it. She was a pronounced blond, wore her hair in many ringlets and was *petite* in figure. Senator and Mrs. Henry L. Dawes and their intellectual daughter, Miss Anna, were highly esteemed by Washingtonians. General Ambrose E. Burnside, Senator from Rhode Island and a widower, lived on H Street, where he lavishly entertained his friends. Senator Joseph R. Hawley and wife of Connecticut and the latter's bright sister, Miss Kate Foote, resided in the Capitol Hill neighborhood; while Senator Henry B. Anthony, also of Rhode Island and a widower, was famous for his grasshopper turkeys, with which he liberally supplied his guests at his home on the southwest corner of H and Fourteenth Streets. This was the period when William E. Chandler was beginning his prominent and successful political career. He lived with his first wife and interesting family of boys on Fourteenth Street below G Street.

The social leader in Washington in 1873 was Mrs. Frances Lawrence Ricketts, whose husband, General James B. Ricketts, U. S. A., had served his country during the Civil War and on account of disabilities was awarded a handsome pension. They lived on G Street between Eighteenth and Nineteenth Streets and her Friday afternoons were

festive occasions. Mrs. Ricketts was no mean philanthropist in her way and a certain wag once wrote—

Here comes Mrs. Ricketts
With a pocketful of tickets.

The doggerel had a basis in fact as she frequently appeared in public with tickets to sell for the benefit of some charitable object; and she sold them, too, as but few had the courage to refuse her. She was an exceedingly fine looking woman with a cordial manner and graceful bearing. Mrs. Julia A. K. Lawrence, her mother, the widow of John Tharp Lawrence, originally of the Island of Jamaica, lived with her, was quite as fond of society as the daughter, and, although advanced in years, seemed to have more friends and admirers than any woman I have ever known.

One day by chance I met her in the drawing-room of a mutual friend, Mrs. Sallie Maynadier, where she shocked us by fainting. One of my daughters wrote her a note of sympathetic inquiry and received in reply the following answer. I regarded it as a somewhat remarkable note as its writer was then approaching her ninetieth birthday.

Pray accept my grateful thanks, my dear Miss Gouverneur, for your kind attention in writing me such a lovely note. I wish I had known you brought it. I would have been so much pleased to see you in my room, which I could not leave yesterday though very much better. I think the fainting was from the heat of Mrs. Maynadier's parlour and the agitation of the previous day, at the prospect of parting with my very dear friends in the delicate state of dear Kate Eveleth's health! I hope to hear today how she bore the journey, the beautiful day very much in her favor! I can not close this note without expressing my sincere wish that your mamma and yourself will be so kind as to come and see me during the winter. I know that Mrs. Gouverneur does not "pay visits" but as I can no longer have the pleasure of meeting you at our dear friend's I hope she will make an exception in favor of such an old

woman as myself, one too who has known and loved so many of your father's family for generations, dating back to President Monroe's family, when I was a child in England and used to play often with your grandmamma. [Maria Hester Monroe]. Can you believe that a vivid memory can turn back so many years? Ask your mamma to favour me and come yourself to see

Yours very truly,

1829 G Street, JULIA LAWRENCE.
Tuesday morning.

An old family friend of Mrs. Lawrence and her daughter, the late Dr. Basil Norris, U. S. A., a native of Frederick, resided in the Ricketts home, and I am certain that his memory is still revered in the District. When Mrs. Ricketts, upon her husband's death, broke up her Washington home, Dr. Norris went to San Francisco to reside. A daughter of mine on her way to join her husband in Honolulu was taken seriously ill in that city and was attended by him with consummate skill. He was then on the retired list of the Army, but had a large and fashionable practice in his newly adopted home.

In connection with Mrs. Lawrence my memory brings vividly before me my old and valued friends, Mrs. Maynadier, widow of General William Maynadier of the Ordnance Department of the Army, and her witty sister, Kate Eveleth. To render acts of kindness seemed their natural avocation, and I never think of them without recalling Sir Walter Scott's description of a ministering angel. I have heard Mrs. Maynadier say that at the time of her marriage her husband, then a young officer, was receiving a salary of only six hundred dollars; and yet she reared a large circle of children, her daughters marrying into prominent families and her sons becoming professionally well known. Their father was Aide to General Scott in the Black Hawk War and performed similar duty under General Alexander Macomb. Their mother lived

to see the fourth generation of her descendants, many of whom still reside in the District.

When I returned to Washington, I found the old Decatur house facing Lafayette Square owned and occupied by General and Mrs. Edward F. Beale, who had recently returned from a long residence in California. Mr. Gouverneur had known the General—"Ned" Beale, as he was usually called—in other days and I soon derived much pleasure from Mrs. Beale's acquaintance. She was a woman of the most aristocratic bearing and was especially qualified to meet the exacting requirements of the most exclusive society. The household was rendered additionally brilliant by her two daughters, both of whom were then unmarried. The sparkling vivacity of the elder, Miss Mary Beale, who subsequently became Madame Bakhmeteff of Russia, is easily recalled; while her sister, now Mrs. John R. McLean, is so well known in Washington and elsewhere as to render quite superfluous any attempt to describe her many charming qualities. Their home was a social rendezvous, and I especially recall an entertainment I attended there when I met many social celebrities. General Beale had collected numerous relics of early California which seemed peculiarly adapted to the historic mansion, and these objects of interest, together with the highly polished floors, the many and brilliant lights and the large assemblage of society folk in their "best bibs and tuckers," presented a scene which is not readily effaced from one's memory. Among others I met that evening were General Ambrose E. Burnside, whom I had known as a cadet at West Point, and my old friend, Captain (afterwards General) Richard Tyldin Auchmuty of New York, who since I had last seen him had passed through the Civil War. This reception was given in honor of the then young but gifted tragedian, John E. McCullough, with whom the Beale family had formed a friendship in the far west.

CHAPTER XV

TO THE PRESENT DAY

SHORTLY after our return to Washington we received an invitation to a party at the house of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Richardson, the former Secretary of the Treasury in Grant's cabinet. In my busy life I have never seemed inclined to devote much time to the shifts and vagaries of fashionable attire. Although as a woman I cannot say that I have been wholly averse to array myself in attractive garments, they were always matters of secondary consideration with me and have yet to cause me a sleepless night. My indifference now confronted me, however, with the query as to what I should wear upon this particular occasion, and I was compelled, as merchants say, "to take account of stock," especially as my invitation reached me at too late a day to have a new gown made. Although while living in Frederick I did pretty much as I pleased in regard to dress, I realized that in Washington, willing or unwilling, I might be compelled to do, to a certain extent, what other people pleased; but such demands have their reasonable limits, and I therefore determined to ignore the dictates of fashionable sentiment and practice a little originality on my own account. I accordingly decided to wear a handsome and elaborate dress of a fashion of at least a generation before —a light, blue silk with its many flounces embroidered in straw in imitation of sheaves of wheat. In former years I had worn with this gown black velvet gloves which were laced at the side—a Parisian fancy of the day, a pattern of which had been sent me by Mrs. Schuyler Hamilton. These also I concluded to wear with the antiquated dress;

and thus arrayed I attended the party and had a thoroughly good time, supposing, as a matter of course, that the incident was closed. The *New York Graphic,* however, seemed to think otherwise and dragged me into its columns in an article which was subsequently copied into other papers. Although at first I felt somewhat chagrined, upon further consideration I was inclined to be pleased, at least with that part of the narrative that made a passing allusion to my attire. This is what the *Graphic* said:—

Among the ladies frequently seen in society this winter is Mrs. Marian Campbell Gouverneur, daughter of the late James Campbell of New York and the wife of Samuel L. Gouverneur, the only surviving grandson of ex-President James Monroe. Mrs. Gouverneur is an elegant lady of pleasing manners, sparkling vivacity and possesses a fund of humor and a mind stored with a variety of charming information. She has traveled a great deal and seen much of the fashionable world. Mr. Gouverneur's mother was married in the White House and—think of it!—on a Spread Eagle—that is to say, on the carpet of which that very elastic bird made the central figure. Suppose Miss Nellie Grant, of whose engagement rumor outside of Washington talks so loud and this city appears to know nothing, should take it into her head to be married on a Spread Eagle, would not the other Eagle, the public, stretch its wings and utter a prolonged shriek? Now I ask you candidly, have we retrograded in matters of taste or become less loyal to the true spirit of our Republican institutions? Mrs. Gouverneur has the most wonderful collection of American and Asiatic antiques. She favors antique styles, even in matters of the toilet, and at a party last week had her dress looped with the ornaments which formed part of Mr. Monroe's court dress when Minister to France. She also wore black velvet mittens of that date.

While my sister, Mrs. Eames, was residing in Paris with her son and daughter, her home on the corner of H and Fourteenth Streets was occupied by Ward Hunt and his wife of Utica. Judge Hunt had recently been appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court, and I immediately renewed my associations of former days with his family. Next door to the Hunts lived Mr. and Mrs. Titian J. Coffey, the former of whom had accompanied ex-Governor Andrew G. Curtin of Pennsylvania upon his mission to Russia; and the adjoining residence, the old "Hill house," was the home of Mr. and Mrs. James C. Kennedy, the latter of whom was Miss Julia Rathbone of Albany. Their hospitality was lavish until the death of Mr. Kennedy, when his widow returned to Albany where a few years later she married Bishop Thomas Alfred Starkey of New Jersey. Mrs. Robert Shaw Oliver, wife of the present efficient Assistant Secretary of War, is her niece.

After Mrs. Kennedy left Washington, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Elkin Neil of Columbus, Ohio, with their daughter, Mrs. William Wilberforce Williams, lived in the "Hill house." They were people of large means and entertained on an extensive scale. Mrs. Neil belonged to the Sullivant family of Ohio whose women were remarkable for their beauty. The wife of William Dennison, one of the District Commissioners, was Mr. Neil's sister and her daughter, Miss Jenny Dennison, was one of the belles of the Hayes administration. There were so many representatives of the "Buckeye State" at that time in Washington that someone facetiously spoke of the city as the "United States of Ohio." Mr. and Mrs. Matthew W. Galt, parents of Mrs. Reginald Fendall, lived in the next house in the H Street block, while adjoining them resided Colonel and Mrs. James G. Berret. I knew Colonel Berret very well. Nature had been very lavish in her gifts to him, as he was the fortunate possessor of intelligence, sagacity and fine personal appearance. It was his frequent boast, however,

that through force of circumstances he had received but "three months' schooling," but he took advantage of his subsequent opportunities and became an efficient mayor and postmaster of the City of Washington, while a prince might well have envied him his dignified and imposing address. He sold his attractive home to Justice William Strong of the U. S. Supreme Court, who with his family resided in it for many years and then moved into a house on I Street, near Fifteenth Street, which in late years has been remodeled and is now the spacious residence of Mr. Charles Henry Butler.

Directly across the street and in the middle of the block, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth Streets, lived Colonel and Mrs. John F. Lee. This is a house which I link with many pleasing associations. Mrs. Lee, whom I knew as Ellen Ann Hill, was a member of one of Washington's oldest families and with her husband had a country home in Prince George County in Maryland. She was a deeply religious woman and one of the saints upon earth. She gave me *carte blanche* to drop in for an informal supper on Sunday evenings—a privilege of which I occasionally availed myself. Colonel Lee was a Virginian by birth and a graduate of West Point, but at the beginning of the Civil War resigned his commission. His brother, Samuel Phillips Lee, however, who was then a Commander in the Navy, remained in the service and eventually became a Rear Admiral. Although differing so widely in their political views, the two brothers were respected and beloved by their associates, and never allowed their opinions upon matters of state to interfere with their fraternal affection. The only daughter of Colonel Lee, Mrs. Henry Harrison, usually spends her winters in Washington.

Next door to the Lees on the east lived Senator and Mrs. Zachariah Chandler, the parents of Mrs. Eugene Hale; while still further down the street was the residence of Doctor William P. Johnston, a favorite physician of long

standing and father of Mr. James M. Johnston and Miss Mary B. Johnston, the latter of whom is President of the Society of Old Washingtonians of which I enjoy the honor of being a member. It is at her home on Rhode Island Avenue that the privileged few who are members of this exclusive organization meet once each month to listen to papers read on topics relating to earlier Washington and to discuss persons and events connected with its history. The insignia of the society is an orange ribbon bearing the words inscribed in black: "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" A prominent member of this organization is Mrs. Anna Harris Eastman, widow of Commander Thomas Henderson Eastman, U. S. N., and daughter of the beloved physician, the late Medical Director Charles Duval Maxwell, U. S. N.

In the opinion of many old Washingtonians no history of the District of Columbia would be complete without some mention of The Highlands, the home of the Nourse family. In years gone by I remember that this ivy-covered stone house was deemed inaccessible, as it was reached only by private conveyance or stage coach. The first time I crossed its threshold I could have readily imagined myself living in the colonial period, as the furniture was entirely of that time. When I first knew Mrs. Nourse, who was Miss Rebecca Morris of Philadelphia, the widow of Charles Josephus Nourse, she was advanced in life, but notwithstanding the infirmities of age, she had just acquired the art of china painting, and was filling orders the proceeds of which she gave in aid of St. Alban's which was then a country parish. I frequently passed a day at this ancestral home, and I especially recall seeing a wonderful Elizabethan clock in the hallway which I am told is still, in defiance of time, striking the hours in the home of a descendant. Near The Highlands is Rosedale, occupied for many years by the descendants of General Uriah Forrest, who built it subsequent to 1782.

He was the intimate friend of General Washington, and its present occupant, Mrs. Louisa Key Norton, daughter of John Green and widow of John Hatley Norton of Richmond, is my authority for the statement that one day after dining with her grandfather, General Forrest, Washington walked out upon the portico and, lost in admiration of the beautiful view, exclaimed: "There is the site of the Federal City." Mrs. Norton's sister, Miss Alice Green, married Prince Angelo de Yturbide, and it was their son, Prince Augustine de Yturbide, who was adopted by the Emperor Maximilian.

One of the pleasing local features connected with the Grant administration, which at the time made no special impression upon me, was the fact that there were then but few, if any, social cliques in Washington, and that society-going people constituted practically one large family. A stranger coming to the Capital at that time and properly introduced was much more cordially received than now. Such, for example, was the condition of affairs when Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Jeffrey came to Washington to spend a winter. They rented the old Pleasanton house on Twenty-first Street below F Street and entertained with true Southern hospitality. The Jeffrey family was of Scotch extraction and Mrs. Jeffrey was Miss Rosa Vertner of Kentucky, where she was favorably known as a poetess. The first wife of Alexander Jeffrey was Miss Delia W. Granger, a sister of my old and valued friend, Mrs. Sanders Irving. As soon as they were settled in their home, Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey gave a large evening entertainment which Mr. Gouverneur and I attended. We much enjoyed meeting there a number of Kentuckians temporarily residing in Washington—among others, Mrs. John Key of Georgetown and her sister, Mrs. Hamilton Smith; Mrs. William E. Dudley; and Wickliffe Preston and his sister, a decided blonde who wore a becoming green silk gown. Madame Le Vert and her daughter, Octavia Walton Le

Vert, were also there and it is with genuine pleasure I recall the unusual vivacity of the former. This gifted woman was a pronounced belle from Alabama and had passed much of her life in Italy, where she had much association with the Brownings. During her absence abroad the ravages of our Civil War made serious inroads upon her financial circumstances, and when she visited Washington at the period of which I am speaking she gave a series of lectures upon Mr. and Mrs. Robert Browning in Willard's Hall on F Street. They received the endorsement of fashionable society and, at the conclusion of her last appearance, Albert Pike, the later apostle of Freemasonry, offered as an additional attraction a short discourse upon his favorite theme. Madame Le Vert's maiden name was Octavia Walton, and she was the granddaughter of George Walton, one of the Signers from Georgia, and the daughter of George Walton, the Territorial Governor of Florida. In 1836 she married Dr. Henry S. Le Vert, son of the fleet-surgeon of the Count de Rochambeau at Yorktown, Va. In 1858 her "Souvenirs of Travel" appeared, and later she wrote "Souvenirs of Distinguished People" and "Souvenirs of the War," but, for personal reasons, neither of the two was ever published.

My first acquaintance with George Bancroft, the historian, dates back to the year 1845, when he came from New England to deliver a course of lectures and was the guest of my father in New York. One of the evenings he spent with us stands out in bold relief. He was a man of musical tastes, and Justine Bibby Onderdonk, a friend of mine and a daughter of Gouverneur S. Bibby, who only a few days before had made a runaway match with Henry M. Onderdonk, the son of Bishop Benjamin T. Onderdonk of New York, happened to be our guest at the same time. Her musical ability was of the highest order and she delighted Mr. Bancroft by singing some of his favorite selections. Later, when he was Secretary of the Navy dur-

ing the Polk administration, I saw Mr. Bancroft very frequently. I am not aware whether it is generally known that he began his political life in Massachusetts as a Whig. When I first knew him, however, he was a Democrat and the change in his political creed placed him in an unfavorable light in his State, most of whose citizens were well nigh as intolerant of Democrats as their ancestors had been of witches in early colonial days.

Upon my return to Washington I soon renewed my acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, and the entertainments I attended in their home on H Street, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth Streets, revived pleasant recollections of Mrs. Clement C. Hill, whose house they purchased and of whose social leadership I have already spoken. Mr. Bancroft at this time was well advanced in years, and in referring to his age I have often heard him say: "I came in with the century." In spite of the fact, however, that he had exceeded the years usually allotted to man, he could be seen nearly every day in the saddle with Herrman Bratz, his devoted German attendant, riding at a respectful distance in the rear. I may add, by the way, that a few doors from the Bancrofts lived Dr. George Clymer of the Navy with his wife and venerable mother-in-law, the latter of whom was the widow of Commodore William B. Shubrick, U. S. N.

Colonel Alexander Bliss, Mrs. Bancroft's son and familiarly known to Washingtonians as "Sandy" Bliss, lived just around the corner from his mother's. His wife was the daughter of William T. Albert, of Baltimore, but when I knew him best he was a widower. A few doors from Colonel Bliss lived Senator Matthew H. Carpenter, a political power of the first magnitude during President Grant's second presidential term, whose daughter Lilian was a reigning belle. Equestrian exercise was not then quite so popular in Washington as later, but it had its devotees, among whom was Colonel Joseph C. Audenried,

U. S. A., an unusually handsome man with a decidedly military bearing. He was generally accompanied by his daughter Florence, then a child, and was often to be seen riding out Fourteenth Street towards the Soldiers' Home, which was then the fashionable drive.

John L. Cadwalader, a cousin of Mr. Gouverneur and now one of the most prominent members of the New York bar, was Assistant Secretary of State under Hamilton Fish during the Grant *régime*. He was a bachelor and was accompanied to Washington by his two sisters, both of whom lived with him in a fine residence on the corner of L Street and Connecticut Avenue, which has since been torn down to make way for a large apartment house. It was while the Cadwaladers were occupying this residence that I first made the acquaintance of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. Miss Mary Cadwalader brought him to see us in our Corcoran Street home and during the visit announced her engagement to him. He was then the highly eminent physician alone, as he had not yet entered the arena of fiction and poetry in which he has since attained such widespread distinction. It gives me pleasure to add that he suggested to me, while I was visiting in Philadelphia many years later, that I should write these reminiscences.

All of the large balls and parties of this date, including the bachelors' germans, which I frequently attended, were given at Lewis G. Marini's on the south side of E Street, near Ninth Street. Marini was an Italian and the dancing master of the day. Twice a week he went to Annapolis to teach the midshipmen, who, when subsequently ordered to duty in Washington, became very acceptable beaux, as they danced the same step that their master had taught his pupils here. The bachelors' germans were organized among others by Robert F. Stockton, Hamilton Fish, Jr., John Davis, and Hamilton Perkins; while soon thereafter Seaton Munroe became one of its officers. I especially recall a german given by the bachelors at Ma-

rini's, on the twenty-second of February, 1876, when Lady Thornton, wife of Sir Edward Thornton, British Minister to the United States, received the guests. The decorations were unusually elaborate, consisting chiefly of American flags draped along the walls from floor to ceiling; while at one end of the room, in compliment to the hostess of the evening, the stars and stripes made way to two British flags. A small cannon and a miniature ship were placed below the music gallery, while above them was a semicircle of cutlasses and a *chevaux-de-frise* of glistening spears behind which were the musicians. In an old scrap book I find a brief notice of this entertainment which mentions the belles of the ball, some of whom became matrons of a later day in Washington and elsewhere. This is the list:—Miss Zeilin, Miss Dunn, Miss Kilbourn, Miss Emory, Miss Campbell, Miss Kernan, Miss Dennison, Miss Keating of Philadelphia, Miss Patterson, Miss Jewell, Miss Badger, Miss Warfield, Madame Santa Anna, Mrs. Gore Jones, Madame Mariscal, Madame Dardon, Mrs. Belknap, Mrs. Robeson, Mrs. Frederick Grant and Miss Dodge ("Gail Hamilton").

In the old Stockton house, next door to the residence of William W. Corcoran, lived Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Ward who probably entertained more lavishly than any other family of that day. Mr. Ward was then in Congress from New York. His wife possessed much grace of manner and a subtle charm quite impossible to describe. I enjoyed her intimate friendship and often availed myself of a standing invitation to take tea with her. In her drawing-room one constantly met acceptable recruits from social and political life, all of whom she charmed by her affable conversation and unaffected bearing. Upon her return to New York Miss Virginia Stuart, her daughter by a former marriage, married the Rev. Alexander McKay-Smith, assistant rector at St. Thomas' Church. Soon after his marriage he received a call to St. John's Church in Wash-

ington, where he remained the beloved rector until in 1902 he was elected Bishop-Coadjutor of Pennsylvania.

It was about this same period that I formed a friendship with Lieutenant Commander and Mrs. Arent Schuyler Crowninshield. He was then Ordnance Officer of the Washington Navy Yard and lived in the quaint old house later assigned to the second line officer of that station. Mrs. Crowninshield's sister, Elizabeth Hopkins Bradford, lived with her and I attended her wedding there. She married Edmund Hamilton Smith of Canandaigua, New York, a son of Judge James C. Smith of the Supreme Court of that State, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. John Vaughan Lewis of St. John's Church, Washington. This wedding made an indelible impression upon my memory owing to an unfortunate circumstance which attended it. The mother of the bride-elect and the latter's youngest sister, Louise, were traveling in Europe and had arranged their return passage in ample time, as they supposed, to be present at the ceremony. The ship met with an accident off the coast of Newfoundland, however, and during the delay the wedding took place. There was much anxiety concerning the safety of the bride's mother and sister which naturally cast an atmosphere of gloom over the marriage feast, but in a few days the ship came into port and unalloyed happiness prevailed. After Mr. Crowninshield's promotion to a Captaincy in the Navy he was ordered to command the *Richmond* in the Philadelphia Navy Yard, and there I repeatedly met him and his fascinating wife. He remained there, however, for less than a year, when he was placed in command of the ill-fated *Maine,* and about ten months before she was destroyed was ordered to Washington as Chief of the Bureau of Navigation with the rank, first of Commodore and then of Rear Admiral. He served as such with marked efficiency during the Spanish-American War, and several years later commanded the flagship of the Eu-

ropean Squadron. He retired in 1903 on his own application and died five years later, deeply regretted by a large circle of official and personal friends. Mrs. Crowninshield is so well and favorably known to the public as an authoress that it would be impossible for me to add any leaves to the laurels she now wears; but I cannot refrain from paying a tribute to her remarkable loyalty as a friend and expressing my admiration for those uncommon traits of character which, with her commanding presence, have made her so deeply respected and so greatly admired.

The first loan-exhibition given in Washington that I now recall was near the close of Grant's administration, and was for the benefit of the Church of the Incarnation. It was in an old house on the corner of Fifteenth and H Streets, since torn down to make way for the George Washington University. As much interest was shown in the enterprise and many of the old Washington families sent valuable relics, a large sum of money was realized. Among the contributors were William W. Corcoran, Miss Olive Risley Seward, Senator John P. Jones of Nevada, and Seth Ledyard Phelps, the latter of whom was at the time one of the District Commissioners and owned a large number of Chinese curios gathered by him during his life in the East. I, too, was glad to aid so worthy a cause and sent some of my most cherished possessions. Before the exhibition was formally opened, I attended a private view of the collection given in honor of William W. Corcoran and Horatio King. Of Mr. Corcoran I have elsewhere spoken; with Mr. King I was also well acquainted. In 1839, while a young man, he was appointed to a position in the Post Office Department and eleven years later was connected with its foreign service in which he originated and perfected postal arrangements of great importance to the country. His promotion was rapid and he finally became Postmaster General under President Buchanan, a

position which he held with credit both to the administration and himself. About 1873, when I first knew Mr. and Mrs. King, they lived in a modest home at 707 H Street where, every Saturday evening, many *littérateurs* and prominent men of state were accustomed to gather and discuss the important literary and political problems of the day. John Pierpont read a poem at the first of these receptions and Grace Greenwood rendered some choice selections, while George William Curtis and other men of note contributed their share to the success of other similar occasions. These literary reunions are said to have been the first of their kind ever held in Washington.

I was invited one evening in 1877 by Mrs. Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren, widow of Rear Admiral John A. Dahlgren, U. S. N., who was then living at the corner of L and Fourteenth Streets, to attend a meeting of the Washington Historical Society held in her drawing-rooms. It was Washington's birthday and James A. Garfield, then Senator from Ohio, was the orator of the evening. In one portion of his remarks he seemed to go out of his way to emphasize the statement that Mary Ball, Washington's mother, was a very plain old woman. Why he considered that her lack of prominent lineage necessarily added greater luster to the Father of His Country, was not apparent to quite a number of his audience, for even the numerous votaries of the Patron Saint of Erin, "the beautiful isle of the sea," took honest pride in according him a gentle descent:—

> St. Patrick was a gintleman,
> He came from dacent people!

Mrs. Dahlgren was a woman of unusual intellectual ability. She was the daughter of Samuel Finley Vinton of Ohio, who for many years represented his district in Congress and was chairman of the Ways and Means Com-

mittee. In 1879 she published a small volume entitled "Etiquette of Social Life in Washington." She followed this book with another, whose title I do not recall, in which she dwelt at length upon society in Washington. It was not well received as her criticisms upon the wives of Cabinet Officers and others were such as to invoke general disfavor and arouse bitter resentment. Mrs. Dahlgren's ablest work, however, was the life of her husband, which was published in 1882 in a volume of over six hundred and fifty pages. She had a fine command of the English language and excellent literary discrimination in the use of its words, as appears everywhere in her writings and especially in the following tribute to her husband in the preface of his Life:—

"Admiral Dahlgren was a man of science, of inventive genius, of professional skill; but beyond all these, he was a *patriot*. While climbing, at first with slow and toilsome but reliant steps, and, later on, with swifter, surer progress, that summit to which his genius urged him, he was often and again confronted by the clamor of discontent, the jealousies of his profession, and the various forms of opposition his rapid, upward course evoked; and until the present generation of actors in the great drama in which he played so conspicuous part shall have passed away, it will be difficult to gain an impartial opinion. Yet Death having arrested his ultimate conceptions while yet midway in his career, and set the final seal upon his actions, we are content to leave the verdict of a 'last appeal' to his beloved country and the hearts of a grateful people."

Two years later I attended another meeting of this Historical Society at the residence of Henry Strong, who built and owned the house on K Street now occupied by Mrs. Stephen B. Elkins, and for a time resided there. It was a brilliant assemblage and it deemed itself fortunate in having Moncure D. Conway, the distinguished historical

writer and essayist, as the orator of the evening. He spoke upon the leaders of the Federal party during the formative period of our national government, and soon made it apparent that his sympathies were not with them. He was strongly denunciatory of the Federalists, going so far even as to brand some of them as traitors, and especially criticized Jay's Treaty with England in 1794 which was their pet creation. He spoke at some length of Oliver Wolcott, one of the most prominent Federalists of that day, entirely ignorant meanwhile of the fact that some members of the Tuckerman family, his descendants, were in the audience. At this time Mr. Conway was writing the life of Thomas Paine, which has since been published, and the morning after his lecture on the Federal party he called upon me to ascertain whether any unpublished information relating to Paine, which might aid him in his projected biography of the latter, was to be found in the private papers of James Monroe which were in my possession. During our conversation I ventured to remark to Mr. Conway that possibly he was not aware that the previous evening certain descendants of Oliver Wolcott were in his audience. He responded that he had no desire to give offense but that unfortunately he could not adapt history to suit the views of the descendants of early statesmen.

To use a terse expression of Hamlet, I have often heard that Paine was one of the unfortunates who were not treated by our government "according to their deserts." It is now conceded by students of our national history that no man rendered more effective service to the American Revolution than "Tom" Paine. His devotion to the cause and his conspicuous sacrifices in its behalf were repeatedly acknowledged by Washington, Franklin and all the lesser lights of the day. After independence had been secured, still imbued with the spirit of liberty, his pen and his presence were not wanting when required in be-

half of the liberties of the French people. He was imprisoned with hundreds of others in the Luxembourg, where he languished for nearly eleven months in daily expectation of being hurried to the guillotine. Following the fall of Robespierre he was liberated through the kindly offices of James Monroe, who had succeeded Gouverneur Morris as our Minister to France, and was at once crowned with honors by the government in whose behalf he had suffered. During the term of his imprisonment, it was his belief that a single word from Washington would effect his release, and he had a right to expect it, but he waited in vain. He was wholly unconscious, meanwhile, that the mind of Washington had been poisoned against him by one high in public counsels, and while still in ignorance of this fact addressed him the well-known denunciatory letter which evoked such wide-spread criticism. Washington, however, was not to blame, for he had been deceived in the house of his friends; but of this Paine was entirely ignorant. Delaware Davis, a son of Colonel Samuel B. Davis of Delaware who rendered such distinguished service during the War of 1812, told me a few years ago that his father was present at a dinner where Paine was asked what he thought of Washington. Doubtless in a spirit af acrimony he uttered the following lines:

> Take from the rock the rough and rudest stone,
> It needs no sculptor, it is Washington;
> But if you chisel, let the strokes be rude,
> And on his bosom write ingratitude.

There is probably no period of our national history when party rivalries were so intense and the expression of political animosities were more bitter than they were a century ago between the disciples of Jefferson and Hamilton. Epithets in popular discourse were openly hurled

at political antagonists that decent men would not tolerate to-day, and the public press gave expression to charges and insinuations against honorable partisans such as none but the very yellowest and most debauched journals would now deem it expedient to print. As a single illustration, I have in my possession what is called "An infallible remedy to make a true Federalist." It is without date and was given to me by a descendant of Thomas Jefferson who knew nothing of its origin except that it was a Boston production. It speaks for itself, and is as follows:—

Take the head of an old hypocrite, one ounce of Nero's conspiracy, two ounces of the hatred of truth, five scruples of liars' tongues, twenty-five drops of the spirit of Oliver Cromwell, fifteen drops of the spirit of contentment. Put them in the mortar of self-righteousness and pound them with the pestle of malice and sift them through the skin of a Doctor of Divinity and put the compound into the vessel of rebellion and steep it over the fire of Sedition twenty-four hours, and then strain it in the rag of high treason. After which put it in the bottle of British influence and cork it with the disposition of Toryism, and let it settle until the general court rises, and it will then be fit for use. This composition has never been known to fail, but if by reason of robust constitution it should fail, add the anxiety of the stamp act, and sweeten with a Provisional Army.

The above articles may be had of the following gentlemen who are appointed wholesale venders of British Agents in America.

F. Target.

The last days of the Grant administration were filled with forebodings and excitement. I shall always remember, when the news reached Washington that Rutherford B. Hayes had been nominated by the Republican party, the eager inquiries: "Who is Hayes?" It was then I

heard for the first time an expression which constantly occurs nowadays—"A dark horse." Samuel J. Tilden, as is well known, was the standard bearer of the Democracy. The fight was long and bitter, as almost up to the day of the inauguration the question as to which candidate was successful was a matter of doubt. The Electoral Commission, the compromise agreed upon by both parties, was composed of the same number of Republicans and Democrats with Justice Joseph P. Bradley of the Supreme Court as the fifteenth member, chosen on account of his neutral position. It decided that the Republican nominee was entitled to the electoral votes of Florida, Louisiana and South Carolina, and the Electoral College accordingly awarded the Presidency to Mr. Hayes by a vote of 186 to 185.

The Tilden campaign was engineered by Manton Marble, an able man and the editor of the New York *World.* I had known Mr. Tilden when he was a great adherent of Martin Van Buren. He was a small, insignificant looking man whose whole life was given up to politics. As I remember him in general, he was expounding upon his favorite subject regardless of "time and tide." His father had been affiliated with the celebrated "Albany Regency," and the son, inheriting his views, became one of the ablest as well as shrewdest political leaders that the Democratic party in New York has ever known. As a lawyer his great ability was universally recognized, and yet his last will was successfully contested, although it had been drawn up by him with almost infinite care and with the most scrupulous regard for details and engrossed with his own hand.

I saw the Hayes inaugural-parade from a window on the corner of Fifteenth Street and New York Avenue. All through the day there was a suppressed feeling of uncertainty and excitement, but at the appointed hour the President-elect drove to the Capitol in the usual

manner and took the oath of office. The procession which escorted him to the White House was by no means so imposing as others I had seen, among them that of eight years later at Cleveland's first inauguration, when General Fitzhugh Lee rode at the head of the Virginia troops and received a greater ovation than the new President himself. It was late in February before it was definitely known what the final decision of the Electoral Commission would be, and the uncertainty arising from this fact, together with the prevailing political disquietude, doubtless had much effect in limiting the size of the parade.

I soon made the acquaintance of President and Mrs. Hayes and was always a welcome guest at the White House. The latter was of commanding presence and endowed with great beauty, while she possessed moral and intellectual traits that not only endeared her in time to the residents of the Capital but also won for her the respect and admiration of the people at large. She was also a woman of strong convictions and exceptional strength of character, and rarely failed to make her influence felt in behalf of what she believed to be right. Although, for example, the attitude she assumed in regard to the use of wine at the White House entertainments was a radical departure from precedent and evoked the antagonism of many of her friends and admirers, she believed herself to be right and successfully persevered in her course to the end; so that William M. Evarts, Hayes's Secretary of State, kept pretty close to the truth when he asserted years thereafter that "during the Hayes administration water flowed at the White House like champagne!" She was a woman of deeply religious experience and a devout member of the Methodist Church. Washington society felt the influence of her example, and during her residence at the White House the Sabbath was more generally observed at the National Capital than during any other administration I have known. As time

passed and we became better acquainted, my respect and admiration for her greatly increased. I repeatedly spent the evening with her informally at the White House when our intercouse was unhampered by red-tape, and it was then, of course, that I saw her at her best. Her *rôle* was by no means without its embarrassments. She necessarily knew that many persons of prominence and influence viewed with serious doubt the legality of her husband's title to the Presidential chair and that there were those who even alluded to him as "His Fraudulency"; but the world was none the wiser, so far as she was concerned, and she pursued the "even tenor of her way," and by the subtle influence of her character and conduct won both for her husband and herself the admiration of many who, but for her, would probably have remained their enemies.

In 1863 Stephen J. Field of California was appointed by President Lincoln a Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, and made his residence in one of the three dwelling-houses on Second Street facing the Capitol, which is said to have been a gift from his brothers, David Dudley, the eminent lawyer; Cyrus W., the father of the Atlantic cable; and the Rev. Dr. Henry M., the eminent Presbyterian divine and versatile editor of *The New York Evangelist*. Here the brothers met every February to celebrate the birthday of David Dudley Field. For many years after the destruction of the first Capitol by the British in the War of 1812, the Field house and the two which adjoined it were used by Congress as the seat of its deliberations. Henry Clay served within its walls as Speaker for about ten years, and Mrs. Field took much pride in showing her guests the mark on the wall where his desk stood. At one period before its occupancy by Judge Field this residence was used as a boarding house, and in its back parlor John C. Calhoun breathed his last. During the Civil War it was used by the government

with the two adjoining houses as the "Old Capitol Prison"—but of this I have spoken in another place. Justice Field was "a gentleman of the old school" and one of the most courtly men in public life, while his wife was well known for her tact, culture and exquisite taste. Their home was enriched with many curiosities collected at home and abroad, and I especially recall a bust of the young Emperor Augustus, an exact copy of the original in the Vatican. Mrs. Field's sister, Miss Sarah Henderson Swearingen, accompanied her to Washington and some years later was married from this home to John Condit-Smith. My old friend, Dr. Charles W. Hoffman, who for twenty years was the librarian of the U. S. Supreme Court, was a near neighbor and friend of Judge and Mrs. Field. After a life well spent he retired to the home of his birth in Frederick, Maryland, where he lived for many years, surrounded by his well-loved books and art treasures. He never married.

When I first knew Mr. and Mrs. James G. Blaine they were living on Fifteenth Street between H and I Streets. Miss Abigail Dodge, "Gail Hamilton," a cousin of Mrs. Blaine, resided with them and added greatly to the charm of the establishment. The world in general as well as his eulogists have done full justice to Mr. Blaine's amazing tact and charm of manner; but I may be pardoned the conceit if I offer my own tribute by referring to a graceful remark he made the first time I had the pleasure of meeting him. I heard someone say: "Here comes Mr. Blaine," and as I turned and he was formally presented to me I saw before me a distinguished looking middle-aged man of commanding presence, who, as he raised his hat to greet me, remarked in a low and pleasant voice: "I bow to the name!"

The social column so generally in vogue in all the large newspapers throughout the country was introduced into Washington about 1870. Miss Augustine Snead, who

wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Miss Grundy," was the first woman society reporter I ever knew. She represented several newspapers, and she and her mother, Mrs. Fayette Snead, herself a graceful writer under the pen name of "Fay," were seen at many entertainments. Both of them were wide-awake and clever women. I happen to have preserved an article which appeared in the society column of *The Evening Star,* written by Miss Snead, which is largely made up of puns upon the society men of the day, some of whom are now gray-haired veterans and some, alas! are no longer here. She wrote:—

"Our society men are sighing for their rights and complain that whereas it is only once in four years they have the privilege of being courted and receiving special attention the social columns of the newspapers should give them more space. We have detailed one of our corps for the purpose with the following result. It (s)Eames to us that the officers of the Marine Corps are Muse-ing on an exhibition of their Zeal in the invention of a patent Payne-killer, in proof that they have not leaned upon a broken Reed. Some one may call us Palmer (H)off of bad puns, but we have not given A(u)lick amiss. No wonder the Marine Corps, in hourly dread of annihilation, has its anxieties increased by the continuance of the Alarm at the Navy Yard, the officers of that formidable little vessel having proved through the season that it is well named, by each striking eight *belles* per hour."

"Eames" was my nephew, Charles Campbell Eames. "Muse" was General William S. Muse, U. S. M. C., now residing on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, who usually spends a portion of each year at the Capital. "Zeal in" referred to Lieutenant William F. Zeilin, U. S. M. C., a son of General Jacob Zeilin, U. S. M. C. "Payne" was Frederick H. Paine, formerly in the Navy, who still makes Washington his home. "Reed" was General George

C. Reid, U. S. M. C., now residing in Washington. "(H)off" was Captain William Bainbridge Hoff, U. S. N., who died a few years ago; and "Palmer" was Lieutenant Aulick Palmer, formerly in the Marine Corps and now U. S. Marshal of the District of Columbia.

When I first knew the distinguished scientist, Professor Theodore E. Hilgard, he and his wife were living on N Street, near Twelfth Street. For many years he was Superintendent of the Coast Survey, and after an interval of a number of years was succeeded by his nephew, Mr. Otto H. Tittmann. The latter and his wife are now among the widely-known and popular residents of Washington. The French Government in appreciation of Professor Hilgard's scientific achievements presented to him a superb vase which is now owned by Dr. Thomas N. Vincent.

About thirty years ago my daughters and I formed a friendship with Senator and Mrs. James B. Beck of Kentucky and their daughter, the wife of General Green Clay Goodloe of the U. S. Marine Corps. Mr. Beck was one of the Democratic leaders in the Senate and was regarded as among the ablest men of his party. He was proud of his Scotch blood and loyal in his friendships. His wife was Miss Jane Washington Augusta Thornton, whose grandfather, Colonel John Thornton of Rappahannock County, Virginia, was a first cousin of General Washington. Both the Senator and his wife have passed onward, but our affection still lives in General and Mrs. Goodloe, who are among the best and truest friends I have ever known.

Just before the close of the Hayes administration, Walter D. Davidge, whose home for many years was on Sixth Street, built a large mansion on the corner of H and Seventeenth Streets and upon its completion he and Mrs. Davidge, who was Miss Anna Louisa Washington, gave a housewarming. Champagne flowed freely upon

this occasion and it is said that the supper was one of the handsomest and most elaborate ever served in Washington. The same winter my daughters attended a brilliant ball given at Stewart Castle by its chatelaine, Mrs. William M. Stewart, whose husband was one of the U. S. Senators from Nevada. She was the daughter of Senator Henry S. Foote, who represented Mississippi in ante-bellum days, and gave the ball in honor of several Virginia girls who were her guests. She was assisted in the entertainment by her two elder daughters, both of whom were married. Stewart Castle was well adapted for such a social function as it was one of the few mansions in Washington that had a spacious ballroom. This residence was quite suburban, and the Hillyer house on Massachusetts Avenue which stood on a high terrace was the only other dwelling in the immediate vicinity. I remember that when the home of the British Embassy was in the course of erection, the wisdom of the location was greatly questioned, owing to its remoteness from the fashionable center of the city.

During the Arthur administration, Mr. Edward C. Halliday and his wife came to the National Capital to spend a winter. I had known him many years before when he visited the widow of General Alexander Macomb in her home on the corner of I and Seventeenth Streets, where the Farragut apartment house now stands. He was of a Scotch family which originally settled in New York, and his father for some years was President of the St. Andrews Society of that city. After residing several months in Washington Mr. Halliday built several houses opposite the British Embassy on N Street, the largest of which he reserved for his own residence. It was here that Mr. and Mrs. Halliday entertained with such true Scotch hospitality. Their Friday evenings were bright spots on the social horizon, especially for the young people, as dancing was one of their special features. Just before the close

of her second social season Mrs. Halliday gave a fancy-dress ball, which was a happy inspiration, varying as it did the monotony of germans, receptions and teas. On this occasion the minuet was danced by the younger guests dressed in Louis XIV. costumes.

In the spring of 1880 the long and painful illness of my husband closed in death. He had been handicapped by years of ill health, and, although he had the intellectual power, the ability, the wings to spread, there was, alas, no surrounding air to bear them up! The ambition was there and the intense desire, but strength was lacking and he bore his affliction with sublime fortitude. For a while after his departure I felt akin to a ship lost at sea; my moorings were nowhere within sight. I had leaned on him through so many years of married life, constantly sustained by his high code of integrity and honor, that his death was indeed a bereavement too terrible for words to express. I care to say no more.

The summer of the same year, accompanied by my daughters, I sought the quietude of the mountains of Virginia. Tarrying in the same house with me was Mrs. John Griffith Worthington of Georgetown, D. C., with whom I formed a lasting friendship. The Worthington family resided in the District long before it became the seat of government and owned extensive property. Even in extreme old age Mrs. Worthington was one of the most truly beautiful women I have ever seen. She was Miss Elizabeth Phillips of Dayton, Ohio, and a lineal descendant of President Jonathan Dickinson of Princeton University. Her daughter Eliza, Mrs. William Henry Philip, represented the same type of woman. John G. Worthington's sister married Judge William Gaston, the eminent jurist of North Carolina.

The administration of Garfield was of short duration. The tragedy which brought to a speedy close his earthly career is too well known to be dwelt upon at length.

The mortal attack upon him in 1881 by the fanatic Charles J. Guiteau in the old Pennsylvania railroad station on the corner of Sixth and D Streets shocked the civilized world, and his long and painful illness at Elberon was closely watched by a sympathizing public until it closed in death. Dr. D. W. Bliss was the Garfield family physician but the most eminent specialists of the country were called into consultation. It is the first time within my memory that I ever heard of the issue of official bulletins by physicians announcing the condition of their patients. At the trial of Guiteau he was defended by his brother-in-law, George M. Scoville, while Judge John K. Porter of New York and Walter D. Davidge of the Washington bar were employed to assist in the prosecution. This trial was of such absorbing interest that men and women crowded to the City Hall, where admission was granted only by ticket. No one could possibly have seen Guiteau without a feeling akin to pity, as he displayed every indication of possessing an unbalanced mind.

The administration of President Arthur proved a source of delight to Washington society and afforded abundant demonstration, as in the cases of Jefferson, Jackson, Van Buren and Buchanan before him, that a "Mistress of the White House" in the person of a wife is not an absolute necessity. Mrs. John E. McElroy, the President's sister, spent much of her time in Washington and presided with grace over the social functions of the White House. The President himself was a gentleman of dignified and imposing presence and of great social as well as political tact. He instinctively seemed to know the proper thing to do and exactly when to do it. I was deeply touched by his thoughtfulness when my second daughter, Ruth Monroe, was married in December, 1882. Although we were still in mourning and had no personal acquaintance with the President nor other association at that time with

the White House, General Arthur on that occasion sent superb flowers to my home from the conservatory of the Executive Mansion. I regarded the act as exceedingly gracious, but it was in every way characteristic of the man. The circumstances under which he succeeded to the Presidential chair were so painful and some of his former political affiliations were so distasteful to many that the early portion of his administration was attended with a certain degree of embarrassment; yet, by sheer force of character, unquestioned ability and magnificent tact he so effectively worked his way into the hearts of the people that he left the Presidential chair as highly esteemed as any of his predecessors and carried with him into retirement the applause of the people irrespective of party affiliation.

I made the acquaintance of General and Mrs. Adolphus W. Greely soon after his return from his Arctic expedition. Both he and Rear Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, U. S. N., the rescued and the rescuer, were then receiving the ovations of the public. During our early acquaintance the Greelys purchased a delightful old-fashioned house on G Street, below Pennsylvania Avenue, where they still reside surrounded by a charming group of sons and daughters. General Greely is always an object of interest wherever he goes and deservedly so, as scientific attainments, distinguished bearing and engaging manners such as his can never fail to win applause. Mrs. Greely, the bride of his youth and the companion of his maturer years, wins all hearts and holds them.

It would be both unjust and ungrateful to make no mention of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, the mother of William R. Hearst of New York. She came to Washington an entire stranger as the wife of the late Senator George Hearst of California, but soon endeared herself to all old residents by her personal magnetism, her social tact and her phil-

anthropic acts. Deeply in sympathy with the work of women, her benevolence in this particular field was unbounded. Her entertainments were lavish and I was often numbered among her guests. I especially recall an evening reception given by her in honor of a company of authors attending a congress in Washington. It was remarkable for the number of distinguished men and women gathered from all parts of the country, some of whom I had never met before, and among them Mark Twain, Francis Marion Crawford and William Dean Howells.

As I lay down my pen, memories of many old friends are passing before me and of their children, too. Then there are others with whom I formed ties later in life of the most enduring character. This is especially true of my old and cherished neighbors, Rear Admiral and Mrs. Francis A. Roe. With his work well done he now rests from his labors, but his widow is yet my valued friend. Still another is Rear Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, U. S. N. who, surrounded by admiring friends in Washington, lives quietly and unostentatiously and bears his laurels well; and last, but anything in the world but least, Mrs. Julian James, a representative of a distinguished New York family, the daughter of Theodorus Bailey Myers, who has made her home in Washington for many years, and is now the "Lady Bountiful" of the National Capital. Beautiful in person as well as in character, she distributes her wealth with a lavish hand, and richly deserves the words "well done."

In looking backward through the years of a long and active life I have seen varied relays of humanity, all of them acting their parts and filling their appropriate niches—great and small often standing shoulder to shoulder and engaged in the same strife. Many of them, my friends in childhood as well as old age, have long since passed into the life beyond. *Vanitas Vanitatis!*

may be the exclamation of the moralizing cynic, but to me many of these memories are a blessed heritage, and I am grateful to the Father of All for permitting me to catch from them the inspiration to prepare these rambling notes.

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